LEE AND LONGSTREET AT HIGH TIDE

REESE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.
Class

LEE AND LONGSTREET AT HIGH TIDE

Yours Truly
James Longstreet
Lieutenant General

LEE AND LONGSTREET AT HIGH TIDE

GETTYSBURG IN THE LIGHT OF THE OFFICIAL RECORDS

BY

HELEN D. LONGSTREET

UNIVERSITY

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
GAINESVILLE, GA.
1904

E475
.53
L7

REESE

Copyright, 1904
By Helen D. Longstreet

Electrotyped and Printed by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

TO

LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG

FROM HER WHO SINCE CHILDHOOD HAS HELD
HIS HEROIC DEEDS AS SOLDIER AND CITIZEN
AMONG THE PRICELESS INHERITANCES OF THE
GREAT REPUBLIC

PREFACE

This brief story of a gigantic event, and General Longstreet's part therein was arranged for publication in book form in the fall of 1903, before his death, which occurred January 2, 1904. It is the carefully sifted story of the records and contemporaneous witnesses, and for clearness I have here and there introduced General Longstreet's personal version of some of the disputed points. But the reader will perceive that at last it is the *story of the records.*

For my undertaking I drew liberally from General Longstreet's memoirs of the war, "Manassas to Appomattox;" from his stores of knowledge in the military art, and his treasure-house of memories of the Titanic encounter on the field of Gettysburg. The war-pictures included herein are also from the above-mentioned volume. And I am gratefully indebted to Captain Leslie J. Perry, formerly of the War Records Office, Washington City, for valuable assistance.

An appendix, added since General Longstreet's death, includes a small selection from the thousands of tributes from every quarter of the republic.

One of the last of the brilliant generals of the Civil War, whose valor and skill in the command of great armies, is to-day the common glory of the restored Union, has contributed an introduction. No survivor of the great struggle has a better right to speak of Gettysburg than General Daniel E. Sickles. In this connection the following letter is appreciatively reproduced.

"Washington, September 19, 1902.

"General D. E. Sickles,

"Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

"My dear General Sickles,—My plan and desire was to meet you at Gettysburg on the interesting ceremony attending the unveiling of the Slocum monument; but to-day I find myself in no condition to keep the promise made you when last we were together. I am quite disabled from a severe hurt in one of my feet, so that I am unable to stand more than a minute or two at a time. Please express my sincere regrets to the noble Army of the Potomac, and accept them, especially, for yourself.

"On that field you made your mark that will place you prominently before the world as one of the leading figures of the most important battle of the Civil War. As a Northern veteran once remarked to me, 'General Sickles can well afford to leave a leg on that field.'

"I believe it is now conceded that the advanced position at the Peach-Orchard, taken by your corps and under your orders saved that battle-field to the Union cause. It was the sorest and saddest reflection of my life for many years; but, to-day, I can say, with sincerest emotion, that it was and is the best that could have come to us all, North and South; and I hope that the nation, reunited, may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by the grand work.

"Please offer my kindest salutations to your governor and your fellow-comrades of the Army of the Potomac.

"Always yours sincerely,

(Signed) "James Longstreet,

"*Lieutenant-General Confederate Army.*"

Early in December advance chapters were given to the press for January 3; by strangely pathetic coincidence that being the date on which public announcement was made of General Longstreet's death.

This hour does not clamor for the charity of silence, but for the white light of truth which I reverently undertake to throw upon the deeds of the commander

who, from Manassas to Appomattox, was the strong right arm of the Confederate States Army.

I was writing for love of him whose dear name and fame had been attacked; to place before his fading vision enduring appreciation of his valiant deeds as a soldier and high qualities as a gentleman. Providence decreed otherwise. While the opening chapters were running into type, the Great Captain on High called him hence, where he can at last have his wrongs on earth forever righted.

The warrior sleeps serenely to-day, undisturbed by all earthly contentions, the peace of God upon him. And I bring to his tomb this little leaf fragrant with my love, bedewed with my tears, heavy-weighted with my woe and desolation.

H. D. L.

Gainesville, Georgia, August 1, 1904.

CONTENTS

LEE AND LONGSTREET AT HIGH TIDE

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 17

CHAPTER I

THE STORY OF GETTYSBURG 31

CHAPTER II

LEE CHANGES PLAN OF CAMPAIGN 40

CHAPTER III

PICKETT'S CHARGE 50

CHAPTER IV

GORDON'S "ESTABLISHED FACTS" AND PENDLETON'S FULMINATIONS 53

CHAPTER V

LONGSTREET'S VERSION OF THE OPERATIONS OF JULY 2 68

CHAPTER VI

PENDLETON'S REPORT 71

CHAPTER VII

PENDLETON'S UNRELIABLE MEMORY 75

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL LONGSTREET'S AMERICANISM 85

CHAPTER IX

FINALE 89

Contents

LONGSTREET THE MAN

PAGE

His Boyhood Days 93

Life-Long Friendship of Grant and Longstreet 100

His First Romance 109

Heroic Citizen of the Reconstruction Period 112

The Christian Patriot loved the South to the Last 115

Worshipped by the Soldiers of the Confederacy 119

His Country Home in Picturesque North Georgia 123

LONGSTREET ON THE FIELDS OF MEXICO

CHAPTER I

The Winning of our Western Empire 127

CHAPTER II

Peculiarities of Scott and Taylor 134

CHAPTER III

Unpretentious Lieutenant Grant 139

CHAPTER IV

Pleasant Incidents of Camp Life at Corpus Christi 144

CHAPTER V

Into the Interior of Mexico 149

CHAPTER VI

From Contreras to Chapultepec 156

CHAPTER VII

Longstreet's Honeymoon 159

Contents

GREAT BATTLES BEFORE AND AFTER GETTYSBURG

PAGE

The First Manassas 163

Williamsburg 167

Frayser's Farm 170

March against Pope and the Second Manassas 173

The Invasion of Maryland and the Battle of Antietam 180

Fredericksburg 185

Chickamauga 191

In East Tennessee..... 194

The Wilderness 205

The Curtain falls at Appomattox 208

APPENDIX

Longstreet 213

James Longstreet 214

The Funeral Ceremonies 217

Tributes from the Press 226

Resolutions by Camps and Chapters 272

Letter of President Roosevelt 330

Personal Letters 331

Letter of Archbishop Ireland 332

Letter of General Frederick D. Grant 334

Tribute from the Grand Army of the Republic 345

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

General James Longstreet in 1863 (from the painting in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington)..... *Frontispiece*

General Robert E. Lee..... 32

Major-General D. E. Sickles..... 40

Second Day's Battle, Gettysburg..... 68

Retreat from Gettysburg (Accident during the Night-Crossing of the Potomac on a Pontoon Bridge)..... 78

General Longstreet in 1901..... 90

Defeat of the Federal Troops by Longstreet's Corps, Second Manassas 178

Battle of Fredericksburg (from the Battery on Lee's Hill)... 190

Battle of Chickamauga (Confederates flanking the Union Forces) 192

The Assault on Fort Sanders, Knoxville..... 196

The Wounding of General Longstreet at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864 206

General Alexander arranging the Last Line of Battle formed in the Army of Northern Virginia, at Appomattox..... 212

Fac-simile of Letter from President Theodore Roosevelt..... 330

Fac-simile of Letter from Archbishop John Ireland..... 332

Fac-simile of Letter from General Frederick D. Grant..... 334

INTRODUCTION

By Major-General D. E. Sickles, U.S.A.

I am glad to write an introduction to a memoir of Lieutenant-General Longstreet.

If it be thought strange that I should write a preface to a memoir of a conspicuous adversary, I reply that the Civil War is only a memory, its asperities are forgotten, both armies were American, old army friendships have been renewed and new army friendships have been formed among the combatants, the truth of history is dear to all of us, and the amenities of chivalrous manhood are cherished alike by the North and the South, when justice to either is involved. Longstreet's splendid record as a soldier needs neither apologies nor eulogium. And if I venture, further along in this introduction, to defend him from unfair criticism, it is because my personal knowledge of the battle of July 2, 1863, qualifies me to testify in his behalf. It was the fortune of my corps to meet Longstreet on many great fields. It is now my privilege to offer a tribute to his memory. As Colonel Damas says in "The Lady of Lyons," after his duel with Melnotte, "It's astonishing how much I like a man after I've fought with him."

Often adversaries on the field of battle, we became good friends after peace was restored. He supported President Grant and his successors in their wise policy of restoration. Longstreet's example was the rainbow of reconciliation that foreshadowed real peace between the North and South. He drew the fire of the irreconcilable South. His statesmanlike forecast blazed the

path of progress and prosperity for his people, impoverished by war and discouraged by adversity. He was the first of the illustrious Southern war leaders to accept the result of the great conflict as final. He folded up forever the Confederate flag he had followed with supreme devotion, and thenceforth saluted the Stars and Stripes of the Union with unfaltering homage. He was the trusted servant of the republic in peace, as he had been its relentless foe in war. The friends of the Union became his friends, the enemies of the Union his enemies.

I trust I may be pardoned for relating an incident that reveals the sunny side of Longstreet's genial nature. When I visited Georgia, in March, 1892, I was touched by a call from the General, who came from Gainesville to Atlanta to welcome me to his State. On St. Patrick's Day we supped together as guests of the Irish Societies of Atlanta, at their banquet. We entered the hall arm in arm, about nine o'clock in the evening, and were received by some three hundred gentlemen, with the wildest and loudest "rebel yell" I had ever heard. When I rose to respond to a toast in honor of the Empire State of the North, Longstreet stood also and leaned with one arm on my shoulder, the better to hear what I had to say, and this was a signal for another outburst. I concluded my remarks by proposing,—

"Health and long life to my old adversary, Lieutenant-General Longstreet,"

assuring the audience that, although the General did not often make speeches, he would sing the "Star-Spangled Banner." This was, indeed, a risky promise, as I had never heard the General sing. I was greatly relieved by his exclamation:

"Yes, I will sing it!"

And he did sing the song admirably, the company joining with much enthusiasm.

As the hour was late, and we had enjoyed quite a number of potations of hot Irish whiskey punch, we decided to go to our lodgings long before the end of the revel, which appeared likely to last until daybreak. When we descended to the street we were unable to find a carriage, but Longstreet proposed to be my guide; and, although the streets were dark and the walk a long one, we reached my hotel in fairly good form. Not wishing to be outdone in courtesy, I said,—

"Longstreet, the streets of Atlanta are very dark and it is very late, and you are somewhat deaf and rather infirm; now I must escort you to your headquarters."

"All right," said Longstreet; "come on and we'll have another handshake over the bloody chasm."

When we arrived at his stopping-place and were about to separate, as I supposed, he turned to me and said,—

"Sickles, the streets of Atlanta are very dark and you are lame, and a stranger here, and do not know the way back to your hotel; I must escort you home."

"Come along, Longstreet," was my answer.

On our way to the hotel, I said to him,—

"Old fellow, I hope you are sorry for shooting off my leg at Gettysburg. I suppose I will have to forgive you for it some day."

"Forgive me?" Longstreet exclaimed. "You ought to thank me for leaving you one leg to stand on, after the mean way you behaved to me at Gettysburg."

How often we performed escort duty for each other on that eventful night I have never been able to recall with precision; but I am quite sure that I shall never forget St. Patrick's Day in 1892, at Atlanta, Georgia,

when Longstreet and I enjoyed the good Irish whiskey punch at the banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick.

Afterwards Longstreet and I met again, at Gettysburg, this time as the guests of John Russell Young, who had invited a number of his literary and journalistic friends to join us on the old battle-field. We rode in the same carriage. When I assisted the General in climbing up the rocky face of Round Top, he turned to me and said,—

" Sickles, you can well afford to help me up here now, for if you had not kept me away so long from Round Top on the 2d of July, 1863, the war would have lasted longer than it did, and might have had a different ending."

As he said this, his stern, leonine face softened with a smile as sweet as a brother's.

We met in March, 1901, at the reception given to President McKinley on his second inauguration. In the midst of the great throng assembled on that occasion Longstreet and I had quite a reception of our own. He was accompanied on this occasion by Mrs. Longstreet. Every one admired the blended courtliness and gallantry of the veteran hero towards the ladies who were presented to him and his charming wife.

At the West Point Centennial Longstreet and I sat together on the dais, near President Roosevelt, the Secretary of War, Mr. Root, and the commander of the army, Lieutenant-General Miles. Here among his fellow-graduates of the Military Academy, he received a great ovation from the vast audience that filled Cullum Hall. Again and again he was cheered, when he turned to me, exclaiming,—

" Sickles, what are they all cheering about?"

" They are cheering you, General," was my reply.

Joy lighted up his countenance, the war was forgotten, and Longstreet was at home once more at West Point.

Again we stood upon the same platform, in Washington, on May 30,—Memorial Day,—1902. Together we reviewed, with President Roosevelt, the magnificent column of Union veterans that marched past the President's reviewing-stand. That evening Longstreet joined me in a visit to a thousand or more soldiers of the Third Army Corps, assembled in a tent near the White House. These veterans, with a multitude of their comrades, had come to Washington to commemorate another Memorial Day in the Capitol of the Nation. The welcome given him by this crowd of old soldiers, who had fought him with all their might again and again, on many battle-fields, could hardly have been more cordial if he had found himself in the midst of an equal number of his own command. His speech to the men was felicitous, and enthusiastically cheered. In an eloquent peroration he said, " I hope to live long enough to see my surviving comrades march side by side with the Union veterans along Pennsylvania Avenue, and then I will die happy." This was the last time I met Longstreet.

Longstreet was unjustly blamed for not attacking earlier in the day, on July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg. I can answer that criticism, as I know more about the matter than the critics. If he had attacked in the morning, as it is said he should have done, he would have encountered Buford's division of cavalry, five thousand sabres, on his flank, and my corps would have been in his front, as it was in the afternoon. In a word, all the troops that opposed Longstreet in the afternoon, including the Fifth Army Corps and Caldwell's division of the Second Corps, would have been available on the left flank of the Union army in the morning. Every regiment and every battery that fired a shot in the afternoon was on the field in the morning, and would have resisted an assault in the morning as stubbornly

as in the afternoon. Moreover, if the assault had been made in the morning, Law's strong brigade of Alabamians could not have assisted in the attack, as they did not arrive on the field until noon. On the other hand, if Lee had waited an hour later, I would have been on Cemetery Ridge, in compliance with General Meade's orders, and Longstreet could have marched, unresisted, from Seminary Ridge to the foot of Round Top, and might, perhaps, have unlimbered his guns on the summit.

General Meade's telegram to Halleck, dated 3 P.M., July 2, does not indicate that Lee was then about to attack him. At the time that despatch was sent, a council of corps commanders was assembled at General Meade's head-quarters. It was broken up by the sound of Longstreet's artillery. The probability is that Longstreet's attack held the Union army at Gettysburg. If Longstreet had waited until a later hour, the Union army might have been moving towards Pipe Creek, the position chosen by General Meade on June 30.

The best proof that Lee was not dissatisfied with Longstreet's movements on July 2 is the fact that Longstreet was intrusted with the command of the column of attack on July 3,—Lee's last hope at Gettysburg. Of the eleven brigades that assaulted the Union left centre on July 3, only three of them—Pickett's division—belonged to Longstreet's corps, the other eight brigades belonged to Hill's corps. If Longstreet had disappointed Lee on July 2, why would Lee, on the next day, give Longstreet a command of supreme importance, of which more than two-thirds of the troops were taken from another corps commander?

Longstreet did not look for success on July 3. He told General Lee that "the fifteen thousand men who could make a successful assault over that field had never been arrayed for battle," and yet the command was

given to Longstreet. Why? Because the confidence of Lee in Longstreet was unshaken; because he regarded Longstreet as his most capable lieutenant.

Longstreet was never censured for the failure of the assault on July 3, although General Lee intimates, in his official report, that it was not made as early in the day as was expected. Why, then, is Longstreet blamed by them for the failure on July 2, when no fault was found by General Lee with Longstreet's dispositions on that day? The failure of both assaults must be attributed to insurmountable obstacles, which no commander could have overcome with the force at Longstreet's disposal,—seventeen thousand men on July 2, and fifteen thousand men on July 3, against thirty thousand adversaries!

In General Lee's official report not a word appears about any delay in Longstreet's movements on July 2, although, referring to the assault of July 3, General Lee says, " General Longstreet's dispositions were not completed as early as was expected." If General Lee did not hesitate to point out unlooked for delay on July 3, why was he silent about delay on July 2? His silence about delay on July 2 implies that there was none on July 2. *Expresio unius exclusio alterius.*

General Lee says, in his report, referring to July 3,—

" General Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high, rocky hills on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked in reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previous by the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws."

Another embarrassment prevented an earlier attack on July 2. It was the plan of General Lee to surprise the left flank of the Union army. General Lee ordered Captain Johnson, the engineer officer of his staff, to

conduct Longstreet's column by a route concealed from the enemy. But the formation and movements of the attacking column had been discovered by my reconnoisance; this exposure put an end to any chance of surprise. Other dispositions became necessary; fresh orders from head-quarters were asked for; another line of advance had to be found, less exposed to view. All this took time. These circumstances were, of course, known to General Lee; hence he saw no reason to reproach Longstreet for delay.

The situation on the left flank of the Union army was entirely changed by my advance to the Emmitsburg road. Fitzhugh Lee says, "Lee was deceived by it and gave orders to attack up the Emmitsburg road, partially enveloping the enemy's left; there was much behind Sickles." The obvious purpose of my advance was to hold Lee's force in check until General Meade could bring his reserves from his right flank, at Rock Creek, to the Round Tops, on the left. Fortunately for me, General Lee believed that my line from the Peach-Orchard north—about a division front—was all Longstreet would have to deal with. Longstreet soon discovered that my left rested beyond Devil's Den, about twelve hundred yards easterly from the Emmitsburg road, and at a right angle to it. Of course, Longstreet could not push forward to Lee's objective,—the Emmitsburg road ridge,—leaving this force on his flank and rear, to take him in reverse. An obstinate conflict followed, which detained Longstreet until the Fifth Corps, which had been in reserve on the Union right, moved to the left and got into position on the Round Tops. Thus it happened that my salient at the Peach-Orchard, on the Emmitsburg road, was not attacked until six o'clock, the troops on my line, from the Emmitsburg road to the Devil's Den, having held their positions until that hour. The surprise Lee had planned

was turned upon himself. The same thing would have happened if Longstreet had attacked in the morning; all the troops that resisted Longstreet in the afternoon —say thirty thousand—would have opposed him in the forenoon.

The alignment of the Union forces on the left flank at 11 A.M., when Lee gave his preliminary orders to Longstreet for the attack, was altogether different from the dispositions made by me at 3 P.M., when the attack was begun. At eleven in the morning my command was on Cemetery Ridge, to the left of Hancock. At two o'clock in the afternoon, anticipating General Lee's attack, I changed front, deploying my left division (Birney's) from Plum Run, near the base of Little Round Top, to the Peach-Orchard, at the intersection of Millerstown and Emmitsburg roads. My right division (Humphrey's) was moved forward to the Emmitsburg road, its left connecting with Birney at the Orchard, and its right *en echelon* with Hancock, parallel with the Codori House.

Longstreet was ordered to conceal his column of attack, for which the ground on Lee's right afforded excellent opportunities. Lee's plan was a repetition of Jackson's attack on the right flank of the Union army at Chancellorsville. In the afternoon, however, in view of the advance of my corps, General Lee was obliged to form a new plan of battle. As he believed that both of my flanks rested on the Emmitsburg road, Lee directed Longstreet to envelop my left at the Peach-Orchard, and press the attack northward "up the Emmitsburg road."

Colonel Fairfax, of Longstreet's staff, says that Lee and Longstreet were together at three o'clock, when the attack began. Lieutenant-General Hill, commanding the First Corps of Lee's army, says in his report,—

"The corps of General Longstreet (McLaws's and Hood's divisions) was on my right, and in a line very nearly at right angles to mine. General Longstreet was to attack the left flank of the enemy, and sweep down his line, and I was ordered to co-operate with him with such of my brigades from the right as could join in with his troops in the attack. On the extreme right, Hood commenced the attack about two o'clock, McLaws about 5.30 o'clock."

Longstreet was not long in discovering, by his artillery practice, that my position at the Peach-Orchard was a salient, and that my left flank really rested twelve hundred yards eastward, at Plum Run, in the valley between Little Round Top and the Devil's Den, concealed from observation by woods; my line extended to the high ground along the Emmitsburg road, from which Lee says, "It was thought our artillery could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond."

General J. B. Hood's story of his part in the battle of July 2, taken from a communication addressed to General Longstreet, which appears in Hood's "Advance and Retreat," pages 57–59, is a clear narrative of the movements of Longstreet's assaulting column. It emphasizes the firm adherence of Longstreet to the orders of General Lee. Again and again, as Hood plainly points out, Longstreet refused to listen to Hood's appeal for leave to turn Round Top and assail the Union rear, always replying, "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." *

* Hood says, "As soon as I arrived upon the Emmitsburg road I placed one or two batteries in position and opened fire. A reply from the enemy's guns soon developed his lines. His left rested on or near Round Top, with line bending back and again forward, forming, as it were, a concave line, as approached by the Emmitsburg road. A considerable body of troops was posted in front of their main line, between the Emmitsburg road and Round Top Mountain. This force was in line of battle upon an eminence near a peach-orchard.

"I found that in making the attack according to orders,—viz., up the

These often repeated orders of General Lee to "attack up the Emmitsburg road" could not have been

Emmitsburg road,—I should have first to encounter and drive off this advanced line of battle; secondly, at the base and along the slope of the mountain, to confront immense boulders of stone, so massed together as to form narrow openings, which would break our ranks and cause the men to scatter whilst climbing up the rocky precipice. I found, moreover, that my division would be exposed to a heavy fire from the main line of the enemy in position on the crest of the high range, of which Round Top was the extreme left, and, by reason of the concavity of the enemy's main line, that we would be subject to a destructive fire in flank and rear, as well as in the front; and deemed it almost an impossibility to clamber along the boulders up this steep and rugged mountain, and, under this number of cross fires, put the enemy to flight. I knew that if the feat was accomplished, it must be at a most fearful sacrifice of as brave and gallant soldiers as ever engaged in battle.

"I considered it my duty to report to you at once my opinion that it was unwise to attack up the Emmitsburg road, as ordered, and to urge that you allow me to turn Round Top and attack the enemy in flank and rear. Accordingly, I despatched a staff-officer, bearing to you my request to be allowed to make the proposed movement on account of the above stated reasons. Your reply was quickly received: 'General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road.' I sent another officer to say that I feared nothing could be accomplished by such an attack, and renewed my request to turn Round Top. Again your answer was, 'General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road.' During this interim I had continued the use of the batteries upon the enemy, and had become more and more convinced that the Federal line extended to Round Top, and that I could not reasonably hope to accomplish much by the attack as ordered. In fact, it seemed to me the enemy occupied a position by nature so strong —I may say impregnable—that, independently of their flank fire, they could easily repel our attack by merely throwing and rolling stones down the mountain-side, as we approached.

"A third time I despatched one of my staff to explain fully in regard to the situation, and suggest that you had better come and look for yourself. I selected, in this instance, my adjutant-general, Colonel Harry Sellers, whom you know to be not only an officer of great courage, but also of marked ability. Colonel Sellers returned with the same message: 'General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road.' Almost simultaneously, Colonel Fairfax, of your staff, rode up and repeated the above orders.

"After this urgent protest against entering the battle of Gettysburg, according to my instructions,—which protest is the first and only one I ever made during my entire military career,—I ordered my line to advance and make the assault.

"As my troops were moving forward, you rode up in person; a brief conversation passed between us, during which I again expressed the fears above mentioned, and regret at not being allowed to attack in flank around Round Top. You answered to this effect: 'We must obey the orders of

given until near three in the afternoon of July 2, because before that hour there was no Union line of battle on the Emmitsburg road. There had been only a few of my pickets there in the morning, thrown forward by the First Massachusetts Infantry. It distinctly appears that Lee rejected Longstreet's plan to turn the Federal left on Cemetery Ridge. And Hood makes it plain enough that Longstreet refused to listen to Hood's appeal for permission to turn Round Top, on the main Federal line, always replying, "No; General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." Of course, that plan of battle was not formed until troops had been placed in positions commanding that road. This, we have seen, was not done until towards three in the afternoon.

The only order of battle announced by General Lee on July 2 of which there is any record was to assail my position on the Emmitsburg road, turn my left flank (which he erroneously supposed to rest on the Peach-Orchard), and sweep the attack "up the Emmitsburg road." This was impossible until I occupied that road, and it was then that Longstreet's artillery began its practice on my advanced line.

I am unable to see how any just person can charge Longstreet with deviation from the orders of General Lee on July 2. It is true enough that Longstreet had advised different tactics; but he was a soldier,—a West Pointer,—and once he had indicated his own views, he

---

General Lee.' I then rode forward with my line under a heavy fire. In about twenty minutes after reaching the Peach-Orchard I was severely wounded in the arm and borne from the field.

"With this wound terminated my participation in this great battle. As I was borne off on a litter to the rear, I could but experience deep distress of mind and heart at the thought of the inevitable fate of my brave fellow-soldiers, who formed one of the grandest divisions of that world-renowned army; and I shall ever believe that had I been permitted to turn Round Top Mountain, we would not only have gained that position, but have been able finally to rout the enemy."

obeyed the orders of the general commanding,—he did not even exercise the discretion allowed to the chief of a *corps d'armée,* which permits him to modify instructions when an unforeseen emergency imposes fresh responsibilities, or when an unlooked-for opportunity offers tempting advantages.

We have seen that many circumstances required General Lee to modify his plans and orders on July 2 between daybreak, when his first reconnoisance was made, and three o'clock in the afternoon, when my advanced position was defined. We have seen that if a morning attack had been made the column would have encountered Buford's strong division of cavalry on its flank, and that it would have been weakened by the absence of Law's brigade of Hood's division. We have seen that Longstreet, even in the afternoon, when Law had come up and Buford had been sent to Westminster, was still too weak to contend against the reinforcements sent against him. We have seen that Lee was present all day on July 2, and that his own staff-officer led the column of attack. We have seen that General Lee, in his official report, gives no hint of dissatisfaction with Longstreet's conduct of the battle of July 2, nor does it appear that Longstreet was ever afterwards criticised by Lee. On the contrary, Lee points out that the same danger to Longstreet's flank, which required the protection of two divisions on July 3, existed on July 2, when his flank was unsupported. We have seen that again and again, when Hood appealed to Longstreet for leave to swing his column to the right and turn the Round Tops, Longstreet as often refused, always saying, "No; General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." The conclusion is irrefutable, that whilst the operations were directed with signal ability and sustained by heroic courage, the failure of both assaults,

that of July 2 and the other of July 3, must be attributed to the lack of strength in the columns of attack on both days, for which the commanding general alone was responsible.

It was Longstreet's good fortune to live until he saw his country hold a high place among the great powers of the world. He saw the new South advancing in prosperity, hand in hand with the North, East, and West. He saw his people in the ranks of our army, in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, China, and Panama; he saw the Union stars and the blue uniform worn by Fitzhugh Lee, and Butler, and Wheeler. He witnessed the fulfilment of his prediction,—that the hearty reunion of the North and South would advance the welfare of both. He lived long enough to rejoice with all of us in a reunited nation, and to know that his name was honored wherever the old flag was unfurled. His fame as a soldier belongs to all Americans.

Farewell, Longstreet! I shall follow you very soon. May we meet in the happy realm where strife is unknown and friendship is eternal!

UNIVERSITY

LEE AND LONGSTREET AT HIGH TIDE

CHAPTER I

THE STORY OF GETTYSBURG

Back of the day that opened so auspiciously for the Confederate cause at the first Manassas, and of the four years that followed, lies Longstreet's record of a quarter of a century in the Union army, completing one of the most lustrous pages in the world's war history. That page cannot be dimmed or darkened; it rests secure in its own white splendor, above the touch of detractors.

THE detractors of General Longstreet's military integrity assert that, being opposed to fighting an offensive battle at Gettysburg, he was "balky and stubborn" in executing Lee's orders; that he disobeyed the commanding general's orders to attack at sunrise on the morning of July 2; that, again ordered to attack with half the army on the morning of July 3, his culpably slow attack with only Pickett's division, supported by some of Hill's troops, caused the fatal Confederate defeat in that encounter.

General Gordon has seen fit, in a recent publication, to revive this cruel aspersion.

When General Longstreet surrendered his sword at Appomattox his war record was made up. It stands unassailable—needing no defenders. Back of the day

that opened so auspiciously for the Confederate cause at the first Manassas, and of the four years that followed, lies the record of a quarter of a century in the Union army.

In those times General Longstreet, at Cerro Gordo, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, was aiding to win the great empire of the West; in subsequent hard Indian campaigns lighting the fagots of a splendid western civilization, adding new glory to American arms and, in the struggles of a nation that fell, a new star of the first magnitude to the galaxy of American valor, completing one of the most lustrous pages in the world's war history. That page cannot be dimmed or darkened; it rests secure in its own white splendor, above the touch of detractors.

General Longstreet has of late years deemed it unnecessary to make defence of his military integrity, save such as may be found in his memoirs, "Manassas to Appomattox," published nearly ten years since. He has held that his deeds stand on the impartial pages of the nation's records—their own defender.

The cold historian of our Civil War of a hundred years hence will not go for truth to the picturesque reminiscences of General John B. Gordon, nor to the pyrotechnics of General Fitzhugh Lee, nor yet to the somewhat hysterical ravings of Rev. Mr. Pendleton and scores of other modern essayists who have sought to fix the failure of Gettysburg upon General Longstreet. The coming chronicler will cast aside the rubbish of passion and hate that followed the war, and have recourse to the nation's official war records, and in the cool, calm lights of the letters and reports of the participants, written at the time, will place the blunder of Gettysburg where it belongs. Longstreet's fame has nothing to fear in that hour.

But for the benefit of the present—of the young, the

R E Lee

REESE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY

busy, who have neither time nor inclination to study the records, and for that sentiment that is increasingly shaped by the public press,—for these and other reasons it appears fitting that in this hour historical truth should have a spokesman on the Gettysburg contentions. In the absence of one more able to speak, this little story of the truth is written. The writer belongs to a generation that has come up since the gloom of Appomattox closed the drama of the great "Lost Cause" of American history—a generation that seeks the truth, unwarped and undistorted by passion, and can face the truth.

In the prosecution of my researches for the origin of the extraordinary calumnies aimed at General Longstreet's honor as a soldier, two most significant facts have continually pressed upon my attention.

First, not one word appears to have been published openly accusing him of disobedience at Gettysburg until the man who could forever have silenced all criticism was in his grave—until the knightly soul of Robert Edward Lee had passed into eternity.

Second, General Longstreet's operations on the field of Gettysburg were above the suspicion of reproach until he came under the political ban in the South, for meeting in the proper spirit, as he saw it, the requirements of good citizenship in the observance of his Appomattox parole, and, after the removal of his political disabilities, for having accepted office at the hands of a Republican President who happened to be his old West Point comrade,—Grant.

Then the storm broke. He was heralded as traitor, deserter of his people, deserter of Democracy, etc. In the fury of this onslaught originated the cruel slander that he had disobeyed Lee's most vital orders, causing the loss of the Gettysburg battle and the ultimate fall of the Confederate cause. Most singularly, this strange

discovery was not made until some years after the battle and General Lee's death. Thereafter for two decades the South was sedulously taught to believe that the Federal victory was wholly the fortuitous outcome of the culpable disobedience of General Longstreet.

The sectional complaint that he deserted "Democracy" is about as relevant and truthful as the assertion that he lost Gettysburg. He was a West Pointer, a professional soldier. He had never cast a ballot before the Civil War; he had no politics. Its passions and prejudices had no dwelling-place in his mind. The war was over, and he quietly accepted the result, fraternizing with all Americans. It was no great crime.

But the peculiar circumstances favored an opportunity to make Longstreet the long-desired scape-goat for Gettysburg. There was an ulterior and deeper purpose, however, than merely besmirching his military record. Short-sighted partisans seemingly argued that the disparagement of Longstreet was necessary to save the military reputation of Lee. But Lee's great fame needed no such sacrifice.

The outrageous charges against Longstreet have been wholly disproved. Much of the partisan rancor that once pursued him has died out. Many of the more intelligent Southerners have been long convinced that he was the victim of a great wrong.

It was unworthy of Major-General John B. Gordon, once of the army of Northern Virginia, to revive this dead controversy. He simply reiterates the old charges in full, produces no evidence in their support, and gratuitously endorses a false and cruel verdict. His contribution is of no historical value. It carries inherent evidence that General Gordon made no critical examination of the documentary history of Gettysburg. He assumes to render a verdict on the say-so of others.

Gordon's unsupported assertions would require no

attention but for one fact. Both South and North there is a widespread impression that Gordon was a conspicuous figure at Gettysburg. This is erroneous. He was merely a brigade commander there, stationed five miles from Longstreet. It is not certain that he personally saw either Lee or Longstreet while the army was in Pennsylvania.

In his official report Gordon uses this language regarding the operations of his own small command at Gettysburg when the heaviest fighting was going on, finely showing the scope of his opportunities for observation:

"The movements during the succeeding days of the battle, July 2 and 3, I do not consider of sufficient importance to mention."

It is but just to Gordon, however, to say that in his subordinate capacity at the head of one of the thirty-seven brigades of infantry comprising Lee's army, he performed excellent service on the first day's battle. But in estimating his value as a personal witness, the foregoing undisputed facts must be taken into consideration. His testimony is obviously of the hearsay kind. In fact, as will be observed from his own admission, it is no more than his own personal conclusions, wholly deduced from the assertions of others, based on an assumed state of facts which did not exist.

In his recent publication, "Reminiscences of the Civil War," Gordon says,—

"It now seems certain that impartial military critics, after thorough investigation, will consider the following facts established:

"First, that General Lee distinctly ordered Longstreet to attack early on the morning of the second day, and if Longstreet had done so two of the largest corps of Meade's army would not have been in the fight; but Longstreet delayed the fight

until four o'clock in the afternoon, and thus lost his opportunity of occupying Little Round Top, the key of the position, which he might have done in the morning without firing a shot or losing a man."

It is competent to point out that Longstreet's orders from General Lee were "to move around to gain the Emmitsburg road, on the enemy's left." In short, he was "to attack up the Emmitsburg road," as all the authorities agree. He therefore could not well "occupy" Little Round Top up the Emmitsburg road, because it was but a fraction less than a mile to the east of that road. It is as clear as noonday that Lee had no thought at first, if ever, that Little Round Top was the "key to the position." Lee merely contemplated driving the enemy from some high ground on the Emmitsburg road from which the "more elevated ground" of Cemetery Hill in its rear, more than a mile to the northward of Little Round Top, could be subsequently assailed.

Lee's luminous report of the battle, dated July 31, 1863, only four weeks after, has escaped Gordon's notice, or has been conveniently ignored by him. It is found at page 305 *et seq.*, of Part II., Vol. XXVII., of the printed War Records, easily accessible to everybody. At page 308, Lee's report:

". . . In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position from which, if he could be driven, it was thought our artillery could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to carry this position. . . . After a severe struggle, Longstreet succeeded in getting possession of and holding the desired ground. . . . The battle ceased at dark."

The "desired ground" captured was that held by Sickles's Federal Third Corps,—the celebrated peach-

orchard, wheat-field, and adjacent high ground, from which Cemetery Hill was next day assailed by the Confederate artillery as a prelude to Pickett's infantry assault.

It was the "crest of the ridge," not the Round Top, that Lee wished to assail. His eye from the first appears to have been steadily fixed upon the Federal centre. That is why he ordered the "attack up the Emmitsburg road."

Longstreet's official report is very explicit on this point. It was written July 27, 1863. On page 358 of the same book he says,—

"I received instructions from the commanding general to move, with the portion of my command that was up, around to gain the Emmitsburg road, on the enemy's left."

Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, then of Hill's corps, also makes this definite statement:

"Shortly after the line had been formed, I received notice that Lieutenant-General Longstreet would occupy the ground on my right, and that his line would be in a direction nearly at right angles with mine, and that he would assault the extreme left of the enemy and drive him towards Gettysburg."

Just here it is pertinent to say that General Longstreet had the afternoon previous, and again that morning, suggested to General Lee the more promising plan of a movement by the Confederate right to interpose between the Federals and their capital, and thus compel General Meade to give battle at a disadvantage. On this point General Longstreet uses the following language in a newspaper publication * more than a quarter of a century ago:

* "The Campaign of Gettysburg," by Lieutenant-General James Longstreet. One of a series of papers on the Civil War by different distinguished participants, both Union and Confederate, in Colonel A. K. McClure's Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, 1877.

"When I overtook General Lee at five o'clock that afternoon [July 1], he said, to my surprise, that he thought of attacking General Meade upon the heights the next day. I suggested that this course seemed to be at variance with the plan of the campaign that had been agreed upon before leaving Fredericksburg. He said, 'If the enemy is there to-morrow, we must attack him.' I replied: 'If he is there, it will be because he is anxious that we should attack him—a good reason in my judgment for not doing so.' I urged that we should move around by our right to the left of Meade and put our army between him and Washington, threatening his left and rear, and thus force him to attack us in such position as we might select. . . . I called his attention to the fact that the country was admirably adapted for a defensive battle, and that we should surely repulse Meade with crushing loss if we would take position so as to force him to attack us, and suggested that even if we carried the heights in front of us, and drove Meade out, we should be so badly crippled that we could not reap the fruits of victory; and that the heights of Gettysburg were in themselves of no more importance to us than the ground we then occupied, and that the mere possession of the ground was not worth a hundred men to us. That Meade's army, not its position, was our objective. General Lee was impressed with the idea that by attacking the Federals he could whip them in detail. I reminded him that if the Federals were there in the morning it would be proof that they had their forces well in hand, and that with Pickett in Chambersburg, and Stuart out of reach, we should be somewhat in detail. He, however, did not seem to abandon the idea of attack on the next day. He seemed under a subdued excitement which occasionally took possession of him when 'the hunt was up,' and threatened his superb equipoise. . . . When I left General Lee on the night of the 1st, I believed that he had made up his mind to attack, but was confident that he had not yet determined as to when the attack should be made."

But General Lee persisted in the direct attack "up the Emmitsburg road." Hood, deployed on Longstreet's extreme right, at once perceived that the true direction was by flank against the southern slopes of

Big Round Top. He delayed the advance to advise of the discovery he had made. Soon the positive order came back: "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." He still hesitated and repeated the suggestion. Again it was reiterated: "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." Then the troops moved to the attack. There was no alternative. Lee's orders were imperative, and made after he had personally examined the enemy's position. Longstreet was ordered to attack a specific position "up the Emmitsburg road," which was *not* Little Round Top, as assumed by Gordon. This point is particularly elaborated because in it lies the "milk in the cocoanut" of the charges against Longstreet. Without consulting the records Gordon has merely followed the lead of some of General Lee's biographers, notably Fitzhugh Lee, who asserts that his illustrious uncle "expected Longstreet to seize Little Round Top on the 2d of July." The records clearly show that nothing was farther from General Lee's thoughts.

After the war it was discovered that a very early attack on Little Round Top would perhaps have found it undefended, hence the afterthought that General Longstreet was ordered to attack at sunrise. But whatever the hour Longstreet was ordered to attack, it was most certainly not Little Round Top that was made his objective.

CHAPTER II

LEE CHANGES PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

"General, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers engaged in fights by couples, by squads, companies, regiments, divisions, and armies, and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no fifteen thousand men ever arrayed for battle can take that position," pointing to Cemetery Hill.—LONGSTREET TO LEE.

GENERAL LONGSTREET'S personal account of this magnificent battle "up the Emmitsburg road" will not be out of place here. In the newspaper article previously quoted from he very graphically describes the advance of the two divisions of McLaws and Hood, for when he went into battle it must be understood that even yet one of his divisions, that of Pickett, was still absent. He states his total force at thirteen thousand men. An account of this clash of arms must send a thrill of pride through every Southern heart:

"At half-past three o'clock the order was given General Hood to advance upon the enemy, and, hurrying to the head of McLaws's division, I moved with his line. Then was fairly commenced what I do not hesitate to pronounce the best three hours' fighting ever done by any troops on any battle-field. Directly in front of us, occupying the peach-orchard, on a piece of elevated ground that General Lee desired me to take and hold for his artillery, was the Third Corps of the Federals, commanded by General Sickles.

"Prompt to the order the combat opened, followed by artillery of the other corps, and our artillerists measured up to the better metal of the enemy by vigilant work. . . .

"In his usual gallant style Hood led his troops through the rocky fastnesses against the strong lines of his earnest adver-

MAJOR-GENERAL D. E. SICKLES

sary, and encountered battle that called for all of his power and skill. The enemy was tenacious of his strong ground; his skilfully handled batteries swept through the passes between the rocks; the more deadly fire of infantry concentrated as our men bore upon the angle of the enemy's line and stemmed the fiercest onset until it became necessary to shorten their work by a desperate charge. This pressing struggle and the cross-fire of our batteries broke in the salient angle, but the thickening fire, as the angle was pressed back, hurt Hood's left and held him in steady fight. His right brigade was drawn towards Round Top by the heavy fire pouring from that quarter, Benning's brigade was pressed to the thickening line at the angle, and G. T. Anderson's was put in support of the battle growing against Hood's right.

"I rode to McLaws, found him ready for his opportunity, and Barksdale chafing in his wait for the order to seize the battery in his front. Kershaw's brigade of his right first advanced and struck near the angle of the enemy's line where his forces were gathering strength. After additional caution to hold his ranks closed, McLaws ordered Barksdale in. With glorious bearing he sprang to his work, overriding obstacles and dangers. Without a pause to deliver a shot, he had the battery. Kershaw, joined by Semmes's brigade, responded, and Hood's men, feeling the impulsion of relief, resumed their bold fight, and presently the enemy's line was broken through its length. But his well-seasoned troops knew how to utilize the advantage of their ground and put back their dreadful fires from rocks, depressions, and stone fences, as they went for shelter about Little Round Top. . . . The fighting had become tremendous, and brave men and officers were stricken by hundreds. Posey and Wilcox dislodged the forces about the Brick House.

"General Sickles was desperately wounded!

"General Willard was dead!

"General Semmes, of McLaws's division, was mortally wounded! . . .

"I had one brigade—Wofford's—that had not been engaged in the hottest battle. To urge the troops to their reserve power in the precious moments, I rode with Wofford. The rugged field, the rough plunge of artillery fire, and the piercing

musket-shots delayed somewhat the march, but Alexander dashed up with his batteries and gave new spirit to the worn infantry ranks. . . . While Meade's lines were growing my men were dropping; we had no others to call to their aid, and the weight against us was too heavy to carry. . . . Nothing was heard or felt but the clear ring of the enemy's fresh metal as he came against us. No other part of the army had engaged! My seventeen thousand against the Army of the Potomac! The sun was down, and with it went down the severe battle."

Surely these are not the utterances of one who had been slow, balky, and obstructive on that field. The ring of these sentences tells no tale of apathy or backwardness because his advice to pursue a different line of operations had been ignored by Lee.

General Gordon, continuing, very complacently assumes that "two of the largest corps of Meade's army would not have been in the fight" of the 2d had Longstreet attacked early in the morning. He refers to the Union Fifth and Sixth Corps. That statement is correct only as regards the Sixth Corps, which, it is true, did not arrive on the field until late in the afternoon. But it took only a slight part at dark on the 2d, when the battle was over. Indeed, as it was so slightly engaged, the hour of its arrival at Gettysburg is unimportant. The losses of the different corps conclusively show what part the Sixth, which was the largest in the army, took in the battle of the 2d of July; as given in the Rebellion Records:

Killed and wounded: First Corps, 3980; Second Corps, 3991; Third Corps, 3662; Fifth Corps, 1976; Sixth Corps, 212; Eleventh Corps, 2353; Twelfth Corps, 1016.

Its non-participation strongly militates against the spirit of Gordon's argument, in that Meade entirely frustrated Lee's plans and defeated the Confederate

army, scarcely using the Sixth Corps, some fifteen thousand men, at all. This is a significant commentary on the anti-Longstreet assumption of how easy it was to win at Gettysburg if only Longstreet had obeyed orders!

At sunrise on the 2d, the hour at which Longstreet's critics would have had this attack delivered, the Federal Fifth Corps was as near the battle-ground of that day as Longstreet's troops. Longstreet's troops were bivouacked the night previous at Marsh Creek, four miles west of Gettysburg. They began to arrive near Lee's head-quarters on Seminary Ridge not earlier than 7 A.M. of the 2d, and the last of the column did not get in until near noon. Then they were still five miles by the route pursued from the chosen point of attack.

The Union Fifth Corps was bivouacked five miles east of Gettysburg about the same hour on the 1st that Longstreet's tired infantry reached Marsh Creek. At four o'clock A.M. of the 2d they marched on Gettysburg, arriving about the same hour that Longstreet's troops were being massed near Lee's head-quarters, and were thereupon posted upon the extreme Federal right.

Upon the first manifestation of Confederate movements on the right and left, we know that the Fifth Corps was immediately drawn in closer, and about nine o'clock massed at the bridge over Rock Creek on the Baltimore pike, ready for developments. Meade thought Lee intended to attack his right. That Lee contemplated it is quite certain. Colonel Venable, of his staff, was sent about sunrise to consult with Lieutenant-General Ewell upon the feasibility of a general attack from his front. Lee wanted Ewell's views as to the advisability of moving all the available troops around to that front for such a purpose. Venable and Ewell rode from point to point to determine if this should be done. Finally, Venable says, Lee himself

came to Ewell's lines, and eventually the design for an attack on the Union right was abandoned.

Where the Fifth Corps was finally massed, it was only one and a half miles in the rear of General Sickles's position. Moreover, it had an almost direct road to that point. This facility for reinforcing incidentally illustrates the advantages of the Union position. At the same hour General Longstreet's troops were still massed near the Chambersburg pike, three miles on a straight line from the point of attack. That is to say, Longstreet had twice as far to march on an air-line to strike Sickles "up the Emmitsburg road" as Sykes had to reinforce the threatened point. But, in fact, Sykes's advantage was far greater in point of time, because, by order of Lee, Longstreet was compelled to move by back roads and lanes, out of sight of the enemy's signal officers on Round Top. His troops actually marched six or seven miles to reach the point of deployment.

Longstreet eventually attacked about 4 P.M., and the Fifth Corps was used very effectively against him. But no historian who esteems the truth, with the undisputed records before him, will deny that it could and would have been used just as effectively at seven or eight o'clock in the morning. The moment Longstreet's movement was detected it was immediately hurried over to the left and occupied Round Top. If Longstreet had moved earlier, the Fifth Corps also would have moved earlier. It could have been on Sickles's left and rear as early as seven o'clock A.M., had it been necessary. If Ewell and not Longstreet had delivered the general attack it would have been found in his front.

It is mathematically correct to say that the troops which met Longstreet on the afternoon of the 2d could have been brought against him in the morning. The reports of General Meade, General Sykes, the commander of the Fifth Corps of Sykes's brigade, and regi-

mental commanders, and various other documentary history bearing on the subject, are convincing upon this point.

General Sickles's advance was made in consequence of the Confederate threatening, and would have been sooner or later according as that threatening was made. The critics ignore this fact.

General Longstreet says on this point:

"General Meade was with General Sickles discussing the feasibility of moving the Third Corps back to the line originally assigned for it; the discussion was cut short by the opening of the Confederate battle. If that opening had been delayed thirty or forty minutes, Sickles's corp would have been drawn back to the general line, and my first deployment would have enveloped Little Round Top and carried it before it could have been strongly manned. The point should have been that the battle was opened too soon."

So much for one part of Gordon's assumption, based upon other assumptions founded upon an erroneous presumption, that if Longstreet had taken wings and flown on an air-line from his bivouac at Marsh Creek to the Federal left and attacked at sunrise he would have found no enemy near the Round Tops.

In another equally unwarranted assumption of what the "impartial" military critic will consider an "established fact," Gordon declares:

"Secondly, that General Lee ordered Longstreet to attack at daylight on the morning of the third day, and that the latter did not attack until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, the artillery opening at one."

Lee himself mentions no such order. In his final report, penned six months afterwards, he merely mentions that the "general plan was unchanged," and Longstreet, reinforced, ordered to attack "next morning," no definite hour being fixed. It is significant,

however, that in his letter to Jefferson Davis from the field, dated July 4, Lee uses this language:

"Next day (July 3), the third division of General Longstreet's corps having come up, a more extensive attack was made," etc.

The "third division" was Pickett's, which did not arrive from Chambersburg until 9 A.M. of the 3d. In the same report, Lee himself states that "Pickett, with three of his brigades, joined Longstreet the following morning." There is no dispute, however, about the hour of Pickett's arrival.

So that, as Pickett was selected by Lee to lead the charge, and as Lee knew exactly where Pickett was, it is morally impossible that it was fixed for daylight, five hours before Pickett's troops were up.

In one place Lee remarks in his report: "The morning was occupied in *necessary* preparations, and the battle recommenced in the afternoon of the 3d." Time was not an essential element in the problem of the 3d. The Federal army was then all up, whereas Pickett's Confederate division was still absent. The delay of a few hours was therefore a distinct gain for the Confederates, and not prejudicial, as Gordon would have the world believe.

But Longstreet's official report is decisive of the whole question. He says,—

"On the following morning (that is, after the fight of the 2d) our arrangements were made for renewing the attack by my right, with a view to pass round the hill occupied by the enemy's left, and gain it by flank and reverse attack. A few moments after my orders for the execution of this plan were given, the commanding general joined me, and ordered a column of attack to be formed of Pickett's, Heth's, and part of Pender's divisions, the assault to be made directly at the enemy's main position, the Cemetery Hill."

Clearly this shows that Longstreet had no orders for the morning of July 3. As Longstreet's report passed through Lee's hands, the superior would most certainly have returned it to the subordinate for correction if there were errors in it. This he did not do, neither did Lee indorse upon the document itself any dissent from its tenor.

As Pickett did not come up until 9 A.M., and as General Lee says "the morning was occupied in *necessary* preparations," it was logistically and morally impossible to make an attack at daylight, and General Longstreet states that it could not have been delivered sooner than it was.

Finally, Longstreet emphatically denies that Lee ordered him to attack at daylight on the 3d. He says that he had no orders of any kind on that morning until Lee personally came over to his front and ordered the Pickett charge. No early attack was possible under the conditions imposed by Lee to use Pickett's, Pettigrew's, and Pender's troops, widely separated.

But without any orders from Lee, as is quite apparent, Longstreet had already given orders for a flank attack by the southern face of Big Round Top, as an alternative to directly attacking again the impregnable heights from which he had been repulsed the night before. That would have been "simple madness," to quote the language of the Confederate General Law. But such an act of "simple madness" was the only daylight attack possible from Longstreet's front on the morning of the 3d. Lee substituted for the feasible early attack projected by Longstreet the Pickett movement straight on Cemetery Heights which it required hours of preparation to fulminate, and which proved the most disastrous and destructive in Confederate annals. It was, in fact, the death-knell of the Southern republic.

In his published memoirs,* page 385, General Longstreet makes this concise statement in regard to Lee's alleged orders for the early morning operations on the 3d: "He [General Lee] did not give or send me orders for the morning of the third day, nor did he reinforce me by Pickett's brigades for morning attack. As his head-quarters were about four miles from the command, I did not ride over, but sent, to report the work of the second day. In the absence of orders, I had scouting parties out during the night in search of a way by which we might strike the enemy's left and push it down towards his centre. I found a way that gave some promise of results, and was about to move the command when he [Lee] rode over after sunrise and gave his orders."

But in his paper of 1877, on Gettysburg, hereinbefore freely quoted from, General Longstreet goes more into detail with relation to Lee's plans and orders for the morning of the 3d, and more fully discloses the genesis of the Pickett charge. In this account his own opposition to a renewal of the attack on Cemetery Hill is developed and the obvious reasons therefor. As he is confirmed in nearly every particular by participants and by the records, his account is here reprinted:

"On the next morning he came to see me, and, fearing that he was still in his disposition to attack, I tried to anticipate him by saying, 'General, I have had my scouts out all night, and I find that you still have an excellent opportunity to move around to the right of Meade's army and manœuvre him into attacking us.' He replied, pointing with his fist at Cemetery Hill, 'The enemy is there, and I am going to strike him.' I felt then that it was my duty to express my convictions. I said, 'General, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers en-

* "From Manassas to Appomatox," by James Longstreet, Lieutenant-General Confederate Army. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1896. Revised, 1903.

gaged in fights by couples, by squads, companies, regiments, divisions, and armies, and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no fifteen thousand men ever arrayed for battle can take that position,' pointing to Cemetery Hill.

"General Lee, in reply to this, ordered me to prepare Pickett's division for the attack. I should not have been so urgent had I not foreseen the hopelessness of the proposed assault. I felt that I must say a word against the sacrifice of my men; and then I felt that my record was such that General Lee would or could not misconstrue my motives. I said no more, however, but turned away. The most of the morning was consumed in waiting for Pickett's men and getting into position."

To make the attitude of the superior and his subordinate more clear in relation to the proposed desperate throw of General Lee for victory, and to further explain the foregoing protest of General Longstreet, quotations from a second paper of the series printed in 1877 are here given, in which he says,—

"In my first article I declared that the invasion of Pennsylvania was a movement that General Lee and his council agreed should be defensive in tactics, while of course it was offensive in strategy; that the campaign was conducted on this plan until we had left Chambersburg, when, owing to the absence of our cavalry and our consequent ignorance of the enemy's whereabouts, we collided with them unexpectedly, and that General Lee had lost the matchless equipoise that usually characterized him, and through excitement and the doubt that enveloped the enemy's movements, changed the whole plan of the campaign and delivered a battle under ominous circumstances."

CHAPTER III

PICKETT'S CHARGE

"Pickett swept past our artillery in splendid style, and the men marched steadily and compactly down the slope. As they started up the ridge over one hundred cannon from the breastworks of the Federals hurled a rain of canister, grape, and shell down upon them; still they pressed on until half-way up the slope, when the crest of the hill was lit with a solid sheet of flame as the masses of infantry rose and fired. When the smoke cleared away Pickett's division was gone. Nearly two-thirds of his men lay dead on the field."—LONGSTREET ON PICKETT'S CHARGE.

GENERAL LONGSTREET'S description of the Pickett charge itself also throws much light on these old controversies. It is confirmed in all essential particulars by General Alexander and others who have written on the subject since the war, and also by the reports:

"The plan of assault was as follows: Our artillery was to be massed in a wood from which Pickett was to charge, and it was to pour a continuous fire upon the cemetery. Under cover of this fire, and supported by it, Pickett was to charge. General E. P. Alexander, a brave and gifted officer, being at the head of the column, and being first in position, and being besides an officer of unusual promptness, sagacity, and intelligence, was given charge of the artillery. The arrangements were completed about one o'clock. General Alexander had arranged that a battery of seven 11-pound howitzers, with fresh horses and full caissons, were to charge with Pickett, at the head of his line, but General Pendleton, from whom the guns had been borrowed, recalled them just before the charge was made, and thus deranged this wise plan.

"Never was I so depressed as upon that day. I felt that my men were to be sacrificed, and that I should have to order them to make a hopeless charge. I had instructed General Alex-

ander, being unwilling to trust myself with the entire responsibility, to carefully observe the effect of the fire upon the enemy, and when it began to tell to notify Pickett to begin the assault. I was so much impressed with the hopelessness of the charge that I wrote the following note to General Alexander:

"'If the artillery fire does not have the effect to drive off the enemy or greatly demoralize him, so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer that you should not advise General Pickett to make the charge. I shall rely a great deal on your judgment to determine the matter, and shall expect you to let Pickett know when the moment offers.'

"To my note the general replied as follows:

"'I will only be able to judge the effect of our fire upon the enemy by his return fire, for his infantry is but little exposed to view, and the smoke will obscure the whole field. If, as I infer from your note, there is an alternative to this attack, it should be carefully considered before opening our fire, for it will take all of the artillery ammunition we have left to test this one thoroughly, and if the result is unfavorable, we will have none left for another effort, and even if this is entirely successful it can only be so at a very bloody cost.'

"I still desired to save my men, and felt that if the artillery did not produce the desired effect I would be justified in holding Pickett off. I wrote this note to Colonel Walton at exactly 1.30 P.M.:

"'Let the batteries open. Order great precision in firing. If the batteries at the peach-orchard cannot be used against the point we intend attacking, let them open on the enemy at Rocky Hill.'

"The cannonading which opened along both lines was grand. In a few moments a courier brought a note to General Pickett (who was standing near me) from Alexander, which, after reading, he handed to me. It was as follows:

"'If you are coming at all you must come at once, or I cannot give you proper support; but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all; at least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself.'

"After I had read the note Pickett said to me, 'General, shall I advance?' My feelings had so overcome me that I would not speak for fear of betraying my want of confidence to him. I bowed affirmation and turned to mount my horse. Pickett

immediately said, 'I shall lead my division forward, sir.' I spurred my horse to the wood where Alexander was stationed with artillery. When I reached him he told me of the disappearance of the seven guns which were to have led the charge with Pickett, and that his ammunition was so low that he could not properly support the charge. I at once ordered him to stop Pickett until the ammunition had been replenished. He informed me that he had no ammunition with which to replenish. I then saw that there was no help for it, and that Pickett must advance under his orders. He swept past our artillery in splendid style, and the men marched steadily and compactly down the slope. As they started up the ridge over one hundred cannon from the breastworks of the Federals hurled a rain of cannister, grape, and shell down upon them; still they pressed on until half-way up the slope, when the crest of the hill was lit with a solid sheet of flame as the masses of infantry rose and fired. When the smoke cleared away Pickett's division was gone. Nearly two-thirds of his men lay dead on the field, and the survivors were sullenly retreating down the hill. Mortal man could not have stood that fire. In half an hour the contested field was cleared and the battle of Gettysburg was over.

"When this charge had failed I expected that of course the enemy would throw himself against our shattered ranks and try to crush us. I sent my staff-officers to the rear to assist in rallying the troops, and hurried to our line of batteries as the only support that I could give them, knowing that my presence would impress upon every one of them the necessity of holding the ground to the last extremity. I knew if the army was to be saved those batteries must check the enemy."

CHAPTER IV

GORDON'S "ESTABLISHED FACTS" AND PENDLETON'S FULMINATIONS

No officer in a position to know anything about the matter confirmed Pendleton's statement, while everybody who should have been aware of such an important order directly contradicted it, as do all the records.

CONTINUING on the subject of Longstreet's alleged disobedience, Gordon considers the following as another of the "facts established:"

"Thirdly, that General Lee, according to the testimony of Colonel Walter Taylor, Colonel C. S. Venable, and General A. L. Long, who were present when the order was given, ordered Longstreet to make the attack on the last day with the three divisions of his own corps and two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, and that instead of doing so Longstreet sent only fourteen thousand men to assail Meade's army in the latter's strong and heavily intrenched position."

This is the old story that Longstreet was culpable in not sending McLaws and Hood to the attack with Pickett.

But, in fact, Lee's own utterances show that McLaws and Hood were not to join in the Pickett attack, but, on the contrary, were excluded for other vital service by Lee's specific directions. It is true this was done upon Longstreet's strenuous representations that twenty thousand Federals were massed behind the Round Top to swoop down on the Confederate flank if Hood and McLaws were withdrawn. After viewing the ground himself Lee acquiesced. The eye-witnesses quoted by

Gordon heard only the original order; they evidently did not know of its necessary modification, after Lee was made aware by his own personal observations and by Longstreet's explanations that it was impossible to withdraw Hood and McLaws.

The official reports of both Lee and Longstreet are conclusive on this point, and they substantially agree. In the paragraph quoted in the preceding chapter, Longstreet states explicitly that "the commanding general joined me" (on the far right on the morning of the 3d) "and ordered a column of attack to be formed of Pickett's, Heth's, and part of Pender's divisions," etc. If this was a misstatement, why did not Lee correct it before sending the report to the War Department? He did not; on the contrary, Lee corroborates Longstreet in these paragraphs of his own official report, in which he also explains in detail why McLaws and Hood were not ordered forward with Pickett:

"General Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high rocky hills on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked in reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previous by the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws. He was therefore reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's. . . . General Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's divisions in two lines, Pickett on the right."

Now, one of Lee's favorite officers, General Pickett, had personal supervision of the formation of the attacking column. General Lee was for a time personally present while this work was going on, conversing with Pickett concerning the proper dispositions and making various suggestions. He therefore knew by personal observation, before the charge was made, exactly what

troops were included and what were not. He knew that the extreme right of Hood's division was at that moment fully three miles away, holding a difficult position in face of an overwhelming force of Federals, and McLaws almost equally distant.

With these documents before him, how can Gordon believe it an "established fact" that Lee expected McLaws and Hood to take part in the Pickett charge?

It is admitted by almost if not quite all authority on the subject that Pickett's charge was hopeless. The addition of McLaws and Hood would not have increased the chances of success. The Confederates under Longstreet and R. H. Anderson had tested the enemy's position on that front thoroughly in the battle of the 2d, and with a much larger force, including these same divisions of McLaws and Hood, who had been repulsed. There was every reason to believe that the position was much stronger on the final day than when Longstreet attacked it on the 2d. The troops of Hood and McLaws, in view of their enormous losses, were in no condition to support Pickett effectively, even had they been free for that purpose. But it has been shown above by the testimony of both Lee and Longstreet that they were required to maintain the position they had won in the desperate struggle of the evening previous to prevent the twenty-two thousand men of the Union Fifth and Sixth Corps from falling *en masse* upon Pickett's right flank, or their own flank and rear had they moved in unison with Pickett.

Having proved from Lee's own official written utterances that the three foregoing points set up by Gordon cannot possibly be accepted as "established facts," we now come to his "fourthly," which is really a summing up of the whole case against Longstreet,—viz., that he was disobedient, slow, "balky," and obstructive at Gettysburg. He says,—

"Fourthly, that the great mistake of the halt on the first day would have been repaired on the second, and even on the third day, if Lee's orders had been vigorously executed, and that General Lee died believing that he lost Gettysburg at last by Longstreet's disobedience of orders."

The first positive utterance holding General Longstreet responsible for the defeat at Gettysburg, through failure to obey Lee's orders, came from Rev. Dr. William N. Pendleton, an Episcopal clergyman of Virginia, on the 17th of January, 1873. General Lee had then been dead more than two years. In view of what follows it is well to bear in mind these two distinct dates. There had been some vague hints, particularly among some of the higher ex-Confederates from Virginia prior to Pendleton's categorical story, but Pendleton was the first person to distinctly formulate the indictment against Longstreet for disobedience of orders. In an address delivered in the town of Lexington, Virginia, on the date mentioned, in behalf of a memorial church to General Lee, Pendleton uses this language, referring to the battle of Gettysburg:

"The ground southwest of the town [Gettysburg] was carefully examined by me after the engagement of July 1. . . . Its practicable character was reported to our commanding general. He informed me that he had *ordered Longstreet to attack on that front at sunrise next morning.* And he added to myself: 'I want you to be out long before sunrise, so as to re-examine and save time.' He also desired me to communicate with General Longstreet, as well as himself. The reconnoissance was accordingly made as soon as it was light enough on the 2d. . . . All this, as it occurred under my personal observation, it is nothing short of imperative duty that I thus fairly state."

Rev. Dr. Pendleton was a brigadier-general and chief of artillery on Lee's staff. He was a graduate of West

Point, and was the cadet friend of Lee for more than three years in the Military Academy. After the war they were closely associated at Lexington, Virginia. His fulmination had the effect of a bombshell. There was a hue and cry at once; corroborative evidence of the easy hearsay sort was forthcoming from various interested quarters, but most markedly and noisily from the State of Virginia, as if by preconcert. Pendleton's fulmination appeared to have been expected by those who had previously been pursuing Longstreet. The late General Jubal A. Early was particularly strenuous in unreserved endorsement of the Pendleton story. The Rev. J. William Jones, of Richmond, the self-appointed conservator of General Lee's fair fame, also quickly added his testimony to the reliability of the Rev. Dr. Pendleton's discovery and dramatic disclosure. Those who approved generally fortified Pendleton with additional statements of their own.

Pendleton's statement is characteristic of the whole, but it was for a time the more effective because it was more definite, in that it purported to recite a positive statement by Lee of an alleged order to Longstreet. If Pendleton's statement falls, the whole falls.

General Longstreet was astounded when Pendleton's Lexington story was brought to his attention. He had previously paid but little attention to indefinite gossip of a certain coterie that he had been "slow" and even "obstructive" at Gettysburg, and had never heard before that he was accused of having disobeyed a positive order to attack at any given hour. That false accusation aroused him to action. He categorically denied Pendleton's absurd allegations, and at once appealed to several living members of Lee's staff and to others in a position to know the facts, to exonerate him from the charge of having disobeyed his chief, thereby causing disaster.

Colonel Walter H. Taylor, a Virginian, and General Lee's adjutant-general, promptly responded as follows:

"Norfolk, Virginia, April 28, 1875.

"Dear General,—I have received your letter of the 20th inst. I have not read the article of which you speak, nor have I ever seen any copy of General Pendleton's address; indeed, I have read little or nothing of what has been written since the war. In the first place, because I could not spare the time, and in the second, of those of whose writings I have heard I deem but very few entitled to any attention whatever. I can only say that I never before heard of 'the sunrise attack' you were to have made as charged by General Pendleton. If such an order was given you I never knew of it, or it has strangely escaped my memory. I think it more than probable that if General Lee had had your troops available the evening previous to the day of which you speak he would have ordered an early attack, but this does not touch the point at issue. I regard it as a great mistake on the part of those who, perhaps because of political differences, now undertake to criticise and attack your war record. Such conduct is most ungenerous, and I am sure meets the disapprobation of all good Confederates with whom I have had the pleasure of associating in the daily walks of life.

"Yours very respectfully,

"W. H. Taylor.

"To General Longstreet."

Two years afterwards Colonel Taylor published an article strongly criticising General Longstreet's operations at Gettysburg, but in that article was this candid admission:

"Indeed, great injustice has been done him [Longstreet] in the charge that he had orders from the commanding general to attack the enemy at sunrise on the 2d of July, and that he disobeyed these orders. This would imply that he was in position to attack, whereas General Lee but anticipated his early arrival on the 2d, and based his calculations upon it. I have shown how he was disappointed, and I need hardly add that the delay was fatal."

The fact that Colonel Taylor was himself a somewhat severe critic of General Longstreet, through a misapprehension of certain facts and conditions, gives additional force and value to this statement.

Colonel Charles Marshall, then an aide on Lee's staff, who succeeded Long as Military Secretary and subsequently had charge of all the papers left by General Lee, wrote as follows:

"Baltimore, Maryland, May 7, 1875.

"Dear General,—Your letter of the 20th ult. was received and should have had an earlier reply but for my engagements preventing me from looking at my papers to find what I could on the subject. I have no personal recollection of the order to which you refer. It certainly was not conveyed by me, nor is there anything in General Lee's official report to show the attack on the 2d was expected by him to begin earlier, except that he notices that there was not proper concert of action on that day. . . .

"Respectfully,

"Charles Marshall.

"To General Longstreet, New Orleans."

Colonel Charles S. Venable, another of Lee's aides and after the war one of his firmest partisans, made the following detailed statement, which not only refutes Pendleton's Lexington story, but bears luminously upon every other point at issue concerning the alleged early-attack order of the 2d:

"University of Virginia, May 11, 1875.

"General James Longstreet:

"Dear General,—Your letter of the 25th ultimo, with regard to General Lee's battle order on the 1st and 2d of July at Gettysburg, was duly received. I did not know of any order for an attack on the enemy at sunrise on the 2d, nor can I believe any such order was issued by General Lee. About sunrise on the 2d of July I was sent by General Lee to General Ewell to ask

him what he thought of the advantages of an attack on the enemy from his position. (Colonel Marshall had been sent with a similar order on the night of the 1st.) General Ewell made me ride with him from point to point of his lines, so as to see with him the exact position of things. Before he got through the examination of the enemy's position General Lee came himself to General Ewell's lines. In sending the message to General Ewell, General Lee was explicit in saying that the question was whether he should move all the troops around on the right and attack on that side. I do not think that the errand on which I was sent by the commanding general is consistent with the idea of an attack at sunrise by any portion of the army.

"Yours very truly,

"Chas. S. Venable."

General A. L. Long, a Virginian, was General Lee's Military Secretary and aide at Gettysburg. After the war he wrote a book,—"Memoirs of General Lee,"—in which he endeavored to hold Longstreet largely responsible for the Gettysburg disaster. But in it he made no assertion that Longstreet had disobeyed an order for a sunrise attack on the 2d, or at any other specific hour on that or the next day. He wrote as follows:

"Big Island, Bedford, Virginia, May 31, 1875.

"Dear General,—Your letter of the 20th ult., referring to an assertion of General Pendleton's, made in a lecture delivered several years ago, which was recently published in the *Southern Historical Society Magazine* substantially as follows: 'That General Lee ordered General Longstreet to attack General Meade at sunrise on the morning of the 2d of July,' has been received. I do not recollect of hearing of an order to attack at sunrise, or at any other designated hour, pending the operations at Gettysburg during the first three days of July, 1863. . . .

"Yours truly,

"A. L. Long,

"To General Longstreet."

The foregoing letters, all written by members of General Lee's military family, all his close friends and personal partisans, are worth a careful study. They not only negative General Pendleton's "sunrise" story, but as a whole they go to prove that it was not expected by Lee, Longstreet, Pendleton, nor any other high officer, that an early attack was to have been delivered on the 2d of July. Both Generals McLaws and Hood, Longstreet's division commanders, made statements disclosing that they were totally unaware at Gettysburg of any order for a sunrise attack on that day. No officer in a position to know anything about the matter confirmed Pendleton's statement, while everybody who should have been aware of such an important order, directly contradicted it, as do all the records.

The statement of General McLaws appeared in a narrative of Gettysburg published in a Savannah paper nearly thirty years ago. Besides its direct bearing on the Pendleton story, it furnishes valuable information as to some of the causes of delay encountered by Longstreet's troops in their long march from Chambersburg on the 1st of July:

"On the 30th of June I had been directed to have my division in readiness to follow General Ewell's corps. Marching towards Gettysburg, which it was intimated we would have passed by ten o'clock the next day (the 1st of July), my division was accordingly marched from its camp and lined along the road in the order of march by eight o'clock the 1st of July. When the troops of Ewell's corps (it was Johnston's division in charge of Ewell's wagon-trains, which were coming from Carlisle by the road west of the mountains) had passed the head of my column I asked General Longstreet's staff-officer, Major Fairfax, if my division should follow. He went off to inquire, and returned with orders for me to wait until Ewell's wagon-train had passed, which did not happen until after four o'clock P.M.

"The train was calculated to be fourteen miles long, when I

took up the line of march and continued marching until I arrived within three miles of Gettysburg, where my command camped along a creek. This was far into the night. My division was leading Longstreet's corps, and of course the other divisions came up later. I saw Hood's division the next morning, and understood that Pickett had been detached to guard the rear.

"While on the march, at about ten o'clock at night I met General Longstreet and some of his staff coming from the direction of Gettysburg and had a few moments' conversation with him. He said nothing of having received an order to attack at daylight the next morning. Here I will state that until General Pendleton mentioned it about two years ago, when he was on a lecturing tour, after the death of General Lee, I never heard it intimated even that any such order had ever been given."

The following is an extract from a letter * of General Hood to General Longstreet on the subject of the sunrise order, which indirectly, though conclusively, shows there could have been no such order, besides being interesting and instructive as to other points:

"I arrived with my staff in front of the heights of Gettysburg shortly after daybreak, as I have already stated, on the morning of the 2d of July. My division soon commenced filing into an open field near me, when the troops were allowed to stack arms and rest until further orders. A short distance in advance of this point, and during the early part of the same morning, we were both engaged in company with Generals A. P. Hill and Lee in observing the position of the Federals. General Lee, with coat buttoned to the throat, sabre belt around his waist, and field-glasses pending at his side, walked up and down in the shade of large trees near us, halting now and then to observe

* See "Advance and Retreat," General J. B. Hood's Biography, page 55. It is from this letter that I obtain the information concerning Hood's proposed flank movement on Round Top. It was General Hood's letter which informed historians that "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." See Hood's letter as to this; also that of Colonel Fairfax at page 63 of this work.

the enemy. He seemed full of hope, yet at times buried in deep thought. Colonel Fremantle, of England, was ensconced in the forks of a tree not far off with glasses in constant use examining the lofty position of the Federal army.

"General Lee was seemingly anxious that you should attack that morning. He remarked to me, 'The enemy is here, and if we do not whip him he will whip us.' You thought it better to await the arrival of Pickett's division, at that time still in the rear, in order to make the attack, and you said to me subsequently, while we were seated together near the trunk of a tree, 'General Lee is a little nervous this morning. He wishes me to attack. I do not wish to do so without Pickett. I never like to go into a battle with one boot off.'"

Another letter, which in a way is still more important than any of the foregoing, is one from Colonel John W. Fairfax, a member of General Longstreet's staff. It tends to show that the sunrise-order story was conjured up by Dr. Pendleton and others at Lexington after Lee's death; in other words, it is strong circumstantial confirmation of General Longstreet's belief in a conspiracy. Written more than twenty-six years ago, the manner in which it dovetails with all the foregoing statements and documents as to the various events involved is peculiarly significant. Colonel Fairfax is a Virginian and was always an ardent admirer of General Lee, but not to the extent of desiring to uphold his fame at the expense of honor or the ruin of another:

"FREESTONE P. O., PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VIRGINIA.
"November 12, 1877.

"MY DEAR GENERAL LONGSTREET,—. . . The winter after the death of General Lee I was in Lexington, visiting my sons at the Virginia Military Institute. General Pendleton called to see me at the hotel. General Custis Lee was in my room when he came in. After General Lee left, General Pendleton asked me if General Longstreet was not ordered to attack on the 2d of July at six o'clock in the morning, and did not attack until

four in the evening. I told him it was not possible. When he left me I was under the impression I had convinced him of his mistaken idea. I told General Pendleton that you and General Lee were together the greater part of the day up to about three o'clock or later; that you separated at the mouth of a lane not long thereafter. You said to me, 'Those troops will be in position by the time you get there; tell General Hood to attack.'

"When I gave the order to General Hood he was standing within a step or two of his line of battle. I asked him to please delay his attack until I could communicate to General Longstreet that he can turn the enemy—pointing to a gorge in the mountain, where we would be sheltered from his view and attack by his cavalry. General Hood slapped me on the knee, and said, 'I agree with you; bring General Longstreet to see for himself. When I reported to you, your answer was, 'It is General Lee's order; the time is up,—attack at once.' I lost no time in repeating the same to General Hood, and remained with him to see the attack, which was made instantly. We had a beautiful view of the enemy's left from Hood's position, which was close up to him. He gave way quickly. General Hood charged, and I spurred to report to you; found you with hat in hand, cheering on General McLaws's division. . . .

"Truly your friend,

"JOHN W. FAIRFAX."

General Longstreet's views at the time of the Gettysburg operations are conveyed in a personal letter of a confidential nature, written only twenty days after the event to his uncle in Georgia, upon being made aware that there was a sly undercurrent of misrepresentation of his course current in certain circles of the army:

"CAMP CULPEPER COURT-HOUSE,
"July 24, 1863.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Your letters of the 13th and 14th were received on yesterday. As to our late battle I cannot say much. I have no right to say anything, in fact, but will venture a little for you alone. If it goes to aunt and cousins it must be under promise that it will go no farther. The battle was not made as

I would have made it. My idea was to throw ourselves between the enemy and Washington, select a strong position, and force the enemy to attack us. So far as is given to man the ability to judge, we may say with confidence that we should have destroyed the Federal army, marched into Washington, and dictated our terms, or at least held Washington and marched over as much of Pennsylvania as we cared to, had we drawn the enemy into attack upon our carefully chosen position in his rear. General Lee chose the plans adopted, and he is the person appointed to choose and to order. I consider it a part of my duty to express my views to the commanding general. If he approves and adopts them, it is well; if he does not, it is my duty to adopt his views and to execute his orders as faithfully as if they were my own. I cannot help but think that great results would have been obtained had my views been thought better of, yet I am much inclined to accept the present condition as for the best. I hope and trust that it is so. Your programme would all be well enough had it been practicable, and was duly thought of, too. I fancy that no good ideas upon that campaign will be mentioned at any time that did not receive their share of consideration by General Lee. The few things that he might have overlooked himself were, I believe, suggested by myself. As we failed, I must take my share of the responsibility. In fact, I would prefer that all the blame should rest upon me. As General Lee is our commander, he should have the support and influence we can give him. If the blame, if there is any, can be shifted from him to me, I shall help him and our cause by taking it. I desire, therefore, that all the responsibility that can be put upon me shall go there and shall remain there. The truth will be known in time, and I leave that to show how much of the responsibility of Gettysburg rests on my shoulders. . . .

"Most affectionately yours,

"J. LONGSTREET.

"To A. B. LONGSTREET, LL.D., COLUMBUS, GA."

Aside from all this irrefragable personal testimony of conspicuous participants disproving Pendleton's apocryphal story, there is other evidence still more

conclusive that no sunrise order for attack by Longstreet was given by Lee, and equally strong that an early attack on that day was out of the question. The position of Longstreet's troops, all still absent from the field and on the march, forbade an attack by him at sunrise, or at any other hour much before noon, at the point designated by Lee. General Lee was well aware of its impossibility. At sunrise Longstreet's infantry was still distant from the field, but rapidly coming up. One brigade (Law's) was not less than twenty miles away at the very hour Pendleton would have had Longstreet attack. McLaws's and Hood's divisions had encamped at Marsh Creek, four miles from Gettysburg, at midnight of the 1st, and did not begin to arrive on Seminary Ridge until more than three hours after sunrise on the 2d.

The corps artillery did not get up until nine or ten o'clock, and part of it not until noon or after. Pickett's division did not begin its march from the vicinity of Chambersburg, some thirty miles away, until the 2d. Pendleton's report, herein quoted, shows how the artillery was delayed, and the deterrent effect that delay had upon Longstreet's advance after he received the order. Pendleton himself was the chief of artillery, and largely responsible for its manœuvres.

After their arrival upon Seminary Ridge, the infantry of Hood and McLaws was massed in a field within musket shot of General Lee's head-quarters, and there rested until the troops took arms for the march to the point of attack. From this point of rest near Lee's head-quarters to the point of attack, by the circuitous route selected by Pendleton, was between five and seven miles.

So that Longstreet's infantry, the nearest at hand, had from nine to eleven miles to march to reach the selected point of attack, the greater part of which march

by the back roads and ravines, to avoid the observation of the enemy, was necessarily slow at best, and made doubly so by the mistakes of Pendleton's guides, who put the troops upon the wrong routes. The artillery, still back on the Chambersburg road, did not all get up until noon, causing a further delay of the whole column, as shown by the Pendleton report. General Law's brigade, marching from 3 A.M., arrived about noon.

After they came up all movements were still several hours delayed, awaiting Lee's personal reconnoissances on the left and right to determine the point of attack.

Colonel Venable says that "about sunrise" he was sent to General Ewell on the left to inquire if it were not more feasible to attack in that quarter. While he was riding from point to point with Ewell, Lee himself came over to see Ewell in person. Lee did not return to Longstreet's front until about nine o'clock. Meanwhile, his staff-officers, Pendleton, Long, Colonel Walker, and Captain Johnston, by Lee's orders, had been examining the ground to the right. Upon Lee's return from the left he rode far to the right and joined Pendleton.

Not until then was the attack on the enemy's left by Longstreet finally decided upon. Longstreet said it was not earlier than eleven o'clock when he received his orders to move; from the time consumed by Lee and his staff it was probably later. The front of the Confederate army was six miles in extent.

Hence matters on the morning of July 2 were not awaiting Longstreet's movements. All that long forenoon everything was still in the air, depending upon Lee's personal examinations and final decisions.

It is perfectly clear from this indecision on the 2d that Lee could not have arrived at a decision the previous night, as asserted by Pendleton at Lexington long after the war.

CHAPTER V

LONGSTREET'S VERSION OF THE OPERATIONS OF JULY 2

"General Lee never in his life gave me orders to open an attack at a specific hour. He was perfectly satisfied that when I had my troops in position and was ordered to attack, no time was ever lost."
—Longstreet on the second day at Gettysburg.

The hour, the feasibility, and point of attack have now been thoroughly discussed, mainly from the standpoint of the official records. As supplementary to the recitations of the official reports of Lee, Longstreet, Pendleton, and others quoted on these heads, it seems desirable to introduce just here General Longstreet's version of his operations on July 2, published so long ago as 1877, only twelve years after Appomattox and two decades before he knew the tenor of Pendleton's report. It was given to the world long before the publication of the official records by the government, to which he could therefore have had no access. How closely he is confirmed in all essential particulars by the records is marvellous. In this regard it is to be noted that in all these controversies his statements have always stood analysis in the light of all the evidence far better than those of his reckless critics. The following is useful because it comprehensively sums up from Longstreet's stand-point all the movements relating to fixing the point and time of his attack, the movement and disposition of his troops, and other incidents:

"General Lee never in his life gave me orders to open an attack at a specific hour. He was perfectly satisfied that when I had my troops in position and was ordered to attack, no time was ever lost. On the night of the 1st I left him without any

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE, GETTYSBURG.

REESE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY

orders at all. On the morning of the 2d I went to General Lee's head-quarters at daylight and renewed my views against making an attack. He seemed resolved, however, and we discussed the probable results. We observed the position of the Federals and got a general idea of the nature of the ground. About sunrise General Lee sent Colonel Venable, of his staff, to General Ewell's head-quarters, ordering him to make a reconnoissance of the ground in his front, with a view of making the main attack on his left. A short time afterwards he followed Colonel Venable in person. He returned at about nine o'clock and informed me that it would not do to have Ewell open the attack. He finally determined that I should make the main attack on the extreme right. It was fully eleven o'clock when General Lee arrived at this conclusion and ordered the movement. In the mean time, by General Lee's authority, Law's brigade, which had been put upon picket duty, was ordered to rejoin my command, and upon my suggestion that it would be better to await its arrival, General Lee assented. We waited about forty minutes for these troops and then moved forward. A delay of several hours occurred in the march of the troops. The cause of this delay was that we had been ordered by General Lee to proceed cautiously upon the forward movement so as to avoid being seen by the enemy. General Lee ordered Captain Johnston, of his engineer corps, to lead and conduct the head of the column. My troops therefore moved forward under guidance of a special officer of General Lee, and with instructions to follow his directions. I left General Lee only after the line had stretched out on the march, and rode along with Hood's division, which was in the rear. The march was necessarily slow, the conductor frequently encountering points that exposed the troops to the view of the signal station on Round Top. At length the column halted.

"After waiting some time, supposing that it would soon move forward, I sent to the front to inquire the occasion of the delay. It was reported that the column was awaiting the movements of Captain Johnston, who was trying to lead it by some route by which it could pursue its march without falling under view of the Federal signal station. Looking up towards Round Top, I saw that the signal station was in full view, and, as we could

plainly see this station, it was apparent that our heavy columns were seen from their position and that further efforts to conceal ourselves would be a waste of time.

"I became very impatient at this delay, and determined to take upon myself the responsibility of hurrying the troops forward. I did not order General McLaws forward because, as the head of the column, he had direct orders from General Lee to follow the conduct of Colonel Johnston. Therefore I sent orders to Hood, who was in the rear and not encumbered by these instructions, to push his division forward by the most direct route so as to take position on my right. He did so, and thus broke up the delay. The troops were rapidly thrown into position and preparations were made for the attack.

"We had learned on the night of the 1st, from some prisoners captured near Seminary Ridge, that the First, Eleventh, and Third Corps had arrived by the Emmitsburg road and had taken position on the heights in front of us, and that reinforcements had been seen coming by the Baltimore road just after the fight of the 1st. From an intercepted despatch we learned that another corps was in camp about four miles from the field. We had every reason, therefore, to believe that the Federals were prepared to renew the battle. Our army was stretched in an elliptical curve, reaching from the front of Round Top around Seminary Ridge, and enveloping Cemetery Heights on the left; thus covering a space of four or five miles. The enemy occupied the high ground in front of us, being massed within a curve of about two miles, nearly concentric with the curve described by our forces. His line was about fourteen hundred yards from ours. Any one will see that the proposition for this inferior force to assault and drive out the masses of troops upon the heights was a very problematical one. My orders from General Lee were 'to envelop the enemy's left and begin the attack there, following up as near as possible the direction of the Emmitsburg road.'

"My corps occupied our right, with Hood on the extreme right and McLaws next. Hill's corps was next to mine, in front of the Federal centre, and Ewell was on our extreme left. My corps, with Pickett's division absent, numbered hardly thirteen thousand men. I realized that the fight was to be a fearful

one; but being assured that my flank would be protected by the brigades of Wilcox, Perry, Wright, Posey, and Mahone, moving *en echelon*, and that Ewell was to co-operate by a direct attack on the enemy's right, and Hill to threaten his centre and attack if opportunity offered, and thus prevent reinforcements from being launched either against myself or Ewell, it seemed that we might possibly dislodge the great army in front of us."

CHAPTER VI

PENDLETON'S REPORT

"Pendleton's report will destroy many illusions of Lee's misguided friends who are unwittingly doing deadly injury to his military fame by magnifying the mistakes of Gettysburg and ascribing them to another."—LESLIE J. PERRY, formerly of the War Records Department.

THERE is even more positive proof than has yet been produced. That Lee gave no such order as described in Pendleton's Lexington lecture, or for an "early attack," as asserted by Gordon now, is absolutely proved by an official report of Gettysburg, penned by General Pendleton himself. That Pendleton was an oral falsifier of history is established by his own hand, under date of September 12, 1863, only nine weeks after the battle.

Confident in his own rectitude of purpose and conduct, and far from being an expert controversialist, for he was without guile himself, it is not at all singular that the significance of Pendleton's report in connection with the Lexington story should for years have entirely escaped General Longstreet's notice. He knew that the document was printed in its sequence in the Gettysburg volumes of the War Records, and for certain purposes had even quoted from it regarding other questions. He was also fully aware that General Pendleton had long

been distinguished for the unreliability of his memory. Nevertheless General Longstreet had never analyzed the report to the extent of observing that it made ridiculous the reverend gentleman's version of 1873.

It is most striking that the extraordinary tenor of this old Pendletonian exhumation of the War Records office in Washington should so long have passed entirely unnoticed by everybody, despite the researches of the most industrious. It remained for Mr. Leslie J. Perry, one of the historical experts then in charge of the government publication of the Union and Confederate records of the Civil War, to point out some nine years ago how glaringly the Pendleton report of 1863 stultified the Pendleton story of 1873.

The immediate result of the exploitation of the Pendleton report was the elimination of the sunrise story from the repertory of the anti-Longstreet crusaders. In the subsequent literature of the subject a decided change of tone regarding other allegations was soon perceived, more favorable to Longstreet. General Longstreet was astounded by this bald disclosure of his old military associate's tergiversation, to call it nothing worse. For a time after the appearance of the Lexington story, he had charitably presumed that, in an excess of zeal to protect General Lee's military fame, Pendleton might really have harbored in good faith the belief that his Lexington statements were true. But after reading the detailed analysis of the Pendleton report, and carefully studying the report itself, General Longstreet speedily arrived at the conclusion that he was the victim of a deliberate conspiracy. It is not strange that he found it hard to forgive the conspirators, even after becoming fully aware that the world was practically convinced that he had been cruelly misrepresented.

Let us see how "fairly" Pendleton stated the case

against General Longstreet in his Lexington lecture. His official report * of Gettysburg was written only about sixty days after the battle. It was dated September 12, 1863. It is a detailed report of the operations of the Confederate artillery in the Pennsylvania campaign, embodying a minute description of General Pendleton's personal movements on that day. That is its only value to this discussion. The paragraphs having a bearing upon the time of Longstreet's attack are as follows:

"From the farthest occupied point on the right and front, in company with Colonels Long and Walker and Captain Johnston (engineer), soon *after sunrise* I surveyed the enemy's position towards some estimate of the ground and best mode of attack. So far as judgment could be formed from such a view, assault on the enemy's left by our extreme right might succeed, should the mountain there offer no insuperable obstacle. The attack on that side, if practicable, I understood to be the purpose of the commanding general.

"Returning from this position more to the right and rear, for the sake of tracing more exactly the mode of approach, I proceeded some distance along the ravine road noticed the previous evening, and was made aware of having entered the enemy's lines by meeting two armed dismounted cavalrymen. Apparently surprised, they immediately surrendered, and were disarmed and sent to the rear.

"Having satisfied myself of the course and character of this road, I returned to an elevated point on the Fairfield road, which furnished a very extensive view, and despatched messengers to General Longstreet and the commanding general. This front was, after some time, examined by Colonel Smith and Captain Johnston (engineers), and about midday General Longstreet arrived and viewed the ground. He desired Colonel Alexander to obtain the best view he then could of the front. I therefore

* For General Pendleton's official report, see Part II., Vol. XXVII., War Records, pp. 346–354. That is the volume in which will be found all the other Confederate reports referred to in the text.

conducted the colonel to the advanced point of observation previously visited. Its approach was now more hazardous from the fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters, so that special caution was necessary in making the desired observation. Just then a sharp contest occurred in the woods to the right and rear of this forward point. Anderson's division, Third Corps, had moved up and was driving the enemy from these woods. These woods having thus been cleared of the enemy, some view of the ground beyond them, and much farther to the right than had yet been examined, seemed practicable. I therefore rode in that direction, and when about to enter the woods, met the commanding general *en route* himself to survey the ground.

"There being here still a good deal of sharp-shooting, the front had to be examined with caution. . . . Having noticed the field and the enemy's batteries, etc., I returned to General Longstreet for the purpose of conducting his column to this point, and supervising, as might be necessary, the disposition of his artillery. He was advancing by the ravine road (as most out of view), time having already been lost in attempting another, which proved objectionable because exposed to observation. On learning the state of facts ahead, the general halted, and sent back to hasten his artillery. Members of my staff were also despatched to remedy, as far as practicable, the delay. Cabell's, Alexander's, and Henry's battalions at length arrived, and the whole column moved towards the enemy's left. . . . The enemy opened a furious cannonade, the course of which rendered necessary a change in the main artillery column. Cabell's deflected to the left, while Alexander's was mainly parked for a season, somewhat under cover, till it could advance to better purpose. . . . Soon after, at about 4 P.M., the general assault was made."

Here is the whole of Pendleton's celebrated report, so far as it bears upon the hour of Longstreet's attack on the 2d of July. Nothing is omitted relating to the preliminary movements of Longstreet's column of attack, or that in any manner modifies the tenor of the parts introduced.

CHAPTER VII

PENDLETON'S UNRELIABLE MEMORY

All the battle worthy the name for the Southern cause at Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d was made by Longstreet. The whole superstructure of the contentions against his honor as a soldier is based solely on the statements since the war, and since Lee's death, of two or three obscure individuals. They are easily exploded by the records of the battles; they are corroborated by none.

When the Rev. Dr. Pendleton told that dramatic story to his breathless hearers at Lexington in 1873, under " pressure of imperative duty," had he forgotten the tenor of his official report, made in 1863? The story as modified by the prior report forms the greatest anti-climax in all history. Several decisive facts are disclosed by this unbiassed report.

1. Instead of being dilatory and obstructive, Pendleton himself establishes that Longstreet was personally exerting himself to " hasten forward" the very artillery of which he, Pendleton, was the chief.

2. As late certainly as eleven o'clock, if not noon, General Lee and his staff-officers were still rambling all over a front six miles long, yet undetermined either as to the point or proper route of attack. According to both Pendleton and Venable, they did not *begin* this necessary preliminary survey until " about sunrise," the specific hour at which General Lee on the night previous had already ordered Longstreet to begin his attack, as asserted by Pendleton at Lexington.

3. Not until Lee and Pendleton had devoted the entire forenoon to the examination of the ground, did Pendleton go to conduct Longstreet to the point of

attack thereupon decided upon. Evidently Longstreet was not delaying action; he was awaiting their motions.

The following general conclusions upon the state of facts disclosed by Pendleton's remarkable report are therefore inevitable and unavoidable.

1. At sunrise of the 2d, General Lee himself did not know where to attack. He did not know as late as ten or eleven o'clock. His mind was not fully made up until after he came back from Ewell's front (about nine o'clock, according to all authorities), and had made the final examination on the right. General Longstreet says he received his orders to move about eleven o'clock, and this corresponds with Pendleton's report. But if anything, it was later, rather than earlier.

2. These painstaking, time-consuming reconnoissances of the commanding general and his staff-officers, the journey of Colonel Venable to Ewell, three miles to the left, and Lee's later visit to Ewell, together with the unavoidable absence of General Longstreet's troops until late in the morning, prove absolutely that Lee issued no order for Longstreet to attack at any specific hour on July 2.

3. Longstreet's preliminary movements from start to finish were under the personal supervision of Lee's confidential staff-officer, Pendleton, and the subordinate staff-officers. So Longstreet has positively stated, so has General McLaws, and both are confirmed by Pendleton's report. The staff guide caused a loss of three hours by putting the head of McLaws's column upon a wrong road. This compelled Longstreet to "hasten matters" by assuming personal direction of the movement, and pushing Hood's division rapidly to the front past McLaws.

4. Pendleton's official utterances make it an "established fact" that General Longstreet made his tremendous and successful attack on July 2 at the earliest mo-

ment possible after receiving Lee's orders to advance, under the conditions imposed by Lee,—viz., to be conducted to the point of attack by Pendleton himself and the other staff-officers.

Thus the misapprehensions respecting Longstreet's great part at Gettysburg were cleared away, and a better general understanding of what actually occurred was obtained from the Rev. Mr. Pendleton's report of September 12, 1863. Few military students now hold that Longstreet was in the remotest degree culpable for Lee's defeat. On the contrary, most of them severely criticise Lee's operations from start to finish, particularly the hopeless assaults he persisted in making, and for the lack of concert. It is held generally now that the dreadful result fully justified Longstreet's protests against attacking the Federals in that position, and that his suggestion of a turning movement was far more promising of success.

In all the circumstances it is not only entirely improbable, but the developed facts of the battle make it impossible that " General Lee died believing that he lost Gettysburg at last by Longstreet's disobedience of orders." Longstreet disobeyed no orders at Gettysburg, and Lee was well aware of the fact. General Gordon has simply reiterated the claque set up after Lee's death by his fond admirers to shift the responsibility of defeat from his shoulders upon Longstreet. It was necessary to the success of that folly to make the world believe Lee always quietly held that view, and only imparted it in the strictest confidence to close friends like the ex-army chaplain, Rev. J. William Jones, and the Rev. William N. Pendleton.

The evidence is totally insufficient. Its gauzy character is fully exposed by the Pendleton report. But apocryphal after-war evidence of this kind was the only reliance of the conspirators. It is absolutely certain

that there is no evidence of any such belief in any of Lee's official utterances during the progress of the war, nor a hint of it in his private correspondence then or afterwards, so far as has been produced. The whole superstructure of the contention is based solely on the statements since the war, and since Lee's death, of two or three obscure individuals. Pendleton's Lexington yarn is an example. They are easily exploded by the records of the battle; they are corroborated by none. All the battle worthy the name for the Southern cause at Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d was made by Longstreet.

Another evidence of the falsehoods concerning Longstreet's disobedience and Lee's alleged belief is found in the relations of the two men. Their personal friendship continued after Gettysburg as it was before. It was of the closest and most cordial description. General Lee always manifested the highest regard for General Longstreet, and continued to manifest undiminished confidence in his military capacity, fighting qualities, and subordination. There is no manifestation of a withdrawal of that confidence after Gettysburg. I here cite a few illustrations of their relations after Gettysburg. Just after his corps was ordered to reinforce Bragg before Chattanooga, Longstreet wrote Lee from Richmond, where he had temporarily stopped on his journey to the new field:

"If I did not think our move a necessary one, my regrets at leaving you would be distressing to me. . . . Our affections for you are stronger, if it is possible for them to be stronger, than our admiration for you."

After the battle of Chickamauga Lee wrote to Longstreet:

". . . My whole heart and soul have been with you and your brave corps in your late battle. . . . Finish the work before

RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG. ACCIDENT DURING THE NIGHT-CROSSING OF THE POTOMAC ON A PONTOON BRIDGE

you, my dear General, *and return to me. I want you badly, and you cannot get back too soon.*"

These letters, printed in the official records, were written less than ninety days after the battle of Gettysburg.

"I want you badly" does not indicate that Longstreet had ever failed General Lee. They are significant words, so soon after the event wherein Longstreet, by mere obstinacy and obduracy, had defeated his chief's plans, if we may believe Gordon, Pendleton, and Jones. After the forlorn campaign in East Tennessee against overwhelming numbers, when General Longstreet was on his way back to the Army of Northern Virginia with his troops to aid in repelling Grant, Lee's adjutant-general wrote him as follows at Gordonsville or Orange Court-House:

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"April 26, 1864.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have received your note of yesterday and have consulted the General about reviewing your command. He directs me to say that he has written to the President to know if he can visit and review the army this week, and until his reply is received, the General cannot say when he can visit you. He is anxious to see you, and it will give him much pleasure to meet you and your corps once more. He hopes soon to be able to do this, and I will give you due notice when he can come. I really am beside myself, General, with joy of having you back. It is like the reunion of a family.

"Truly and respectfully yours,
"W. H. TAYLOR, A.A.G.

"TO GENERAL LONGSTREET."

After the war was over and the Southern cause lost, there are warm letters from General Lee, written before Longstreet had accepted appointment at the hands of a Republican President. A few months after the surrender General Lee wrote:

Lexington Va: 19 Jan'y '66

My dear Gen'l

Upon my return from Richmond, where I have been for a week on business connected with Washington College, I found your letter of the 26th Ulto. I regret very much that you never rec'd my first letter, as you might then perhaps have given me the information I desired, with more ease to yourself, & with more expedition than now. I did not Know how to address it, but sent it to a friend in Richmond, who gave it to one of our officers going South, who handed it to another &, & after travelling many weary miles, has been recently returned to me. I start it again in pursuit of you, though you did not tell me how to address you. I have almost forgotten what it contained, but I hope it will inform me of my purpose in writing a history of the Campaigns in Va: & of the object that I have in view, so that you may give me all the information in your power. I shall be in no hurry in publishing, & will not do so, until I feel satisfied that

I have not the time now, as my only object is to disseminate the truth. I am very sorry to hear that your wounds were discouraging, but I hope Lord & Taylor will be able to supply you with all you require. I wish to state the acts of all the Corps of the Army of N. Va. whenever they did duty, & do not wish to omit so important a one as yours - I will therefore visit as long as I can.

I shall be very glad to receive any thing you may give to Mr Washington McLean, as I know you recommend no one but those who deserve your good opinion.

I am delighted to hear that your arm is still improving & hope it will soon be restored. You are learning to write so accomplished with your left hand, as not to need it. You must remember me very kindly to Mrs. Sorghum & all your children. I have not had an opportunity yet to return the Compliment the first one. I had while in Richmond a great many enquiries after you, & learned that you intended Commencing business in New Orleans. If you become as good a merchant as you were a Soldier I shall be Content. No one will then excel you, & no one can wish you more success & more happiness than I. My interest & affection for you will never cease, & my prayers are always offered for your prosperity -

I am ever truly yours

S P Lee

"If you become as good a merchant as you were a soldier I shall be content. No one will then excel you, and no one can wish you more success and more happiness than I. My interest and affection for you will never cease, and my prayers are always offered for your prosperity." Strange words from the commander to the subordinate whose disobedience at Gettysburg, according to Rev. Dr. Pendleton and others, led the way to Appomattox.

While General Longstreet held General Lee to be a great strategist, he thought him to be less able as an offensive battle tactician. Those views are shared by many other military officers, who have of late given free expression to them. The Gettysburg controversies, followed by such criticisms, led to the belief that Longstreet was the open enemy of Lee's fame, and lost no opportunity to maliciously decry his military ability. But this is a mistake. General Longstreet's intimate friends know that he has always born for General Lee the most profound love and respect, both as a man and as a commander. His views of Lee's military capacity are discriminating and just, and they are probably correct. Longstreet saw things military with a practical eye. A fine professional soldier himself, who had taken hard knocks on many great fields, he clearly discerned General Lee's incomparable attributes as a commander, and was never loath to praise them. He also knew Lee's weaknesses, and has sometimes spoken of them, but never in malice or contemptuously. Those who read his utterances in that sense are very narrow indeed. He has never, like the mass of Southerners, looked upon Lee as infallible, yet in one particular Longstreet has held him to be one of the very greatest of commanders.

As an example of General Longstreet's estimate of Lee's professional place in history, one of his interviews when on a visit to the Antietam battle-field, published

a few years ago, is quoted: "General Lee, as a rule, did not underestimate his opponents or the fighting qualities of the Federal troops. But after Chancellorsville he came to have unlimited confidence in his own army, and undoubtedly exaggerated its capacity to overcome obstacles, to march, to fight, to bear up under deprivations and exhaustion. It was a dangerous confidence. I think every officer who served under him will unhesitatingly agree with me on this point."

In answer to a question as to which he regarded as Lee's best battle: "Well, perhaps the second battle of Manassas was, all things considered, the best tactical battle General Lee ever fought. The grand strategy of the campaign was also fine, and seems to have completely deceived General Pope. Indeed, Pope failed to comprehend Lee's purpose from start to finish. Pope was outgeneralled and outclassed by Lee, and through improper dispositions his fine army was outfought. Still, it will not do to underrate Pope; he was an enterprising soldier and a fighter."

General Longstreet, in the interview at Antietam, summed up Lee's characteristics as a commander in the following succinct manner: "General Lee was a large-minded man, of great and profound learning in the science of war. In all strategical movements he handled a great army with comprehensive ability and signal success. His campaigns against McClellan and Pope fully illustrate his capacity. On the defensive General Lee was absolutely perfect. Reconciled to the single purpose of defence, he was invincible. But of the art of war, more particularly that of giving offensive battle, I do not think General Lee was a master. In science and military learning he was greatly the superior of General Grant, or any other commander on either side. But in the art of war I have no doubt that Grant and several other officers were his equals. In the field his

characteristic fault was headlong combativeness. His impatience to strike, once in the presence of the enemy, whatever the disparity of forces or relative conditions, I consider the one weakness of General Lee's military character. This trait of aggressiveness led him to take too many chances—into dangerous situations. At Gettysburg, all the vast interests at stake and the improbability of success would not deter him. In the immediate presence of the enemy General Lee's mind, at all other times calm and clear, became excited. The same may be said of most other highly educated, theoretical soldiers. General Lee had the absolute confidence of his own troops, and the most unquestioning support of his subordinates. He was wholesomely feared by the Federal rank and file, who undoubtedly considered him the easy superior of their own generals. These were tremendous advantages."

It is very difficult to detect malice or hatred in these calm and dispassionate conclusions.

It is most probable that General Longstreet would have never written or uttered one word concerning Gettysburg had it not been for the attempt of wordy soldiers to specifically fix upon him the whole burden of that battle, their rashness carrying them so far as to lead them to put false orders in the mouth of the great captain, and charge Longstreet with having broken them. To disprove these untrue assertions, and to give the world the truth concerning the battle, then became what General Longstreet considered an imperative duty. He has always regretted deeply that this discussion was not opened before the death of General Lee. If the charges so vehemently urged had been preferred or even suggested in Lee's lifetime, Longstreet does not believe they would have needed any reply from him. General Lee would have answered them himself and set history right.

But after all, Longstreet does not fear the verdict of history on Gettysburg. He holds that time sets all things right. Error lives but a day—truth is eternal.

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL LONGSTREET'S AMERICANISM

"The strongest laws are those established by the sword. The ideas that divided political parties before the war—upon the rights of the States—were thoroughly discussed by our wisest statesmen, and eventually appealed to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision was in favor of the North, so that her construction becomes the law, and should be so accepted."—General Longstreet in "From Manassas to Appomattox."

It seems advisable here to introduce General Longstreet's personal version of the animus of the after-the-war criticism of his operations on the field of Gettysburg, taken from his war history, "From Manassas to Appomattox:"

"As the whole animus of the latter-day adverse criticisms upon, and uncritical assertions in regard to, the commander of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia had its origin in this matter of politics, a brief review of the circumstances is in order.

"As will be readily recalled by my older readers (while for the younger it is a matter of history), President Johnson, after the war, adopted a reconstruction policy of his own, and some of the States were reorganized under it with Democratic governors and legislatures, and all would have followed. But Congress, being largely Republican, was not satisfied, and enacted that the States could not be accepted unless they provided in their new constitutions for *negro suffrage*. In case they would not, the State governments should be removed and the States placed in the hands of general officers of the army as military governors, who should

see that the States were reorganized and restored to the Union under the laws.

"Under the severe ordeal one of the city papers of New Orleans called upon the generals of Confederate service to advise the people of the course that they should pursue,—naming the officers. I thought it better policy to hold the States, as they were organized, under the President's policy, shape their constitutions as directed by Congress, and have the States not yet reorganized follow the same course. My letter upon the subject was as follows:

"'NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 3, 1867.

"'J. M. G. PARKER, ESQ.:

"'DEAR SIR,—Your esteemed favor of the 15th ultimo was duly received.

"'I was much pleased to have the opportunity to hear Senator Wilson, and was agreeably surprised to meet such fairness and frankness from a politician whom I had been taught to believe harsh in his feelings towards the people of the South.

"'I have considered your suggestion to wisely unite in efforts to restore Louisiana to her former position in the Union, "through the party now in power." My letter of the 6th of April, to which you refer, clearly indicates a desire for practical reconstruction and reconciliation. There is only one route left open, which practical men cannot fail to see.

"'The serious difficulty arises from want of that wisdom so important for the great work in hand. Still, I will be happy to work in any harness that promises relief to our discomfited people and harmony to the nation, whether bearing the mantle of Mr. Davis or Mr. Sumner.

"'It is fair to assume that the strongest laws are those established by the sword. The ideas that divided political parties before the war—upon the rights of the States—were thoroughly discussed by our wisest statesmen, and eventually appealed to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision was in favor of the North, so that her construction becomes the law, and should be so accepted.

"'The military bill and amendments are the only peace-offerings they have for us, and should be accepted as the starting-point for future issues.

"'Like others of the South not previously connected with politics, I naturally acquiesced in the ways of Democracy, but, so far as I can judge, there is nothing tangible in them, beyond the issues that were put to test in the war and there lost. As there is nothing left to take hold of except prejudice, which cannot be worked for good for any one, it seems proper and right that we should seek some standing which may encourage hope for the future.

"'If I appreciate the issues of Democracy at this moment, they are the enfranchisement of the negro and the rights of Congress in the premises, but the acts have been passed, are parts of the laws of the land, and no power but Congress can remove them.

"'Besides, if we now accept the doctrine that the States only can legislate on suffrage, we will fix the negro vote upon us, for he is now a suffragan, and his vote, with the vote that will go with him, will hold to his rights, while, by recognizing the acts of Congress, we may, after a fair trial, if negro suffrage proves a mistake, appeal and have Congress correct the error. It will accord better with wise policy to insist that the negro shall vote in the Northern as well as the Southern States.

"'If every one will meet the crisis with proper appreciation of our condition and obligations, the sun will rise to-morrow on a happy people. Our fields will again begin to yield their increase, our railways and water will teem with abundant commerce, our towns and cities will resound with the tumult of trade, and we will be reinvigorated by the blessings of Almighty God.

"'Very respectfully yours,

"'James Longstreet.'

"I might have added that not less forceful than the grounds I gave were the obligations under which we were placed by the terms of our paroles,—'To respect the laws of Congress,'—but the letter was enough.

"The afternoon of the day upon which my letter was

published the paper that had called for advice published a column of editorial calling me traitor! deserter of my friends! and accusing me of joining the enemy! but did not publish a line of the letter upon which it based the charges! Other papers of the Democracy took up the garbled representation of this journal and spread it broadcast, not even giving the letter upon which they based their evil attacks upon me.

"Up to that time the First Corps, in all of its parts, in all of its history, was above reproach. I was in successful business in New Orleans as cotton factor, with a salary from an insurance company of five thousand dollars per year.

"The day after the announcement old comrades passed me on the streets without speaking. Business began to grow dull. General Hood (the only one of my old comrades who occasionally visited me) thought that he could save the insurance business, and in a few weeks I found myself at leisure.

"Two years after that period, on March 4, 1869, General Grant was inaugurated President of the United States, and in the bigness of his generous heart called me to Washington. Before I found opportunity to see him he sent my name to the Senate for confirmation as surveyor of customs at New Orleans. I was duly confirmed, and held the office until 1873, when I resigned. Since that time I have lived in New Orleans, Louisiana, and in Gainesville, Georgia, surrounded by a few of my old friends, and in occasional appreciative touch with others, South and North."

CHAPTER IX

FINALE

Mr. Valiant summoned. His will. His last words.

Then, said he, "I am going to my Father's. . . . My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it." . . . And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?"

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.—BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress."

THE personal letters and official reports of Robert E. Lee, reproduced in this work, clearly established that from Gettysburg to Appomattox Longstreet continued to be Lee's most trusted Lieutenant; their mutual affection and admiration had no diminution.

The official reports of Lee and Pendleton herein given make it clear as noonday that Longstreet disobeyed no orders of his chief at Gettysburg, and was at no time "slow" or "obstructive" on that great field.

The man who, under the weight of official evidence massed in this little story, can still raise his voice to assert that "Longstreet was slow and balky" at Gettysburg, takes direct issue with the official reports of Robert E. Lee and the Rev. Mr. Pendleton, and his becomes a quarrel with the war records.

Longstreet had unhesitatingly thrown up his commission in the old army and joined the Southern cause at the very outset. He was a chief participant in the first and last great scenes of the drama in Virginia. He had copiously shed his blood for the South. The sum of General Longstreet's offending was,—

1. When the war was over he placed himself on the high plane of American citizenship, where all patriots

now stand. He accepted office at the hands of a Republican President (pardonable offence in this good day); these were crimes which the temper of the South could not condone some forty years ago.

2. He had protested against wrecking the Confederate cause on the rocks of Cemetery Hill. In sheer self-defence he was compelled to recapitulate in plainest terms General Lee's tactical mistakes and their fatal consequences. To many that was a crime never to be forgiven. Yet at the time and on the spot General Lee was morally brave enough to place the blame where it belonged,—on his own shoulders. Lee never sought a scape-goat for the mistakes of Gettysburg.

This is the story, short enough for the busy; clear and straight enough for the young. It is the story of sentiment as well as reverence and admiration, growing up from childhood, of him who led the forlorn hope at Gettysburg.

But behind the sentiment is the unassailable truth. It is undeniably the story of the records, of the events exactly as they occurred. It is fully corroborated by all the probabilities; in no part disputed by one. It is the story told by General Longstreet himself, and nobody familiar with his open character and candid manner of discussing its various phases can doubt for one instant that he tells the details of Gettysburg exactly as they occurred, in so far as his personal part was concerned.

Of him I would say, as his sun slants towards the west and the evening hours draw near, that his unmatched courage to meet the enemies of the peace time outshines the valor of the fields whereon his blood was shed so copiously in the cause of his country. I would tell him that his detractors are not the South; they are not the Democratic party; they represent nobody and nothing but the blindness of passion that

GENERAL LONGSTREET IN 1901

REESE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF

desires not light. I would tell him that the great, loyal South loves him to-day as in the old days when he sacrificed on her altars a career in the army of the nation; when the thunder of his guns was heard around the world and the earth shook beneath the tread of his soldiers.

And as he journeys down to the Valley of Silence, the true sentiment of the generous South that he loves so well is voiced by Hon. John Temple Graves, in the Atlanta, Georgia, *News:*

"As there walks 'thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore of that vast ocean he must sail so soon,' one of the last of the great figures that moved colossal upon the tragic stage of the Civil War,—Longstreet, the grim and tenacious, the bulldog of war whose grip never relaxed, whose guns never ceased to thunder,—as the eye grows dim that blazed like lightning over so many stormy fields, let the noble woman who bears his name read to her heroic soldier the message that the South of the present, the not ignoble offspring of the past, compasses the couch of Longstreet with love, and covers his fading years with unfading admiration and unforgetting tenderness."

Washington, D. C., December, 1903.

LONGSTREET THE MAN

HIS BOYHOOD DAYS

THE original plan of this little work was to publish only the short story of Gettysburg which was written while General Longstreet lived. My friends have insisted that the generous public, although it has received the prospectus of the work with such warm appreciation, will be disappointed if I discuss only the one event of his most eventful life. And so have been added the paper on the Mexican War and chapters on his famous campaigns of the Civil War.

They have insisted further that I must speak of Longstreet the man. I have replied that I could not. My heart is sore. I cannot forget that he poured out his heroic blood in defence of the Southern people, and when there was not a flag left for him to fight for many of them turned against him and persecuted him with a bitterness that saddened his last years. They undertook to rob him of the glories of his many peerless campaigns; to convict him of treason to his cause on the field of battle. And when he lay dead, forty years after his world-famous victories, perhaps from an opening of the old wound received at the Wilderness, a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy of the State beneath whose sod rests his valiant dust, refused to send flowers to his grave, because, they said, he disobeyed orders at Gettysburg. And a Southern Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans refused, for the same

alleged reason, to send a message of sympathy to his family. If I should now undertake to write about him I might speak of such things as these with bitterness; and I must not so speak, because I am a Southern woman, and the Southern people—my people—must forever be to me as they were to him, " dear as the ruddy drops about his heart."

I must not write about him until I can write bravely, sweetly, cheerfully, and in this hour it is, perhaps, more than my human nature can do. And I cannot take the public into my confidence about the man I loved. The subject is too sacred. But my friends demand at least one page on the man as I knew him, that the South at last—the dear South that I love with all my heart—may know him and love him as I did.

And so I undertake to string together disjointedly a few incidents of a life that was lived upon high levels, brave and blameless, and that the days give back to me a glorified memory, coupled with a great thankfulness that I had a small part in it.

From my childhood he had been the fine embodiment of my ideals of chivalry and courage. The sorrows of his later years aroused all the tender pity of my heart. His wounds and sufferings enveloped him with poetic interest. He was fighting the battles of my country before I was born. The blood of my ancestors had dyed the brilliant fields whereon he led. He was ever the hero of my young dreams; and throughout a long and checkered career always to me a figure of matchless splendor and gallantry.

His life was set to serious work. His father died before he was old enough to understand the meaning of a father's care. He had but little schooling before he went to West Point as cadet of the Military Academy. From West Point he went into service in the Mexican War, and was in every battle, save one, of the war that

gave to us an empire in wealth and territory; winning promotions for gallantry on the field. After the Mexican War he saw long service on the Western frontier. He entered the Civil War of 1861–65, and the greatest Confederate victories of that greatest war of civilized times are inscribed upon his battle-flags. The glories of Manassas, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, the East Tennessee campaigns, the Wilderness, the campaigns about Richmond, and the last desperate struggles on the way to Appomattox, gather about his name.

After the Civil War came the most trying period of his life,—the dark days of reconstruction, the fierce dissensions between the sections, and between those holding different views in the same section, the hot feeling and prejudices of the time, the struggle to repair the ruined fortunes of war. When he was finally gathered to his fathers, at the ripe old age of eighty-three, he was still in harness, holding the position under the government of United States Commissioner of Railroads.

This busy, exciting, and strenuous life was calculated to develop in him the qualities of the soldier, the man of affairs, the blood and iron of nature rather than her gentler qualities. Nevertheless, his heart was as tender as a woman's, the sentiment and romance of his being never ceased to be exerted, and he exhibited to the last a tenderness of feeling and thoughtfulness regarding others which were in singular and beautiful contrast to the main currents of his life. This, I think, will appear without any special effort to show it as this sketch goes on.

General Longstreet was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, January 8, 1821. His early years were spent in the country. His father was a planter. Natural to him was all the vigor and fire of that heroic sec-

tion, and still there was in him a coolness, conservatism, and iron will tempered by justice and fair judgment embracing the best of his Dutch ancestry. His ancestors on this side of the water were chiefly the Dents, Marshalls, and Randolphs, of Virginia. On the maternal side, his grandfather, Marshall Dent, traced his line back to the Conqueror. His mother was Mary Ann Dent, of the family that furnished the lady who became famous as the wife of the soldier-President, Grant. His father was James Longstreet. His grandfather on his father's side was William Longstreet.

It is interesting here to note that this William Longstreet was the inventor of the steamboat. He discovered the principle in a series of experiments about the kitchen and the mills, and after much care and trouble he was able to apply the principle. He made a rather pudgy steamboat, rigged it up with all necessary equipment, and successfully ran it for some miles up and down the Savannah River. He did not have the means to develop it to such extent as to demonstrate to the world its possibilities. Fully appreciating the importance of the invention, he appealed to Governor Telfair, the then governor of Georgia, for aid. Very naturally, the aid was refused him, for that was a day of scepticism regarding new-fangled things. He was made sport of by the people around, and called "Billy Boy," the dreamer, and made the subject of doggerel poetry. As an authentic part of the story, I give here the letter which he wrote to Governor Telfair, which is still preserved in the State archives of Georgia:

"AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, September 26, 1790.

"SIR,—I make no doubt but you have often heard of my steamboat, and as often heard it laughed at, but in this I have only shared the fate of other projectors, for it has uniformly

been the custom of every country to ridicule the greatest inventions until they had proved their utility. In not reducing my scheme to active use it has been unfortunate for me, I confess, and perhaps the people in general; but, until very lately, I did not think that artists or material could be had in the place sufficient. However, necessity, that grand mother of invention, has furnished me with an idea of perfecting my plan almost entirely of wooden material, and by such workmen as may be had here; and, from a thorough confidence of its success, I have presumed to ask your assistance and patronage. Should it succeed agreeably to my expectations, I hope I shall discover that sense of duty which such favors always merit; and should it not succeed, your reward must lay with other unlucky adventures.

"For me to mention all of the advantages arising from such a machine would be tedious, and, indeed, quite unnecessary. Therefore I have taken the liberty to state, in this plain and humble manner, my wish and opinion, which I hope you will excuse, and I shall remain, either with or without your approbation,

"Your Excellency's most obedient and humble servant,

"Wm. Longstreet.

"Governor Telfair."

Some time afterwards Robert Fulton took up and developed the idea. At first he, too, was laughed at and discredited fully as much as was William Longstreet; but he finally succeeded in enlisting the patronage of Gouverneur Morris, a rich New Yorker, and the success of the steamboat, with all its tremendous meaning to civilization, was the result.

His father having died when he was but twelve years old, General Longstreet's mother moved shortly afterwards to Augusta, Georgia, where she resided a few years, after which she moved to Alabama. The education of young Longstreet was then intrusted to his uncle, Judge A. B. Longstreet, for many years president of Emory College, at Oxford, Georgia, and one of the

most illustrious presidents of that famous old college. Judge Longstreet was noted as lawyer, judge, educator, and writer. He is a very poorly read Georgian, a rather poorly read Southerner, who has not enjoyed and talked to his friends about that book of wonderful naturalness, humor, and human philosophy, " Georgia Scenes." The author of this book was Judge A. B. Longstreet. In later years its authorship has been often erroneously credited to General Longstreet.

Entirely immersed in his college duties, Judge Longstreet had but little time to give to his youthful nephew. Of those early days, it is only known that the boy was not much of a student; that the massive old oaks of Oxford appealed to him more than the school-room; that fishing in the streams around and chasing rabbits over the fields formed his dearest enjoyment. In his habits and feeling he was then and always near to nature. The flash of the lightning in mid-heaven interested him more than the Voltaic sparks of the lecture-room. He was mischievous, full of fun and frolic, but beneath all that he was almost from babyhood planning for a larger career in the outside world and longing to be a soldier and fight his country's battles. The books that he loved most told of Alexander and Cæsar, of Napoleon and his marshals, of George Washington and the Revolution. He wanted to do things, not to study about them.

He received his West Point appointment through a relative in Alabama, who was a member of Congress. The appointment came naturally from Alabama, because his mother was living there. He went to West Point at the age of sixteen. This was one of the proudest days of his life; it was the beginning of the fulfilment of his dreams; he had not an idea that any human agency could turn him from the soldier course in which he was directed, or could delay him for an instant. And

yet, while he was in New York City arranging for the change from the cars to the Hudson River boat, he was approached by two little boys of guileless appearance, who told him that their father had recently died away down in South Carolina, that they had no money, that their mother had no money, that they just must get to their dead father, and wouldn't he help them out. With a tenderness of heart characteristic of him then and always, he was about to open to them his purse and take the chances of never reaching West Point, when a policeman who had observed the performance approached and prevented the innocent embryo soldier from being fleeced by the youthful bunco steerers of the city.

Arriving at West Point, he proudly went to the hotel to register and take a room, and was much chagrined upon being told by the proprietor that they didn't " take in kids." He was directed to the cadets' quarters, and his first humiliation there was the further discovery that instead of being waited on as a dignified soldier should be by half a dozen servants, he had to keep his own room, make his own bed, black his own boots.

His thoughts of war had been associated with fierce fighting, the killing of many enemies, the capturing of many prisoners. His preconceived idea of a prisoner was gained while a small boy in Alabama. He had heard that a prisoner was down at the station, and ran there full of expectancy to see what a " prisoner" was like. He discovered a big buck negro, black as midnight, large as two ordinary men, with countenance ferocious. His first West Point assignment which gave promise of the heroic was to guard a " prisoner." He was given a gun for the purpose. The figure of the Alabama darky came to his mind, and he wondered if the gun were big enough to kill him in case that should be necessary. Examining it, he discovered, alas! that

it was not even loaded. Sent to guard a terrible prisoner with an unloaded gun! When he got to the place of service he was relieved, surprised, and equally disgusted by the discovery that the prisoner was a fellow-student who had broken the rules—a poor little weakly, cadaverous fellow, whom he could pick up and throw into the Hudson without half trying.

As a West Point cadet, so far as the drilling, the field practice, the athletics, all the out-door work was concerned, he sustained himself well. He was very large, very strong, well proportioned. He had dark-brown hair, blue eyes, features that might have served for a Grecian model. He was six feet two inches tall, of soldierly bearing, and was voted the handsomest cadet at West Point. As a student of books, however, he was not a success. They seemed to contain so much that did not properly belong to the life of a soldier that he could not become interested enough in them to learn them. In his third year he failed in mechanics, and did not "rise" until given a second trial. In scholarship, he always ranked much closer to the foot than to the head of his class. He was just a little better student than his friend, U. S. Grant, which was poor praise, indeed. But their after careers told a different story.

LIFE-LONG FRIENDSHIP OF GRANT AND LONGSTREET

I MAY be pardoned for digressing here to speak of the strong school-boy friendship which began at West Point between Grant and Longstreet and lasted throughout their lives. Grant was of the class after Longstreet, but somehow their silent serious natures were in spontaneous accord, and they became fast

friends from their first meeting. That one was from the West and one from the South made no difference, just as later it made no difference in their feeling of personal affection that one led the army of the Union and the other the army of the Confederacy.

After their graduation at West Point they were both stationed at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis. The Dent family lived near by; Longstreet was a cousin. And he was particularly fond of his cousin Julia Dent! He took his friend Grant out to see her, and the result of the introduction was their marriage five years later. There was such a contrast between her tall cousin James and her short admirer, Ulysses, that her friends often joked her about " the little lieutenant with the big epaulettes."

Grant and Longstreet went through the Mexican War together, and their boyhood friendship was indissolubly cemented by the associations of camp life on the Mexican border. Longstreet went in as a lieutenant and came out as a major. General Worth apologized, giving Longstreet's youth as an excuse for not recommending him for higher promotion. Promotions in the army in those days were not so rapid as at the present time.

The first meeting of Grant and Longstreet during the Civil War was not a personal meeting; it was when they were leading opposing forces at the battle of the Wilderness. It is known to all students of our Civil War history that the Confederate forces led by Longstreet were getting all the better of it at the Wilderness and that the Union forces under Grant were being driven back, when Longstreet was shot down and carried from the field. He was *leading* his men, after his custom,—he never followed, never told them to go, but always bade them come. He was at this crucial point at the battle of the Wilderness far in advance

of his men—so far in advance that they mistook him for the enemy and fired upon him. Shot through the shoulder and the throat, wounded nigh unto death, he was taken from the field. With this calamity discovered, the Confederates held up in their swift advance. The impression rapidly spread that Longstreet was killed. The surgeons and attendants who were bearing him to the rear called out to the soldiers and asked that the cry be sent down the lines: "Longstreet is not killed, he is only wounded." The men who had seen him fall cried out, "They are fooling us; he is dead." General Longstreet has said that he heard both cries; he knew he was not dead, but did not know how soon he might be; he had just strength enough left to lift his hat. For this purpose he exerted that strength, and waved his hat to his men that they might see that he still lived. But the genius of the battle of the Wilderness borne to the rear, even the ever dauntless Confederates could not follow up the advantage they had won.

The next meeting of these two personal friends and opposing generals was at Appomattox. In the beginning of that momentous conference General Lee called General Longstreet to him and asked him, in case honorable terms of surrender should not be offered, and in the ensuing developments it should be necessary for the Confederates to fight their way out, if he would stand by him. Longstreet replied that he would fight and die fighting.

General Longstreet often spoke of the details of the capitulation at Appomattox. He said that when he went into the conference-room, in the McLean residence, as one of the Confederate Commissioners, he was compelled to pass through the room occupied by General Grant as his head-quarters. He felt curious to know how General Grant would receive him. He had loved Grant as one of his closest boyhood friends, but times

were much changed. Grant was victor, he was vanquished. He was therefore prepared to observe the rigid demeanor of those between whom ceremony only forces recognition. But immediately he entered the room Grant rose, approached him with a greater show of demonstration than ever in the olden days, and slapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, Old Pete, can't we get back to the good old days by playing a game of brag?" At West Point the nickname among the boys for General Longstreet was "Old Pete." No one ever knew why, any more than they know why this or that college president is designated Peleg or Squeers.

It has often been related by General Longstreet and by others that General Lee went into the Appomattox conference dressed in full uniform, and making withal the best appearance that this most noble soldier in his dire defeat could make. General Grant, on the contrary, had not dressed up for the occasion. He wore his old fighting uniform, mud bespattered, evidencing no acquaintance even with a dusting-brush. The important part of that meeting, the splendid bearing of the conquered Confederates, the modest demeanor of the Union victors, and, above all, the noble generosity of Grant in refusing to acept the sword of Lee and in giving the fairest terms possible under the existing conditions,—these are known to all who have read United States history. When General Lee rode back to his head-quarters from this fateful conference, his half-starved, ragged, worn-out, worshipful followers saluted him from both sides of the road. Overcome with emotion, he dared not look directly into their faces. He held his hat in his hand and fixed his eyes straight between his horse's ears. The parting at Appomattox between Lee and his officers was most kindly, affectionate, and touching in every instance. But when General

Longstreet approached, General Lee threw his arms about him, and, locked in each other's embrace, the two wept with a bitterness of regret that ordinary mortals can never understand.

Soon after the war General Longstreet visited Washington and was invited to be the guest of a Union officer. He protested against accepting the invitation, saying that it was too soon after the fighting. But the insistence was so cordial as to leave no excuse for refusal. Once under an officer's roof, it became his pleasant duty to pay his respects to the commanding general, who was, of course, General Grant. Grant received him with all his old-time cordiality, and invited him to take supper at his house that evening, saying quickly, as enforcement of the invitation, that his wife would be anxious to see him. The evening was pleasantly spent, and upon taking his leave, General Grant walked to the gate with General Longstreet, where he said, "Now that it is all over, would you not like to have pardon?" General Longstreet replied, with a touch of Southern fire, that he was unaware of having done anything in need of pardon. General Grant replied that he had perhaps used the wrong word, as he was more of a soldier than a linguist; that he meant to ask if General Longstreet would like to have amnesty. General Longstreet answered that he was back in the Union, meant to live in the Union, was ready at that moment to fight for the Union, and would be happy if his old friend could place him in the way of restored citizenship. General Grant requested him to come again to his office the following morning, and said that in the mean time he would see the President and Secretary of War in General Longstreet's behalf. In the morning he gave General Longstreet a letter to President Johnson full of warm interest and broad-mindedness characteristic of Grant, which is here reproduced:

"Head-Quarters Armies of the United States,
Washington, D. C., November 7, 1865.

"His Excellency, A. Johnson,

"President:

"Knowing that General Longstreet, late of the army which was in rebellion against the authority of the United States, is in the city, and presuming that he intends asking executive clemency before leaving, I beg to say a word in his favor.

"General Longstreet comes under the third, fifth, and eighth exceptions made in your proclamation of the 29th of May, 1865. I believe I can safely say that there is nowhere among the exceptions a more honorable class of men than those embraced in the fifth and eighth of these, nor a class that will more faithfully observe any obligation which they may impose upon themselves. General Longstreet, in my opinion, stands high among this class. I have known him well for more than twenty-six years, first as cadet at West Point and afterwards as an officer of the army. For five years from my graduation we served together, a portion of the time in the same regiment. I speak of him, therefore, from actual personal acquaintance.

"In the late rebellion, I think, not one single charge was ever brought against General Longstreet for persecution of prisoners of war or of persons for their political opinions. If such charges were ever made, I never heard them. I have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending General Longstreet to your Excellency for pardon. I will further state that my opinion of him is such that I shall feel it as a personal favor to myself if this pardon is granted.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. Grant,

"*Lieutenant-General.*"

Armed with this letter, General Longstreet sought President Johnson. In the interview that followed the presentation of the letter the President was nervous, ill at ease, and somewhat resentful. He would not decide to grant the request, and he would not positively refuse. Finally, he asked General Longstreet to call again the following morning. At this next meeting he was still

non-committal, and at length closed the interview by saying, " There are three men this Union will never forgive. They have given it too much trouble. They are Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and James Longstreet." General Longstreet said, " Those who are forgiven much, love much, Mr. President." Johnson answered, " You have high authority for that statement, General, but you cannot have amnesty." It was shortly afterwards granted by act of Congress, General Longstreet's name being added to a list of prominent Confederate officers by the especial request of Grant.

These incidents in the associations of Grant and Longstreet come in naturally in a paper of this kind. I always think of them together,—as chums at West Point; as comrades in the West and on the fields of Mexico; as opposing forces in the mightiest war the world has witnessed; and after that war was ended, as good friends again in the stronger nation.

President Johnson, who had started out with the plan of being generous to the South, and for some unknown reason departed from that policy, conceived the idea of having arrested and thrown into prison and tried for treason a number of the high officers of the Confederacy. He called for a Cabinet meeting to get an endorsement of this plan, and sent for General Grant to attend the meeting. He forcibly presented his reasons for the procedure, and asked for the opinions of those present. After much discussion there was general acquiescence by the Cabinet. " The silent man of destiny" was the last member of the conference to open his lips. He said, " I will resign my commission in the army before I will, as commanding general, sign a warrant for the arrest of any of these Confederate officers as long as they observe the honorable terms of surrender made to me."

It would be easy to write a book about a statement

like that, but the book when written would not be as good as the unadorned statement.

The illustrious Union general's noble generosity to the conquered South is an old tale. But it is so beautiful that it bears repetition, and I love to repeat it. I have digressed from the main line of this paper to pay to General Longstreet's boyhood friend the modest tribute of my admiration. From early childhood I reverenced Grant. I always regarded him as the greatest man, the greatest general, the greatest hero on the Union side. I have now a life-size steel-engraving of him that I secured when a girl. This was long before I knew much of that side of his life which has since most appealed to me. My admiration of him has been in every way strengthened by the stories General Longstreet told me of him, particularly the stories showing his generosity to his foes and his many private and official kindnesses to the widows and orphans of Confederate officers and privates. Of these stories I give one typical of many: When Grant was President, a widow of a Confederate officer applied for a post-office in a small Southern town. Hearing nothing of her application, she came to Washington to press it. She was unable to move the authorities at the Post-Office Department, and was about to go home in despair, when a friend suggested that it might be worth while for her to see the President. With much effort she summoned courage and appeared at the White House. The President received her in a most friendly manner, and after hearing her story took her application and wrote a brief but strong endorsement on the back of it. She hurried in triumph to the Post-Office Department. The official to whom she presented the application frowned and pondered over it for some time, and then wrote under the President's endorsement: "This being a fourth-class office, the President does not have the ap-

pointing power." The application was handed back to her, and she went away in deep distress, and was again preparing to return home, when another friend told her by all means to take the paper back to the President so that he might see how his endorsement had been received. She did so. The President wrote under the last endorsement: " While the President does not have the appointing power in this office, he has the appointment of the Postmaster-General," and, summoning his secretary, directed him to accompany the lady to the Department and in person deliver her application to the Postmaster-General. It is needless to add that she received the commission before leaving the office.

While on a tour through the West in 1899, General Longstreet was entertained in San Diego, California, at a dinner at the home of U. S. Grant, Jr. After dinner he requested the company to stand while he proposed a toast. We expected, perhaps, some pleasantry or gallant compliment to the hostess. He said: " Thirty-odd years ago I first met General Grant in the Civil War at the Wilderness, and there received the wound that paralyzed my right arm. During the fiercest warfare this nation has seen, General Grant was the strongest obstacle that stood between me and my people and the consummation of the dearest hopes that they then cherished. Now, in this day of peace and union, with not a cloud upon the sky of a reunited country, in the presence of General Grant's descendants, under the roof of his namesake son, I want to drink this toast to the memory of Grant, revered alike by the brave men who fought with him and the equally brave men who fought him."

HIS FIRST ROMANCE

Fifty years before the pleasant day in San Diego, fresh from the fields of his honors and victories in Mexico, young Major Longstreet had come home to wed the daughter of his old brigade commander, Colonel John Garland. She was Marie Louise Garland, a very charming woman, and so small of figure as to be in striking contrast to her husband of six feet two. They were engaged for some time before the breaking out of the Mexican War. With a lofty deference, which he bravely overcame in later life, he had never kissed his fiancée. In setting out for the Mexican War, he said that he thought, inasmuch as he might get killed and never see her again, it might not be improper, under all the sad circumstances, to kiss her. They had ten children, five of whom died in infancy. A word as to the living five. A son born in Virginia during the war was named Robert Lee, after the Southern Commander. This son served in the recent Spanish-American War, and was, by happy fortune, a member of the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee. He is now in the government service at Washington City. Another son, named James, after his father, was born in Virginia not long after the surrender. At the time, General Longstreet wrote to an absent relative: "This is my Union son, but he has a yell like the rebel yell when trying to reach the breastworks. I have named him James, after myself, and I know he will always be as good a Union man as I am going to be hereafter." This son likewise saw volunteer service in the Spanish-American War. He afterwards received a commission in the regular army, and is now serving in the Philippines in the Thirteenth Cavalry. This Union officer son is a strong Democrat; his brother in Washington is an equally strong Republican. The

General always taught that political alignment should be based upon conviction alone. His oldest son, John, an architect, lives in Atlanta, the youngest son, Randolph, a farmer, lives on the home place at Gainesville; the only daughter is Mrs. Whelchel, of Gainesville, Georgia. There are five grandchildren.

General Longstreet said that he started out in his married life with the purpose of preserving military discipline in the family,—managing the family as he would manage soldiers on the field. He soon found that this would not work, and turned over the chief control of his home to his wife.

General Longstreet was a great admirer of ladies, and has often said that he never saw enough of them, never knew as many as he wanted to know. Into his soldier life few ladies had come. When he got into civil life he wondered where all the ladies came from. After the Civil War he was much petted and kissed by the ladies of the South, as was the custom with the old heroes of the war. He submitted to it with something more than willingness, particularly from the younger and prettier girls. He always had for woman in the abstract the tenderest love and reverence. He considered her the human temple of all loveliness. He preserved to the end of his long life the romance and sentiment which, having but half a chance to develop in his youth, had continued to develop in his later years. The home was ever to him the holy of holies.

Last summer, at Chicago, he met the daughter of his first sweetheart, and told her, with beautiful *naïveté,* that her mother had been his sweetheart before going to West Point; that he had meant to marry her when he got back, though he had not told her so; and on returning, to his disgust, he found her married to another fellow.

After the Mexican War General Longstreet served

extensively in the Indian campaigns out West. He considered it his duty and made it his delight, as do all good soldiers, to go willingly where he was sent. When choice was allowed him he went where the service was hardest. He did not ask to dine nicely nor to sleep warm. A storm cloud was not too rough a covering for him. He did not seek Olympian sunshine. He could gladly make the Rocky Mountains his bed, and the war-whoop of the Indian seeking to disturb the peace of his country was music to his ears. The highest word that he knew was duty. His country he loved above all things else. He served in the United States army for almost a quarter of a century, nearly always west of the Mississippi.

When the Civil War broke out he was paymaster at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with the rank of major. The country had for years been in comparative peace, and he had given up the cherished idea of military glory and high promotion. Where did his duty lie in this hour? He had loyally served in the Union army for nearly twenty-five years and through the war that gave to the nation a rich empire. His State and his people were now going to fight the Union. The Union officers with whom he was serving and the Union soldiers whom he had commanded, pleaded with him to stay with the Union; their wives and daughters entreated him and wept over him; the power of vast association appealed wonderfully to him; but he thought that duty called him to the service of the South, and no earthly power could keep him from that service. He sent in his resignation, and set out at once for Richmond. His relatives and friends along the way, only taking time to speak to him as he passed, hastened him on to Richmond. It was a gala journey that he made through the Southern country. The music of Southern songs was borne upon every breeze. The wildest enthusiasm elec-

trified town and hamlet; from the open doors of every farm-house came salutations cheering the passengers on to Richmond. He was not allowed to pay for entertainment at any Southern hotel. Everything was free for those who were going to join "Jeff. Davis for Dixie and for Southern rights."

HEROIC CITIZEN OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

LONGSTREET entered the Confederate service as brigadier-general, and reported for duty to General Beauregard at the first Manassas. After the baptism of fire at Antietam, in 1862, Longstreet was made lieutenant-general, next in rank to Lee. This rank he retained to the end of the war, ranking even Stonewall Jackson. This fact is especially mentioned, because the last generation of the South have often confused the rank secured by their fathers in the war with the paper ranks given by the Confederacy when the war was over and that government, heroic in its ruins, had nothing else to give.

I have heard it said by many Union officers that Longstreet's corps, the First Corps, was the terror of the Union army. I have heard it said that Longstreet was the only officer in the Confederate army whom Grant and Lincoln wholesomely feared. He was Lee's right arm in very truth. The morning of the battle of the Wilderness, while President Lincoln was at the War Department, some one asked him, "What is the best thing that can happen to the Union to-day?" He answered, "To kill Longstreet." It nearly happened, but by the bullets of Longstreet's own men, because in so gallantly leading them he went too far in front.

After the fall of the curtain at Appomattox General Longstreet went to New Orleans and engaged in the cotton and insurance business. He developed in business the splendid ability that marked him as a soldier. He was making ten thousand dollars a year at the time the celebrated difference of opinion came up as to the course the South should pursue in the rehabilitation of the war-wasted land. It was then that he wrote the famous political letter of 1867 that turned the South against him and made it practically impossible for him to do business in that section of the country. The idea that this letter was written to secure political preferment from the powers in authority is perfectly absurd. He was making more in business, and would have made still more and more as the years went on, than he could make then or ever afterwards in politics. Besides, to me, and to any one who ever knew the real man, the idea of his changing his convictions a hair's breadth for any sort of gain is too far-fetched for serious discussion. The very head and front of his offending consisted in his belief that it was better for the South to accept the situation then presented; better for the high-class men of the South to hold the offices than to have the negroes and scallawags hold them; better for the South to keep faith with its Appomattox parole, which promised obedience to constituted authority. It was a few years after this letter that President Grant appointed him Surveyor of the Port at New Orleans. He never asked for this appointment, and was not consulted about it. President Grant, in the generosity of his heart, voluntarily sent his name to the Senate, and the first news General Longstreet had of it came through the press.

General Longstreet never affiliated with the controlling element of the Republican party in the South. He believed in a white man's Republican party in the South, and therefore was never in favor with the dominant

Republican party in that section that believed differently. The political appointments that came to him came because of his high character and his record of substantial achievement, and in spite of the opposition of miscellaneous competitive place-seekers. He led a political movement that has had no following in the Southern section. It would seemingly have been easy for him to have acquiesced in the methods of the Republican machinery in the Southern States which would naturally have made him the head and front of the Southern Republican party. It would have seemed easier in an earlier day for him to have gone with the Democracy, which would have made him the political idol of the South, as he had been its military idol. Is is so much easier to be a demagogue than it is to be a man. It requires no unusual moral caliber to take a seat on the band-wagon and go with the crowd. Conscience compelled James Longstreet to oppose politically, for their own good, as he saw it, his Southern fellow-countrymen. He announced his convictions and stood by them. He never profited, as we measure material benefits; he lost. The qualities he exhibited in these crucial periods of his life differentiated the man from the time-server and place-seeker.

One who loved him and was close to him in life said, regretfully, not long ago, in speaking of him, that he never did anything after Appomattox that "turned out for his own good." I felt a sudden tightening about my heart at this criticism. Perhaps as we view worldly honors and earthly goods the things he did after Appomattox did not "turn out for his own good." But to me he has always been a figure of more sublime courage in the gathering storms of '67 and the years that followed than on any of the brilliant fields of the Civil War. And I love best to think of him, not as the warrior leading his legions to victory, but as the grand citi-

zen after the war was ended, nobly dedicating himself to the rehabilitation of his broken people, offering a brave man's homage to the flag of the established government, and standing steadfast in all the passions, prejudices, and persecutions of that unhappy period. It was the love and honor and soul of the man crystallized into a being of wonderful majesty, immovable as Gibraltar.

" There be things, O sons of what has deserved birthright in the land of freedom, the ' good of which' and ' the use of which' are beyond all calculation of earthly goods and worldly uses—things that cannot be bought with a price and do not die with death;" these, gathering strength and beauty in James Longstreet's character, through the four terrible years of warfare, assumed colossal proportions in the dark reconstruction era. And when the story of his life has finally been told, in all its grandeur, the finer fame will settle not about the valorous soldier, but about Longstreet, the patriot-citizen.

THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT LOVED THE SOUTH TO THE LAST

When General Longstreet quit fighting, he quit fighting for good. He considered that the South was back in the Union to stay. There is no doubt in the minds of many with whom I have talked that General Longstreet's conciliatory course, because of its effect in holding thousands obedient to the laws of the government, prevented the confiscation of much property in the South immediately after the war, and greatly alleviated the trials of that distressing period. The local ostracism of that day and subsequently cut General Longstreet deeply. He loved the South with all the

tenderness of one who was willing to die for it. In all the quiet hours that he discussed the misrepresentations of the Southern people, the resentment they bore him, the criticisms and slanders that had been hurled at him, I never heard him utter a word against them or give expression to a note of bitterness. But I think towards the last, exhausted by much suffering, he had a pitiful yearning for complete reconciliation with all his people. Not many months before he died an officer of the Northern armies was calling on him at his hotel in Washington, and in discussing the Civil War and subsequent events, and General Longstreet's part therein, said, "The Southern people have not appreciated you since the war, General, but when you are dead they will build monuments to you." General Longstreet said nothing, but his eyes slowly filled. While he bore unjust criticism in silence, he was visibly moved by any evidence of affection from the Southern people.

I recall two very beautiful press tributes that appeared last summer while he was lying desperately ill at his home in Gainesville, Georgia; one was from the pen of Hon. John Temple Graves, in the Atlanta, Georgia, *News;* the other by Mrs. W. H. Felton, an old-time friend, in the Atlanta *Journal.* Mr. Graves, a representative of the splendid new South, spoke of the new generations as worthy descendants of the heroic days, and the place General Longstreet would always hold in their hearts; and Mrs. Felton, one of the important figures of the old South, told of the undying love for him of the soldiers of the Confederacy, and of the place he had worthily won in the affections of all the people; she wanted to speak these words to him for the comfort they would give him; and because he had nobly earned the right to hear them, and ten thousand times more from the people whose battles he had fought. When he seemed out of immediate danger, and strong enough

to understand, I read these tributes to him, and he wept like a child.

The forbearance of the man and his generous feeling towards those who used him harshly finally became a wonder, and is to-day a joy for me to remember. I will here give an instance or two touchingly illustrative of this side of his character. General Wade Hampton, as stoical as ever a Roman was, felt very bitterly against General Longstreet because of his Republican politics. He expressed his feelings freely both in public and private, and was embittered to the extent that he refused to speak to General Longstreet. When General Longstreet succeeded him as United States Commissioner of Railroads, he would not come to the office to turn it over to his successor. General Longstreet went to the office, took the oath alone, and endeavored as best he could to make himself acquainted with the duties of the position. When he came home that evening and told me, with evident surprise, that General Hampton was still bitter against him, I asked, rather in the hope of getting a reply in criticism of General Hampton, "What sort of a soldier was General Hampton, since he seems so intractable in civil life?" General Longstreet replied, without a moment's hesitation: "There was not a finer, braver, more gallant officer in the Confederate service than Wade Hampton." And when General Hampton died, I think the most splendid tribute paid him came from the pen of General Longstreet.

Years ago there were political differences between General Longstreet and Judge Emory Speer, now of the Federal Bench of Georgia, then a member of Congress from the old Eighth District of Georgia. General Longstreet felt that he had been wronged. The summer before his death we were at Mt. Airy, Georgia, for a short time. One day I saw Judge

Speer in the hotel where we were stopping, and asked General Longstreet how he was going to receive him if Judge Speer should come to speak to him, in view of their past differences. The General replied, "As I would receive any other distinguished American. And as for our past differences, that has been a long time ago, and I have forgotten what it was all about."

General John B. Gordon, during recent years, did General Longstreet injustice. I know he caused him much pain. At a time when General Longstreet was suffering horribly,—one eye had already been destroyed by the dreadful disease; he had long been deaf and paralyzed from war service; the wound in his throat was giving him severest pain,—at this sad time General Gordon revived the old, threadbare story that he had disobeyed orders at Gettysburg. But when a reporter from one of the New York dailies called to interview him about General Gordon and his charges, he refused to say one word. It was then that I said, "If you will not reply to General Gordon, I will. And in the future, so long as I shall live, whenever your war record is attacked, I will make answer." And so it happened that the little story of Gettysburg was written while General Longstreet was nearing the grave. During these last, sorrowful days he had heard that General Gordon was not in good health, and he asked me, with touching concern, about his condition. I expected to tell General Gordon of these occurrences, but I never saw him again. The Reaper gathered him in, ten days after General Longstreet answered the call.

General Longstreet was a most devout churchman. In early life he was an Episcopalian, and he regularly attended that church in New Orleans until the political differences developed between himself and his friends. After that he noticed that even his church associates avoided him. They would not sit in the same pew with

him. Cut to the quick by such treatment, he began to wonder if there was any church broad enough to withstand differences caused by political and sectional feeling. He discovered that the Roman Catholic priests extended him the treatment he longed for. He began to attend that church, and has said that its atmosphere from the first appealed to him as the church of the sorrow-laden of earth. He was converted under the ministration of Father Ryan. After accepting the faith of the Catholic Church he followed it with beautiful devotion. He regarded it as the compensation sent him by the Almighty for doing his duty as he saw it. He clung to it as the best consolation there was in life. He went to his duties as devoutly as any priest of the church, and was on his knees night and morning, with the simple, loving faith of a little child.

WORSHIPPED BY THE SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The political estrangements between General Longstreet and many of the leaders of the South never extended to the soldiers who did any large amount of fighting for the South. There was a Confederate reunion in Atlanta in 1898. A camp of Confederate Veterans, of Augusta, Georgia, made up of his old command, sent General Longstreet a special request to come down from his home in Gainesville, and to wear his old uniform. He replied that his uniform had been destroyed years ago in the fire which burned his home and practically everything else he had, but that he would gladly go down with what was left of himself—that his old trunk of a body was the only relic of the Confederacy remaining to him. They then secured his measure and had a new Confederate uniform made for

him to represent the old as nearly as possible. During all his stay at that reunion the old soldiers flocked about him with a devotion that Napoleon would have envied. They went wild over him. When he went to the dining-room at the hotel, the doors had to be closed so that he could take his meals without interruption. One evening, in the Kimball, his old "boys" surged about him by the thousands for hours, eager to touch his hand, to touch his garments, to look into his face, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. Just before that, one day, outraged at some unkindness that had come from the South, I had said to General Longstreet, "The Southern people are no longer my people. I have no home and no country." In the midst of the splendid demonstration at the reunion of 1898, when the thousands who had followed his colors stood with uncovered heads in his honored presence, I said to him, "This is the South that I love, because it loves you; it is the magnificent, generous, loyal South that I love with every impulse of my heart; these are my people."

I think he never forgot the Confederate reunion in Atlanta in 1898. His old soldiers came to his room in a continuous stream. One afternoon, when he was asleep, utterly worn out, a one-legged, one-armed veteran, poorly clad, looking poorly fed, came to his room. I told him of the General's exhausted condition—that he needed the rest, and I was really afraid to disturb him. Then he said, "Won't you let me go in and look at my old commander, asleep. I haven't seen him since Appomattox. I came all the way from Texas to see him, and I may never see him again." Without a word I opened the door, and as the worn veteran looked upon his old chieftain we both cried. In the midst of it General Longstreet wakened and called the veteran to him. They embraced like brothers and wept together.

On the eve of the Spanish-American War General

Longstreet received hundreds of letters from his old soldiers in every part of the country, asking for the privilege of seeing service with him under the flag of the Union. One of them wrote: "If this country is going to have another war, I want to be in it, and I want to follow my old commander." General Longstreet answered that he was seventy-eight, deaf, and paralyzed; that he had two sons he would send to fight for him, but that if his country needed his services, his sword was at its command.

As Commissioner of Railroads, General Longstreet made a tour of the West in 1899. He was received with beautiful consideration everywhere, but the welcome which touched him most was that of his old soldiers who greeted him in every State. It was marvellous to see how the veterans of a war that was over forty years ago had scattered through the West, and it certainly seemed that every one there had heard that General Longstreet was coming, and came to the nearest station to see him. With them were many Union veterans who gave him an equally cordial greeting.

I will digress here to say that General Longstreet could never stand on a foot of Northern soil where he was not received with every manifestation of earthly honor and esteem by the Union veterans and their descendants, and this touched him as nothing else in the world could have done. I wish to offer the humble tribute of my love to the chivalrous section that is to-day so close to my heart; the honors they paid General Longstreet, their tributes to him, did not end with the grave. Two weeks after the prospectus of this little volume had been sent out, the first edition had been bought, long before it was ready for delivery, by the Grand Army of the Republic, and the orders were accompanied by testimonials to General Longstreet as soldier and patriot that would make a memorial volume of rich

value, and a brief selection, at least, I hope to give in future editions.

At one place, on his Western tour in 1899, it became necessary for him to telegraph to an official of the Rock Island road to ask if he would " pass" his car. It happened that this official had been a Union officer who had received hard blows from Longstreet on many bloody fields. He replied that in the old days that tried the courage of men he was much more anxious to " pass" Longstreet than to meet him; that now he was going to insist on meeting him first, and afterwards he would " pass" anything the General wanted him to " pass."

Next to the pleasure of meeting his old friends on this Western tour, General Longstreet most enjoyed the wonderful development of the country that had taken place since he was chasing wild Indians across its wide plains. The smiling farms that greeted him, the magnificent cities, the marvellously fertile irrigated sections that he had last beheld as deserts, the net-work of competing railroads which had taken the place of the trail and the half-worked wagon-roads, the evidences everywhere of a magnificent country built up by progressive people,—all these, with all the suggestiveness attaching to them, appealed with mighty force to his heart and to his mental appreciation. The picture of industrial growth is a beautiful and impressive one. It is a story in itself that needs only a suggestion to make it as large a part of this as it should make.

Genuine Americanism, a love of his country in every sentiment that concerns it and every line of development affecting it, formed a very large and attractive phase of General Longstreet's character. And so, from every stand-point he enjoyed this Western trip to the full.

HIS COUNTRY HOME IN PICTURESQUE NORTH GEORGIA

Next to the smoke of battle in the cause of his country, he loved nature in her gentlest and most quiet moods. He was fond of the forest and farm. He owned a small farm near Gainesville, Georgia, which was one of the delights of his life. Here he set out an orchard and a vineyard on a scale somewhat extensive, in which he found much pleasure. It is a hilly, uneven country, this rugged Piedmont section of north Georgia, noted for its red clay, its rocks, its mighty trees, the wild honeysuckles that carpet its woods, and the purity of the air that sweeps over it and the water that gushes in abundance from its depths. General Longstreet made his little farm in this picturesque section as productive and attractive as he could. It was mostly hills, and had to be terraced extensively to keep it from washing away. He had it terraced with much care, and laid off something after the manner of a battle-field. Thereupon the people around jokingly called it "Gettysburg."

Here he had built and lived in a splendid home of the old colonial style of architecture, such as has long been popular in the South. The house was richly furnished. He had one of the finest libraries in the South, and had collected interesting and valuable souvenirs, and furnishings from all over the world. His residence was situated on a lordly eminence; beyond, the everlasting mountains stretched in unbroken length; in the valley between, the placid waters of the mountain streams wound lazily to the sea. The location was most beautiful, and has often been called "Inspiration Point." Amid these romantic surroundings General Longstreet dispensed a hospitality characteristic of the most splen-

did days of the old South. He often laughingly said that his house became a rendezvous for old Confederates who were hastily going West, and needed a " little aid." They never knocked in vain at his door. He has said that a favorite tale of theirs was that they " had just killed a Yankee, and had to go West hurriedly;" thinking, of course, that this plea would strike a sympathetic chord.

Some twenty years ago General Longstreet's home and everything it contained, save the people, vanished in flames. After that he lived in one of the out-houses, a small frame cottage such as any carpenter might build and any countryman might own.

Some years ago Hamlin Garland visited Gainesville for the purpose of calling on General Longstreet. After talking with him Mr. Garland wrote a very interesting article about him. He especially marvelled that he should find so great a man, so colossal a character, living in such modest fashion, seemingly almost forgotten by all sections of the country in whose destiny he had played so important a part. He said he found a world-famous general pruning grape-vines on a red hill-side of the picturesque mountain region of Georgia. He was delighted with his versatility, his information, and, most of all, with his glowing love of country and his broad ideas of the future greatness of America.

When the imposing house stood and when he afterwards occupied the cottage, his home was still the boasted " show-place" of Gainesville. He was Gainesville's grand historic character, her first gentleman, and her best-loved citizen. Whatever resentment towards him because of political views may have been felt in other parts of the country where men were striving to be at the head of state processions, in his little home city there was never a break in the loving and proud esteem in which he was held by his home people.

Here life remained interesting to him to the last. His heart was ever young; when he died he was eighty-three years young. Only a day or two before he was taken away he was planning things that were to take place years in the future. Blindness, deafness, paralysis, the decay of physical faculties, failed to move his dauntless courage or quell his splendid determination.

General Longstreet's last days were spent in revising his memoirs of the Civil War, as were Grant's in writing his. The two colossal characters passed away suffering the excruciating pains of the same dread disease,—cancer,—both disdaining death, heroic to the end.

On the eve of the Spanish-American War General Longstreet was invited by the New York *Herald* to contribute to its columns a paper on the subject of the threatened trouble with Spain.

The closing paragraph of that paper comes across the years a prophecy and prayer for all mankind:

" As the evening hours draw near, the bugle calls of the eternal years sound clearer to my understanding than when drowned in the hiss of musketry and the roar of cannon. By memory of battle-fields and prophecy of coming events, I declare the hope that the present generation may witness the disbandment of standing armies, the reign of natural justice, the ushering in of the brotherhood of man. If I could recall one hour of my distant but glorious command, I would say, on the eve of battle with a foreign foe, " Little children, love one another."

LONGSTREET ON THE FIELDS OF MEXICO*

CHAPTER I

THE WINNING OF OUR WESTERN EMPIRE

Mexico will always be a land of romance. Her ruins are yet fragrant with memories of the mighty plans of Louis Napoleon.

After an absence of fifty years, General Longstreet revisited Mexico in the eventful summer of 1898, leisurely passing over some of the scenes of his early military experiences. Half a century had stolen away, yet architecturally he found Mexico but little changed. Few of the old landmarks were effaced. Modern ideas and inventions have been encouraged and do prevail in our sister republic, but the dream-like strangeness of its civilization is still all-pervading. Mexico is not unlike Egypt in some respects. Everywhere is the poetry of a past age. Egypt has its sphinx and the pyramids to illustrate a mysterious past; in Mexico we find the temples of the Aztecs and the monuments of their cruel conquerors. The Montezumas have left the impress of their race and civilization on every hand. To the north-

* Several years ago General Longstreet hastily prepared in the rough quite an elaborate history of the Mexican War, the publication of which was forestalled by the book of a brother officer in that war, of which he had no hint. The incidents and historical data of this short story are from that unpublished history, with the addition of General Longstreet's comments on the official *personnel* of the armies of Taylor and Scott, and their subsequent careers in the Union and Confederate armies.

ern visitor Mexico will always be the land of the Aztecs, worshippers of the sun.

To me the battle-fields of 1846–47 were of supreme interest. They are to most Americans doubtless the chief magnet of attraction. But the eye of an active participant in those glorious achievements of American arms sees more as it sweeps over the valley of Mexico than is comprehensible to the unprofessional casual observer. It was my great privilege—to-day a cherished memory—to go over the fields that stretch away from Chapultepec with a war-worn soldier who fifty years earlier had there learned his first lessons in real warfare.

Mexico will always be a land of romance. Her civilization stands apart. Her ruins are yet fragrant with memories of the mighty plans of Louis Napoleon. From the ill-fated Maximilian empire to our own war with Mexico seems but a step back, and yet between the steps great history has been written.

Excepting Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, the scene of all the leading events of General Scott's campaign lie almost within cannon-shot of the Mexican capital.

The four battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, which decided the fate of the war, occurred within a period of four weeks and within a radius of a dozen miles. The Mexican General Valencia was disastrously routed at Contreras August 19, 1847, and Churubusco was fought and won by the Americans next day. Then there was a short truce between the two belligerents, and terms of peace were proposed by an American plenipotentiary. These not proving satisfactory, hostilities were resumed. Scott moved with energy. On September 8 the battle of Molino del Rey occurred, the Americans winning, but at heavy sacrifice in killed and wounded. The successful assault on Chapultepec hill was made on the 13th, five

days later, and on the morning of the 14th Scott's splendid little army entered the Mexican capital and hoisted its flag over the public buildings. The belligerents engaged in these affairs were comparatively small and the losses on both sides very severe. The Mexicans fought well, but were execrably led. With the fall of Mexico Scott had conquered a nation with an army fewer in numbers than the single corps Longstreet commanded at Gettysburg.

Scott's army, for the most part, was composed of veteran troops,—regulars, with a considerable contingent of fine and well-officered volunteers. Most of them were already battle-seasoned, having participated in General Taylor's initiatory campaign of 1846 on the Rio Grande, where they had signally defeated the Mexicans at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey. Taylor's crowning victory at Buena Vista, February 23, 1847, did not occur until after Scott had drafted away the best part of his regulars for the march on Mexico.

Among them were the Fourth and Eighth Infantry regiments. Lieutenant Longstreet had served in both, —in the Fourth as brevet second lieutenant after graduating from the Military Academy in 1842, up to 1845, when he was promoted and transferred to the Eighth, and he was lucky enough to be with the latter in the action at Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, at Resaca de la Palma next day, and in the siege and capture of Monterey, September 21 to 23, of the same year. It was on these fields that most of the young fellows who afterwards became conspicuous in the Union and Confederate armies flashed their maiden swords.

In the Fourth, among Longstreet's earlier official and social intimates at Jefferson Barracks and Camp Salubrity, were Captain George A. McCall, Lieutenants Augur, Grant, Alex. Hays, and David A. Russell,

all afterwards distinguished Union generals. Captain McCall was then forty-three years old, and was graduated from West Point in 1822, just twenty years ahead of Longstreet's class.

The subsequent Civil War produced some singular anticlimaxes to these old Mexican War friendships. It so happened, for instance, that sixteen years afterwards, at the battle of Glendale before Richmond, Longstreet's Confederate division was pitted against McCall's smaller Union division, and the Confederates had the best of it. About dusk, after the heavy fighting was over, McCall and his staff accidentally rode into the Forty-seventh Virginia. Curiously enough, the Union general alone was captured and brought to Longstreet's head-quarters.

Having for a time been a brevet second lieutenant under McCall in the old Fourth Infantry, and really commiserating his personal mishap, General Longstreet cordially advanced, offering his hand and proffering such hospitality as was permissible in the untoward circumstances. But, deeply chagrined by his defeat and capture, McCall sullenly repelled Longstreet's friendly advances. It only remained for the Union general to be sent back to Richmond in charge of a staff-officer and guard. It was the last meeting between the old captain and his former lieutenant, and, strangely, was McCall's last appearance in battle, though he was exchanged in a few weeks. He somehow fell into disfavor with the Washington authorities, resigned in March, 1863, and died on a farm near Westchester, Pennsylvania, in 1868. McCall was a fine soldier of the old school. Grant was also a second lieutenant with McCall in the Fourth, and liked him very much.

Alex. Hays and Longstreet had been associated in both regiments. Like Longstreet, Hays was promoted

and transferred from the Fourth to the Eighth, though upward of a year subsequently. Grant never left the Fourth until he resigned as captain, about seven years after the Mexican War. Hays and Grant had been friends at West Point, though not classmates, and very chummy afterwards while subs. in the old Fourth Infantry. The official personnel of General Taylor's army, scant three thousand men, was so small that they were almost like a family. Everybody knew everybody else.

Hays was detached from the Eighth when Scott advanced into the valley of Mexico, but was engaged in several severe affairs in defence of convoys of supplies to the front, and also at Heamantle and Sequaltiplan. After that war was over he resigned, but in 1861 immediately sought service again, and soon rose to the command of a Union division. His division contributed materially to the repulse of Longstreet's attack at Gettysburg on July 3. But poor Hays was killed in front of Longstreet's lines at the Wilderness in 1864, the first battle in Virginia after his old comrade, Grant, had assumed command of the Union armies. Such was the fortune of war of the civil struggle.

The Eighth Infantry furnished from its Mexican War contingent few conspicuous leaders to either side in the subsequent Civil War. The regiment was compelled to surrender to the local authorities of Texas early in 1861, and were detained at the South many months. Only a few of its old officers then remained. All those of Southern proclivities had already withdrawn. Longstreet left the Eighth in 1858, ten years after peace with Mexico, having been promoted to major and paymaster. By detention as prisoners of war the Union soldiers of the Eighth were deprived of the early promotion which fell to the lot of most regulars.

Out of all the officers of the two regiments engaged in Mexico, only seven, it appears, espoused the Southern cause, and of these but three attained to any considerable rank in the Confederate armies,—Longstreet, Pickett, and Cadmus E. Wilcox. Pickett was a magnificent soldier, one of the most daring in the Confederate army.

In the two campaigns of Taylor and Scott the Fourth and Eighth lost no fewer than twelve officers killed and fatally wounded, and eighteen others seriously wounded, a very heavy percentage. This alone proves that the Americans had no walkover. Every foot of the ground was bravely contested by the Mexicans.

To continue this digression a little farther, it may be said that the genesis of the two Mexican campaigns is not well understood. Winfield Scott was and had long been the commanding general of the United States army, and entitled as such, aside from his military renown, to the Mexican command. But Scott, a Southern Whig, was ambitious to be President. The Democratic administration of Polk was quite naturally chary of giving Scott an opportunity to win public applause through a victorious military campaign. Scott had early submitted a plan of operations, with request for permission to lead an American army into Mexico. But Zachary Taylor, then only a colonel and brevet brigadier, was chosen for the purpose, to the discomfiture of Scott and his coterie. Of course, the general-in-chief chafed because he had thus designedly been overslaughed by a junior.

The administration overreached itself. Taylor's small victories in northern Mexico in the Spring of 1846 were so greatly magnified by the press of the States that he at once became the hero of the hour. Soon he was the open candidate of the Whig party for the Presidency; for Taylor, like Scott, was a Southern

Whig. Polk and his advisers were now between the devil and the deep sea. To beat back and neutralize the rising Taylor tide they precipitately turned to Scott. His original plan for bringing Mexico to terms *via* Vera Cruz was adopted, and he assigned to the command, with fulsome assurances of ample and continued support, which were never fulfilled.

Scott was thereupon given *carte blanche* to withdraw such force of regulars from Taylor as he deemed necessary to the successful prosecution of his proposed invasion, and meanwhile Taylor, with some five thousand volunteers and a slight leaven of regular troops, was to remain on the defensive. Then something happened. Taylor did not choose to remain stock still, but advanced. A few weeks after the depletion of his army, which began in January, 1847, and before Scott had landed at Vera Cruz with his raw volunteers, Taylor worsted Santa Anna at Buena Vista. He not only signally defeated the foreign enemy, but completed the rout of the Democratic administration at Washington, and the next year was nominated by the Whigs and elected President hands down, wholly on the strength of his military achievements. Scott, nominated in 1852, was disastrously beaten by the Democratic candidate, Franklin Pierce, one of his inconspicuous civilian brigadiers in Mexico. It must have been a galling blow to the old General's pride. His defeat was the death-blow of the Whig party.

CHAPTER II

PECULIARITIES OF SCOTT AND TAYLOR

As we gazed down from Chapultepec's heights, on that fragrant day of 1898, across the beautiful valley of Mexico, the war of fifty years agone seemed but yesterday to him who on those fields had added a new star of the first magnitude to the galaxy of American valor.

SINCE those old days General Longstreet often speculated on the result if Taylor and Scott had been required to handle the armies of Lee and Grant and meet the conditions which confronted the great Union and Confederate leaders at the crucial periods of their campaigns. He concluded that both would have maintained their high reputations at the head of much larger bodies of troops than they marshalled in Mexico, even though confronted by abler opponents than Santa Anna, supported by stronger and better-disciplined armies than the half-starved, ill-appointed levies he brought against them at Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo. At all events, the young fellows of 1846–47 to a man believed Taylor and Scott adequately equipped to successfully meet any military emergency.

They were extraordinary characters. Both were practised officers dating back to the war of 1812, though neither was a West Point graduate. Scott on the Canadian frontier had commanded against considerable bodies of disciplined British troops in pitched battle, and came off with increased reputation. He had then visited Europe and observed the continental armies. He was well educated; had studied for the bar, but by preference took up the military profession, of which he was a diligent student. Scott was thoroughly up in the

literature of war. To a cultivated mind he added a colossal person and a fine presence.

General Scott's chief fault was an overweening personal vanity which often took the form of mere pedantry, not unseldom bringing him into personal ridicule. Insufferably pompous, he invariably maintained a vast, unbending dignity, both of manner and speech, whether oral or written. The subalterns of the army looked upon him with absolute awe. Many a brevetted cadet would readily have chosen to go against a Mexican intrenchment rather than into the commanding general's presence. He brooked no familiarity from high or low. While he sometimes indulged in a sort of elephantine affability, he was naturally dictatorial towards all subordinates, though always within the limits of decency. Scott's was not at all the overbearing insolence of the coward. He always rode in full uniform, with all the insignia of his rank visible to the naked eye.

Such a queer combination of bigness and littleness, learning, practical ability, and whimsicality formed a character sure to create enemies, and it must be said that Scott had plenty of them, both in and out of the army. By them he was derisively dubbed "Old Fuss and Feathers." Notwithstanding his weakness, the General was physically and morally a very brave man. He was cool and deliberate in forming his military plans, and once determined upon they were prosecuted with unhesitating energy and precision. Above all he was an honest man. Undoubtedly General Scott possessed a comprehensive military mind.

Equally cool and careful in planning, equally energetic in execution, and equally brave, honest, and true, in other respects Taylor was an entirely different type of man. Personally he was the antipodes of the handsome giant, Scott, being only of middle stature. His complexion was swarthy and his face rugged and

homely, but with a kindly expression. Unlike Scott again, Taylor's schooling had been limited, yet without any affectation of style he wrote clearly and vigorously. From the age of one year he had lived the life of a Kentucky frontier farmer boy up to his entry into the army as a lieutenant in 1808.

Taylor's military experience, confined wholly to the Western border in 1812, was limited to outpost affairs with Indians and the few squads of British soldiers and borderers who supported them. As an officer he had never met so much as a full company of disciplined soldiers until Palo Alto. Taylor never wore his uniform, or almost never. He dressed in rough clothes no better than those worn by the common soldier. He was often seen riding without his staff or other attendant, seeing things with his own eyes. He was frank and somewhat rough, but kindly in speech. While he was not without proper dignity, he talked and acted straight to the mark without much consideration for appearances. He treated his subordinates with easy consideration, and was often seen joking and laughing with mere subalterns. He was given the sobriquet of "Old Rough and Ready" by the army, in which he was dearly loved by all. It was a title which rang through the country in the political campaign of 1848. He not only inspired universal good will, rough and uncultivated as he was, but confidence. Such were the two Mexican commanders.

As we gazed down from Chapultepec's heights, on that fragrant day of 1898, across the beautiful valley of Mexico, the war of fifty years agone seemed but yesterday to him who on those fields had added a new star of the first magnitude to the galaxy of American valor. Memories of the glorious past rushed through his mind. Here Grant and Lee had taken their first lessons in practical warfare on a considerable scale.

Here had been won not only Texas, but the vast domain away to the Pacific. Since then what social, industrial, and political revolutions had he not witnessed. From the Mississippi had spread out a great republic, reaching from ocean to ocean. He had seen the Southern Confederacy rise and fall, and colossal history, along the way from Chapultepec to Manila, written in the blood of the nation's strong men. And Mexico has not been behind in the mighty changes that have swept over the continent since her bitter humiliation in 1847. She has advanced by heroic strides, especially under the wise leadership of Diaz.

But after all it was not wholly the great events of half a century that crowded upon General Longstreet's memory at this interesting juncture. Curiously enough, his mind persisted in fixing itself upon minor incidents,—social and personal relations,—on the comrades who had here and elsewhere laid down their lives in the service, on others who had risen to distinction or dropped out of the running. The "boys" of '46 and '47 again crowded upon him. It could hardly be otherwise, for they were a band of brothers then. When General Taylor's little Army of Observation was collected in western Louisiana, the whole regular establishment of the United States consisted of no more than 12,139 officers and men. The Army of Occupation which was concentrated at Corpus Christi, Texas, in the fall of 1845, numbered only three thousand men.

The days of Corpus Christi still formed a vivid picture in General Longstreet's mind. The oldest officers present—even General Taylor himself—had never seen so large a body of the regular army together. Adjoining the camp were extensive level prairies, admirably adapted to military manœuvres. Many of the officers had not taken part in even a battalion drill since leaving West Point, and with most of them evolutions of the

line had only been read in tactics. So widely had the troops been scattered, and in such small detachments, to meet the requirements of the country's extensive frontiers, that there were colonels who had never seen their entire regiments.

This concentration afforded opportunity for practical professional instruction and discipline which was appreciated and availed of. But with this preparatory work there were amusements, and lasting friendships were formed; perhaps a few equally lasting enmities. Game and fish abounded. There were no settlements; the country was absolutely wild. Within a few hours' ride of the camps were wild turkeys in flocks of twenty to forty; deer and antelope were numerous, and not far afield were vast droves of wild mustangs. Wolves and coyotes were everywhere, and occasionally a Mexican lion (cougar) was found. Many of the young officers became expert hunters. Muzzle-loading shot-guns were used mainly; there were no breech-loaders in those days. The camp tables fairly groaned with game dishes; wild turkey and venison finally so palled upon many of the soldiers as actually to become distasteful, and the old reliable beef and pork of the commissariat was resorted to in preference.

Wild horses were lassoed and brought into camp by Mexicans and tame Indians, and sold to the Americans for two or three dollars a head. An extra good animal would sometimes bring twelve dollars, which was the tip-top price. A good many were purchased by the quartermaster for the use of the army, and proved very serviceable. These animals looked something like the Norman breed; they had heavy manes and tails, and were much more powerful than the plains ponies farther north of a later date. They foraged for themselves and flourished where the American horse would deteriorate and soon die.

CHAPTER III

UNPRETENTIOUS LIEUTENANT GRANT

It was not until Grant came East during the Civil War that Longstreet began fully to appreciate his military ability. Grant's successes at Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg were but vaguely understood in the Army of Northern Virginia, where they were mainly ascribed to bad generalship on the Confederate side, and some blundering good luck on Grant's part.

Lieutenant Grant, of the Fourth, had acquired great reputation at the Military Academy as an expert horseman. He was always the show rider upon great occasions. He greatly added to this reputation at Corpus Christi. He was regimental quartermaster, and had much to do with these horses. He bought several of the better class for his own use. While riding one and leading the others to water one day, just before the army moved to the Rio Grande, his colored servant lost the whole bunch, or perhaps sold them for his own account. He claimed that, throwing him off, they jerked loose and stampeded away. There was a joke among the boys that, upon being told of the incident, General Taylor humorously remarked, "Yes, I understand Mr. Grant lost five or six dollars' worth of horses recently," satirically referring to their extraordinary cheapness. Grant declined to buy more horses for his private use. Soon after, the army advanced to the Rio Grande, and foot officers had no use for horses.

The unpretentious Grant was soon famous throughout the army as a "bronco buster," in the sense the term is now familiarly used. He would unhesitatingly mount and soon bring to terms the most vicious of wild

horses. On horseback he was a very centaur. In no other manner could an animal unhorse Grant than by lying down and rolling over. A large group of interested officers one day had opportunity to observe his success in dealing with an unbroken horse. An Indian had brought to camp a splendid specimen which had struck Grant's fancy, and for which he paid the record price of twelve dollars. It seemed to prance on springs of steel; its beautiful head was carried on high, and the noble eyes shot sparks of fire. While two grooms held it by lariats from either side, Grant blindfolded the stallion. Then the regulation accoutrements of Spanish saddle and heavy-bitted bridle were adjusted, and Grant mounted, his heels armed with an enormous pair of Mexican spurs.

Thus blindfolded, the beautiful animal had stood stock still, trembling like an aspen. The instant his eyes were uncovered he sprang forward like a shot. Grant held his seat firmly. Then the horse began to "buck,"—that is, to jump high into the air, at the same moment suddenly crooking his back upward with intent to throw off his burden. This was repeated time after time, of course without dislodging Grant, who was up to that sort of thing. The proceeding was greeted by the by-standers with shouts of laughter and yells of "Hang on, Grant," "Don't let him down you, old boy," etc. The animal presently tired of this work, and at the proper juncture the cool-headed rider vigorously applied the spurs, at the same time loosening the rein, when the stallion plunged straight forward at a break-neck pace through the chaparral and cacti of the plain. The soldiers watched them until they disappeared, and the uninitiated wondered if they should ever see Grant alive again. Two hours later they returned at a slow walk, both exhausted, the horse's head down and his sides wet with sweat and foam. He was conquered, and

was thereafter as docile as any well-trained American horse.

When not on duty, Grant's chief amusement at Corpus Christi was horseback riding. He was no sportsman, and only occasionally played "brag" for small stakes. Longstreet's classmate, Lieutenant Benjamin, of the Fourth Artillery, came in one day with a story about Grant's one attempt at gunning for turkeys. The two, on a short leave with other officers, had made a journey on horseback to Austin late in the fall of 1845, accompanying a train of supplies. Returning, the party was reduced to three,—Benjamin, Grant, and Lieutenant Augur, afterwards major-general in the Union army. Augur fell sick and was left at Goliad, to be picked up by a train following. At Goliad Grant and Benjamin went out to shoot turkeys. Benjamin was a good shot and soon returned to camp with several fine birds. He found Grant already in, but without any game. The latter said that a large flock of turkeys had taken flight in twos and threes from branches of the pecan-trees overhead, some of them calmly looking at him several moments before taking wing. He had watched them with much interest until the last turkey had disappeared. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had come out to shoot turkeys. "I concluded, Benjamin, from this circumstance," explained Grant, with much chagrin, "that I was not cut out for a sportsman, so I returned to the house, confident you would bring in plenty of birds." This explanation was offered with the utmost simplicity, and Benjamin repeated it with much unction. Poor Benjamin did not live to see the heights of fame reached by the little lieutenant who did not know enough to shoot wild turkeys in 1845. He was killed at the storming of the city of Mexico, September 13, 1847.

These anecdotes of a distinguished man naturally

find place in a potpourri paper of this kind, but their special purpose is to show Grant's personal characteristics, and in some sort the estimate placed upon him by his comrades of sixty years ago. But in those days the young fellows of the army fooled away no time in estimating upon the intellectual capacity of even the most promising associate. Grant was just simply an unobtrusive, every-day second lieutenant, without special promise or remarkable traits. It must be said that no one looked upon him then as the coming great man of the greatest war of civilized times. Rather quiet, seldom seeking crowds, Grant nevertheless enjoyed his friends, and among them was both a voluble and interesting talker. The alleged taciturnity of the later time was assumed to shut off busybodies—it was only judicious reticence. He was quickly known as a very brave and enterprising soldier in action, and, in fact, distinguished himself under both Taylor and Scott. He and Longstreet were intimate friends from 1839 through the seven years ending with the Mexican War, and often met in friendliest relations after the Civil War. Grant never forgot a friend in need.

It was not until Grant came East during the Civil War that Longstreet began to fully appreciate his military ability. Grant's successes at Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg were but vaguely understood in the Army of Northern Virginia, where they were mainly ascribed to bad generalship on the Confederate side, and some blundering good luck on Grant's part. But after the war was over and access was had to the inside history of those events, Longstreet soon perceived that the Vicksburg campaign was one of the greatest in military history, and that Pemberton's destruction was almost wholly due to Grant's bold conception of the military requirements to fulfil the expectations of his government.

Longstreet had been near by when Grant attacked and defeated Bragg at Chattanooga, and also thought that victory was largely due to overwhelming numbers and Bragg's incapacity to perceive the impending storm. Longstreet wrote to General Lee from East Tennessee, some time in the winter of 1863–64, that he need have no fear of Grant, then presumptively booked for the Army of the Potomac; that he was overestimated, largely from his prestige acquired against inferior commanders, etc. But in the very beginning of the Wilderness campaign in 1864 the commander of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia saw a power displayed in manœuvring the Army of the Potomac which the Confederates had never met before. There is no doubt that General Lee himself appreciated that he had a new and puzzling force to deal with. At the Wilderness Lee assumed the offensive the moment Grant crossed the Rapidan, essaying the same tactics that had been practised upon Hooker at Chancellorsville, but he failed. The Confederates withstood Grant in the Wilderness, but it was the last time General Lee attempted a general offensive. This was somewhat due to his inferior numbers and waning morale, but it was mainly because of Grant's presence. The year before, after what was practically a drawn battle at Chancellorsville, Hooker, with double Lee's force, withdrew across the river. He had between twenty-five thousand and thirty-thousand men who had scarcely fired a gun in battle. Grant, with fewer men than Hooker, fought a larger Confederate army at the Wilderness. It, too, was no more than a drawn battle, yet Grant had no thought of recrossing the river to recuperate. He moved forward and immediately put General Lee on the defensive.

General Lee at last realized that the Confederacy's only hope was defensive battle, and his fame as a Gen-

eral will rest wholly on that campaign. If he had persisted in the tactics employed against Hooker and Pope and McClellan, his army would have been destroyed in ten days after the Wilderness. Grant really had the Army of Northern Virginia on the go on the morning of the 6th of May; it was saved from utter rout only by the timely arrival of the First Corps, which rolled back Hancock's victorious lines upon the Brock road and beyond.

CHAPTER IV

PLEASANT INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE AT CORPUS CHRISTI

The reunion at Corpus Christi made a deep impression upon the fledglings of the service. The long encampment there formed a green spot in the memory of the little army that bore our colors in triumph to the city of Mexico.

AMONG General Longstreet's pleasant memories of camp life at Corpus Christi was a rude theatre erected by a joint stock company of the young officers, who acted in the plays produced on its boards, taking both male and female parts. Many roaring comedies were billed, and cheered the garrison from time to time. The enlisted men were of course permitted to pay the entrance fee and see the best that was going. General Worth was always a delighted auditor, General Taylor occasionally honored the entertainments with his presence, and General Twiggs rarely. After exhausting the field of comedy and having already reimbursed themselves for all outlays, the officers concluded to enter the more expensive and difficult field of tragedy. The first play chosen was the Moor of Venice. Lieutenant Porter, brother of Admiral Porter, was assigned the part of Othello, whilst Lieutenant Longstreet was

nominated for Desdemona; but upon inspection the manager protested that six feet dignified in crinoline would not answer even for a tragic heroine. So Longstreet was discarded and Grant substituted. Finally, after a rehearsal or two, Grant, too, had to give way under protests of Porter that male tragediennes could not give the proper sentiment to the play. Then the officers "chipped in" and sent to New Orleans for a real actress, and thereafter all went well. The play was pulled off eventually with as much *éclat* as followed General Taylor's first victory a few months later on the Rio Grande.

A volume could be filled with incidents of those sunny days on the Mexican Gulf, the incipient stage of the first campaign in real war for the young officers. They gave little heed of the morrow. Their pay was small, but their requirements were on even a less scale. There was a good deal of drilling, but otherwise their duties were far from onerous. A large proportion of the cadets Longstreet had known at West Point from 1838 to 1842 were there congregated, and old associations were renewed. Of course, all these officers were not intimates, but nearly all were personal acquaintances on the most friendly footing. Every one brought his share to the common aggregate of interest and pleasure.

Among the officers there collected who afterwards became prominent in the Union and Confederate armies, in addition to those already mentioned, were William J. Hardee, Thomas Jordan, John C. Pemberton, Braxton Bragg, Earl Van Dorn, Samuel G. French, Richard H. Anderson, Robert S. Garnett, Barnard E. Bee, Bushrod R. Johnson, Abram C. Myers, Lafayette McLaws, and E. Kirby Smith, of the Confederate service; and J. K. F. Mansfield, George G. Meade, Don Carlos Buell, George H. Thomas, N. J. T. Dana,

Charles F. Smith, Joseph J. Reynolds, John F. Reynolds, Abner Doubleday, Alfred Pleasanton, Thomas J. Wood, Seth Williams, and George Sykes, distinguished Union generals in the Civil War. There were many others too numerous to mention. Longstreet afterwards met many of these officers as mortal foes on the field of battle. He served with others in the Confederate armies, and others served under him. McLaws and Pickett were long fighting division commanders in his corps.

Robert E. Lee, George B. McClellan, G. T. Beauregard, and Joseph E. Johnston were not with Taylor, and they and others, notably E. R. S. Canby, Isaac I. Stevens, and John G. Foster, did not join the army until Scott's campaign opened in 1847, though it appears that Lee was with General Wool's column in the movement towards Chihuahua. They were among the great names of the subsequent Civil War. Jefferson Davis, colonel of the Mississippi Rifles, joined Taylor after Scott had withdrawn the regulars, but in time to turn the tide of battle at Buena Vista. Altogether it was a brilliant roster. They were all graduates of the Military Academy. Of all the officers collected at Corpus Christi, it is doubtful if there is to-day a score of survivors. A large number were killed in action. A far greater number died of disease in the Mexican or Civil War campaigns.

Besides the long list of West Pointers, there were at Corpus Christi many regulars appointed from civil life, meritorious officers who afterwards made their mark. One of these was Lawrence P. Graham, a Virginian, already a captain in the Second Dragoons. He was some six years Longstreet's senior. After Mexico Graham stuck to the old army, rose to the colonelcy of the Fourth Cavalry in 1864, and was a Union brigadier of volunteers. He had been in the army nearly ten

years when the Mexican War broke out. He still survives at the green old age of eighty-eight, a retired colonel since 1870, thirty-three years. He has been carried on the rolls of the United States army nearly sixty-seven years. That is one of the rewards for having been lucky enough to espouse the winning side in 1861. But self-interest had little to do with the choice of sides; conscience pointed the way in that hour of passion.

The reunion at Corpus Christi made a deep impression upon the fledglings of the service. The long encampment there formed a green spot in the memory of the little army that bore our colors in triumph to the city of Mexico. Those who have left memoirs of their military careers have to a man dwelt largely upon the various interesting, though generally unimportant, incidents of this delightful episode. March, 1846, brought the hour of their ending; on the 9th the bugles of the line sounded the assembly, and in obedience to instructions from Washington General Taylor put his army in motion by easy stages for the line of the Rio Grande River. That movement immediately produced a result which the government had long secretly desired, —war. Negotiations for the amicable possession of Texas and the territory to the Pacific had failed.

It is not the purpose of this paper to write the history of the Mexican War, but a few of its salient features may be recounted perhaps with profit.

Under the Texas treaty of annexation and the act admitting Texas into the American Union the United States claimed all the territory down to the Rio Grande and westward to the border of New Mexico. Mexico, on her part, denied that Texas was a free agent, although President Santa Anna, captured by the Texans the next day after the battle of San Jacinto in 1836, while in durance had consented to a treaty which acknowledged Texan independence. Texas had adopted

a constitution and set up an independent government. Mexico repudiated Santa Anna's agreement, but nevertheless had subsequently never been able to conquer the lost territory. The entrance of the American troops into Texas was therefore by Mexico considered a *casus belli,* and her troops, under General Arista, crossed the river and began aggressive war upon the United States detachments as soon as they reached the vicinity.

The Mexican General Torrejon captured a detachment of United States dragoons April 25, including Captains Thornton and Hardee and Lieutenant Kane, besides killing Lieutenant George J. Mason and sixteen men. Mason was a classmate of Longstreet. Thornton, Hardee, and Kane were well treated, and soon after exchanged. Small bands of Mexicans committed other depredations. Shortly after the unfortunate incident above recited, Lieutenant Theodoric Porter and a small party were fired upon from an ambuscade in the chaparral, and Porter and one soldier killed. Porter had been one of the theatrical stars at Corpus Christi.

The march to Point Isabel, the siege of Fort Brown by General Ampudia, and the stirring affairs at Palo Alto and Resaca soon followed. The spirit of *camaraderie* and patriotic zeal which animated the Army of Occupation was vividly illustrated when Captain Charles May was ordered by Taylor, at Resaca de la Palma, to charge a Mexican battery. As May drew up his own and Graham's squadrons for the work, Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely, of Ringgold's artillery, called out, " Hold on, Charlie, till I draw their fire," and he " turned loose" with his six guns upon the enemy. The return fire was prompt, but Ridgely's wise purpose was accomplished. Then the invincible heroism with which May rushed forward at the head of a handful of the Second Dragoons signalized the qualities which

unerringly foreshadowed the result of that war. The opposing battery was secured in the twinkling of an eye, and the Mexican General La Vega captured amid his guns. May's gallant exploit was the theme of the army. May, Ridgely, and Longstreet were close friends, of the trio Longstreet being youngest in years and service. Ridgely was killed at Monterey that fall. May lived until 1864, having resigned in 1861. He took no part in the Civil War. The first successes of the Mexican War were easy and decisive. The real hardships began with the march over the sterile wastes towards Monterey. Monterey was equally as decisive, but it was found to be a much harder nut to crack, and here the American losses were very heavy. The general effect of Taylor's operations, in conjunction with Wolf's campaign and the overland march of General Kearny to California, was demoralizing to the Mexicans.

CHAPTER V

INTO THE INTERIOR OF MEXICO

In after-years Lee's admirers claimed that much of Scott's glory on the fields of Mexico was due to Lee's military ability. Scott gave him great praise.

When it was learned that two divisions of Taylor's army had been ordered to the coast, there was much speculation at the front as to the meaning of the movement. The younger contingent immediately jumped to the conclusion that the war was over, and that Twiggs's and Patterson's troops were ordered home. This proved not to be the case, but the army was not much disappointed to learn that another campaign farther south was projected. There was some friction between Taylor and Scott over the withdrawal of the

regulars. Some of Scott's letters to Taylor miscarried, and Scott, pressed for time, was compelled to order the troops he wanted down to the coast without Taylor's knowledge, the latter at times being far in the interior. When Taylor learned that his best troops had been ordered away without an hour's previous notice, the old general was naturally very much incensed. He was afterwards somewhat mollified when he received Scott's delayed correspondence, and saw that his chief had endeavored to reach him in the proper spirit. Scott was the senior, and of course it was for him to order; besides, Scott himself had orders from the President to withdraw the troops. Taylor, however, made, both to Scott and the Secretary of War, a sharp protest against the manner of carrying out the design. Doubtless Taylor felt sore upon learning that the administration intended leaving him upon the defensive, without means to continue his victorious advance. Buena Vista, a few weeks later, probably melted the old fellow's rancor into sardonic satisfaction.

Once started, the troops rapidly retrograded to the Rio Grande. The weather was fairly cool, and the marches made from twenty to twenty-eight miles per day. One rather warm day, while the troops were on this move, a burnt district was passed over, and the heat and flying smoke and ashes choked the tired men and officers. When the column camped, it was upon a beautiful mountain stream, into which all rushed for a bath. First Lieutenant Sydney Smith, of the Fourth, one of the first to start for the water, while passing through the timber which fringed the stream, was attacked by peccaries, a species of wild pig common in Mexico. They are not very large, but travel in droves, and are very fierce. They treed Smith upon a low-hanging limb barely out of reach of his excited pursuers. The limb was very slender for his weight, and as he swung to the

ground, the maddened peccaries reared upon their hind feet and snapped savagely at Smith's pendent feet and legs. The woods were now full of the officers and men going to the stream, and a party soon relieved Smith from his precarious perch. Smith was a brave fellow. He was the next year wounded at Molino del Rey, and within a week after killed at the attack on Belen Gate.

There was a considerable delay at the mouth of the river, awaiting transports. The point of assemblage of the troops from New Orleans, Mobile, and Taylor's army was Lobos Island, some three hundred miles south of the Rio Grande's mouth. The march began January 9, 1847, but it was not until about February 12 that the first of the regulars sailed from the Rio Grande to Lobos Island. Scott had expected the concentration at Lobos to have been completed three weeks earlier. The fault was in the transport service.

The fleet did not leave Lobos Island until March 2. A week later a landing was effected near Vera Cruz, and on the 10th the first guns of the new campaign were heard,—shots from the castle of San Juan de Ulloa at Worth's troops encamped upon the sand-hills. The investment of the city was speedily completed and siege operations begun. The army heard of Taylor's remarkable victory at Buena Vista on the 15th of March. It took away their breath to learn that Santa Anna had marched a great army against Taylor after they had left, and had been defeated. It explained why there had been so little opposition to the landing of the American forces. Vera Cruz surrendered on the 29th.

Then the march into the interior of Mexico began, led by Twiggs's division. The first objective point was Jalapa. Scott's design was to get upon the mountain plateau before the yellow-fever season approached on the coast. It was deadly in that region. The precision with which Scott's plans were carried forward,

and their uniform success, made a profound impression upon the army. His reputation was very high before he had struck the first blow, but after Vera Cruz no one of that army doubted that he would soon enter the Mexican capital. The army's morale was high from the outset; it was small, consequently but little bothered with the impedimenta which make the movements of a large army so slow and oftentimes tortuous. It marched rapidly, and Scott sent it square at the mark every time occasion offered.

Nevertheless there was great delay in the advance to the valley of Mexico. Operations were very energetic in the beginning. The battle of Cerro Gordo occurred on the 18th of April, where a complete and technically brilliant victory was won. It was here Santa Anna, already returned from his ill-fated movement against Taylor, undertook to defend the passage of the mountains against Scott's advance. After careful reconnoissances, the American general turned his position, attacked his flank, and after a short fight broke up his army in utter rout, very nearly cutting off and capturing the whole. As it was, the Americans captured about four thousand prisoners, forty-three cannon, and three thousand five hundred small-arms. All this was done with a force of less than nine thousand Americans against some twelve thousand Mexicans strongly fortified.

This extraordinary victory opened the road to the valley. Thus within twenty days Scott had effected a landing, captured Vera Cruz, signally defeated the enemy in pitched battle, and taken the road into the heart of Mexico. Jalapa was entered on the 20th. At Jalapa seven regiments of volunteers were discharged, and the American force was too greatly reduced to attack the capital. The enforcements promised did not arrive. The advance, however, was pushed on to

Puebla, a city then of some seventy thousand inhabitants, which was occupied by Worth on the 15th of May; Lieutenant Longstreet was with the division occupying Puebla. Here there was a long wait of weeks for the required forces to attack the capital, now less than three marches away. From Jalapa Scott set out for the front on May 23, arriving at Puebla on the 28th. Many of the higher officers rode out to meet and give the General a proper reception, and he entered the city in considerable state. "El Generalissimo! El Generalissimo!" was shouted by the citizens as the general-in-chief rode through the streets to his head-quarters. The army welcomed him with enthusiasm.

It was at the siege of Vera Cruz and the operations at Cerro Gordo that the engineer officers, R. E. Lee, G. B. McClellan, I. I. Stevens, G. T. Beauregard, and others, began to attract the notice of the line. Taylor had made little use of engineers in northern Mexico. He largely depended upon his own practised military eye to determine positions, either for the offensive or defensive. Scott's methods were entirely different. He depended more upon reconnoissances led by his staff engineers, and their reports of situations, approaches, etc. He saw largely through the eyes of these officers, and his fine strategy was based on their information. Hence under Scott the engineer officers soon began to fill a large space in the eyes of the army. They became familiar figures.

Longstreet's personal acquaintanceship with Lee began in this campaign. He was graduated from the Academy, No. 2 of the class of 1829, nine years before Longstreet entered it. Lee was already a captain of engineers when Longstreet entered as a cadet in 1838. He was past forty when the American forces landed before Vera Cruz. So in years he was much older, as in rank and prestige he was away above the line subalterns

of that campaign, many of whom subsequently served under him and against him in 1861–65. He evinced great admiration, even reverence, for Scott's generalship. In after-years his admirers claimed that much of Scott's glory was due to Lee's military ability. Scott gave him great praise. But while Lee was much respected in the army, it is due to say that nobody then ascribed the victories of American arms to him. Besides which, Colonel Joseph G. Totten was Scott's chief-engineer, and Lee had another superior present in the person of Major J. L. Smith. The army thought General Scott entitled to the full credit of leadership in the campaign of 1847.

About August 14 sufficient reinforcements had arrived to warrant another forward movement. Scott had now about ten thousand men, with more coming on from the coast. His army was composed of four divisions, commanded by Generals Twiggs, Worth, Pillow, and Quitman, the two latter volunteer major-generals. The army began its final advance on the 8th of August, 1847. It had been idle nearly three months, awaiting the action of the government. It was General Longstreet's opinion that with five thousand more men Scott could have followed Santa Anna straight into Mexico from Cerro Gordo. Owing to dilatoriness in raising troops at home, his active force at Puebla was at one time reduced to five thousand men. The three months' halt gave the demoralized enemy time to recover courage and recruit their numbers.

The American advance from Puebla to the valley of Mexico was over the Rio Frio Mountain. The pass is over eleven thousand feet above the ocean. It was easily susceptible of successful defence, but the experience of the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo probably led their generals to conclude that Scott's strategy was irresistible in a mountain region. At any rate there was no re-

sistance, and after a toilsome climb of three days in the mountains, the Americans debouched into the beautiful valley without firing a shot.

This valley is one of the most singular of natural features. It is simply a basin in the mountains without any visible outlet. In seasons of heavy rainfall and snowfall on the stupendous mountains which surround it, the small lakes in this basin overflow, and sometimes inundate the capital itself. It is only in recent years that a channel, or tunnel, has been cut to drain off the superfluous water in time of need. At some time in the past the basin was probably a lake. There must have been some unknown subterranean outlet which originally drained it down and afterwards prevented it refilling. Before the artificial drain was made, however, there were indubitable signs that the lakes were much smaller than in the beginning of the sixteenth century when Cortés conquered the Aztec capital. The bed of this valley is seven thousand feet above the sea level. There are five shallow lakes in the basin. The capital is located on the west side of Lake Tezcuco. It contained about two hundred thousand people in 1847.

The army entered the valley from the east, at first aiming to pass between Lakes Chalco and Tezcuco, but the fortified hill of El Penyon and other obstructions made that approach very difficult, if not impossible, and after the engineers had examined the ground, Scott concluded to pass around to the southward of Lake Chalco and Xochimilco. The movement was inaugurated on the 15th of August, four days after entering the valley. On the 17th, the border of Lake Xochimilco was skirted, and that night Worth bivouacked in San Augustin, the Tlalpan of Cortés, on the road approaching the capital from the south and west of the lakes. It became for the time the depot and base of the army. These preliminary movements consumed a week's time.

CHAPTER VI

FROM CONTRERAS TO CHAPULTEPEC

While rushing up the heights of Chapultepec with the regimental flag in his hands, Longstreet was severely wounded by a musket-ball through the thigh. After Longstreet fell, George E. Pickett carried the old Eighth's flag to the works on the hill and to the top of the castle.

On the 18th the brilliant action of Contreras was fought. Here Scott outmanœuvred the enemy completely, employing again the Cerro Gordo tactics, and striking him in flank and rear. The routed Mexicans fled back to the fortified lines about Churubusco. Many prisoners were captured at Contreras. The attack was pressed against the position of Churubusco on the 19th and 20th, resulting in the severest battle of the war, except perhaps Buena Vista. Longstreet's regiment, the Eighth Infantry, of which he was adjutant, here distinguished itself, aiding in the capture of many prisoners and some guns. At one crucial point Longstreet had the proud honor to carry forward the regimental colors mentioned in Worth's despatches. After the surrender some of the prisoners attempted to escape by a rush, and many of them did get away. Others were shot down and some were recaptured. A company of Americans who had deserted the year before from Taylor's army and joined the Mexicans were here captured in a body. Their resistance had caused severe loss to the American army. They were tried for desertion, found guilty and a score or so of them shot to death.

Scott won Churubusco with less than nine thousand men. The routed enemy fled into the city and to the

fortified hill of Chapultepec, and were followed pell mell by the American cavalry. It was in this charge that Phil Kearny lost his arm. He was afterwards killed at Chantilly, in Pope's campaign of 1862, a Union major-general. The Americans could certainly have entered the city that day on the heels of the flying foe, but Scott thought it wisest to hold back and not disperse the Mexican government, to give the American peace commissioner, Mr. Trist, an opportunity to propose terms. An armistice followed, but the Mexican government declined the basis of peace proposed.

The Americans were in possession of the whole country practically; at least there was nothing left to successfully oppose their occupation of its territory to the farthest limits. Yet after these victories, they proposed to take only Texas, New Mexico, and California, and to pay for them a large sum of money. Texas was counted our own before the war began. The terms of our government were so liberal that the Mexicans probably suspected that there was alarm for the result of future operations. Perhaps they judged the terms would be no worse after another trial of arms. And they were not.

Molino del Rey and Chapultepec followed on September 8 and 13 respectively. At the first affair the Americans lost seven hundred and eighty-seven men in the two hours of severe fighting, but won a complete victory, as usual. The fight was made by Worth's division, and Longstreet's regiment was engaged, of course. Thus far he had got through without a scratch.

Scott's army, at the outset not over-large for the contract he had undertaken, was now very much reduced, but its morale was still fine. It was a critical question to determine the point of attack on the city. On the 11th there was a council of nearly all the generals and engineer officers at Piedad. Major Smith, Captain Lee,

and Lieutenants Tower and Stevens, of the engineers, reported in favor of attacking the San Antonio or southern gate. Generals Quitman, Shields, Pierce, and Cadwalader concurred. General Scott, on the contrary, favored the Chapultepec route, and General Twiggs supported the general-in-chief. Alone of the engineers, Lieutenant Beauregard favored the Chapultepec route. After hearing Beauregard's reasons, General Pierce changed his opinion. At the conclusion of the conference General Scott said, "We will attack Chapultepec and then the western gate."

"The Hill of the Grasshopper," Chapultepec, is an isolated mound rising one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the valley. Nearly precipitous in some parts, it slopes off gradually to the westward. Heavy batteries frowned from its salient positions, sweeping the approaches from all directions. To the southward the ground was marshy. The position was regarded by both belligerents as the key to the capital.

The American batteries opened fire upon Chapultepec on the 12th, causing great destruction and killing and wounding many of its defenders. The Mexican leader, Santa Anna, a very brave fellow with only one leg, was under this heavy fire for a time, taking observations of its effect. On the 13th this fire was resumed, followed by an assault of infantry. The volunteers of Quitman and Pillow, led by picked storming parties, made the assault on two fronts. The hill was carried with a rush after Scott gave the signal of attack. Pillow calling for reinforcements, Longstreet's brigade was ordered forward by General Worth, and he went into the enemy's works on the hill with the others.

Longstreet did not quite reach the works, for while rushing up the hill with the regimental flag in his hands he was severely wounded by a musket-ball through the thigh. The castle, all the enemy's guns, and many pris-

oners were captured. General Scott rode to the summit soon after and surveyed the work of his gallant army. It was well done. General Worth chased the fleeing enemy to the city's gates. After Longstreet fell George E. Pickett carried the flag to the works on the hill, and to the top of the castle. The old Eighth's flag was hoisted from the staff which but a month before flaunted the Mexican banner.

This was the last action in the valley. There was some fighting at the gates, and desultory firing from the houses as the American troops pushed in, but the city fell without much loss after Chapultepec. The Mexicans evacuated the capital that night, and General Scott entered the next day. The Mexican War was practically over. In a few months a treaty was made giving the United States about what was demanded by Mr. Trist after Churubusco in August, the United States salving up Mexico's wounded pride with fifteen million dollars.

CHAPTER VII

LONGSTREET'S HONEYMOON

After reaching home from Mexico, Longstreet soon regained his strength. He then wrote to Colonel John Garland, of Virginia, his old brigade commander, asking for his youngest daughter. Colonel Garland promptly replied, "Yes, with all my heart."

WITH several wounded comrades Longstreet was assigned quarters with the Escandons, a kind-hearted, refined Mexican family. They could not conceal their deep chagrin at the defeat of their army, and were doubtless mortified by the enforced presence of the wounded Americans. Nevertheless they insisted that those officers confined to their beds should be supplied

from their own table. Delicacies without stint were sent. The days of confinement were greatly brightened by their delicate attentions. On the 1st of December the accomplished surgeons, Satterlee and DeLeon, thought that Longstreet was strong enough to travel, and announced that he was to be ordered out of the country on sick-leave.

With others he left Mexico on December 9. A few days later he sailed from Vera Cruz with a large number of sick and wounded, among whom was Brigadier-General Pierce, who was very popular in the army. After reaching home Longstreet soon regained his strength. He then wrote to Colonel John Garland, of Virginia, his late brigade commander, asking for his youngest daughter. Colonel Garland promptly replied, " Yes, with all my heart." He had won fame in Mexico and returned home on leave a month before Longstreet was well enough to travel, and was then with his family. The young lady and her soldier sweetheart already had a pretty good understanding on the subject, and her answer was equally flattering. On the 8th of March, 1848, the marriage occurred at Lynchburg. After a brief honeymoon orders were received from the War Department detailing Longstreet for recruiting service, with station at Poughkeepsie, New York. Before autumn of that year nearly all the troops in Mexico were withdrawn, and the Eighth, Longstreet's old regiment, was ordered to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, where he had been stationed before the war, then a brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth.

After fifty years General Longstreet found that many of the physical details of the battle terrain in the valley of Mexico differed quite materially from the memory conveyed by his younger eyes in the heat of action. There was no real change in fixed landmarks, but the depressions were not so deep, nor the impreg-

nable hills the Americans attacked so high, as they appeared when the Mexicans were defending them with sword, musket, and cannon. In instants of supreme danger it is very difficult for the soldier or subordinate officer to see things exactly as they are on a battle-field. His eye and mind are inevitably and anxiously concentrated on the enemy or the battery that is dealing death and destruction round about.

GREAT BATTLES BEFORE AND AFTER GETTYSBURG*

THE FIRST MANASSAS

THE armies that prepared for the first grand conflict of the Civil War were commanded by West Point graduates, both of the Class of 1838,—Beauregard and McDowell. The latter had been assigned to the command of the Federal forces at Washington, south of the Potomac, in the latter part of May, 1861. The former had assumed command of the Confederates at Manassas Junction about the 1st of June. To him, Brigadier-General Longstreet reported for duty.

McDowell marched on the afternoon of the 16th of July at the head of an army of five divisions of infantry, supplemented by nine batteries of the regular service, one of volunteers, besides two guns operating separately, and seven companies of regular cavalry. In his infantry columns were eight companies of regulars and a battalion of marines,—an aggregate of thirty-five thousand men.

Beauregard stood behind Bull Run with seven brigades, including Holmes, who joined on the 19th, twenty-nine guns, and fourteen hundred cavalry,—an aggregate of twenty-one thousand nine hundred men, all volunteers. To this should be added, for the battle

* This brief review of a few of Longstreet's famous engagements before and after Gettysburg has been compiled chiefly from his war history and his war papers published a few years since by the Century Company.

of the 21st, reinforcements aggregating eight thousand five hundred men, under General Johnston, making the sum of the aggregate thirty thousand four hundred men.

The line behind Bull Run was the best between Washington and the Rapidan for strategy, tactics, and army supplies.

General Longstreet always believed that by vigorous and concentrated work the Confederates, after the battle of the first Manassas, might have followed McDowell's fleeing columns into Washington, and held the capital. But this is not a part of my story.

On the eve of the battle the Confederates had occasional glimpses behind the lines about Washington, through parties who managed to evade the eyes of guards and sentinels, which told of McDowell's work since May, and heard on the 10th of July that he was ready to march. Most of the Confederates knew him and of his attainments, as well as those of Beauregard, to the credit of the latter, and on that point they were satisfied. But the backing of an organized government, and an army led by the foremost American war-chief,—that consummate strategist, tactician, and organizer, General Scott,—together with the splendid equipment of the field batteries and the presence of the force of regulars of infantry, gave serious apprehension.

A gentleman who was a boy in Washington during the Civil War, said not long ago, in speaking of the first Manassas, that he would never forget the impression made upon his youthful mind by McDowell's army in moving towards Manassas Junction. Their arms glistened in the sunshine; the new uniforms added to the splendid bearing of the ranks; the horses were garlanded with flowers; the silken folds of regimental flags, lifted caressingly by the breezes of mid-summer, made an ocean of color above the noble columns. It

was an inspiring sight; every flag in the capital was a beckoning call to arms in the nation's defence. McDowell's army seemed setting out for some festal occasion, and gayly moved to the sound of music and song. But oh, what a different sight after Manassas, when his weary and routed columns straggled back to Washington, before the victorious Confederates. Their gala day had been of short duration.

On the 16th of July the Confederates learned that the advance of McDowell's army was under definite orders for next day. Longstreet's brigade was at once ordered into position at Blackburn's Ford, and all others were ordered on the alert.

At eight o'clock A.M. on the 18th McDowell's army concentrated about Centerville, his immediate objective being Manassas Junction. His orders to General Tyler, commanding the advance division, were to look well to the roads on the direct route to Manassas Junction and *via* the Stone Bridge, to impress an advance upon the former, but to have care not to bring on a general engagement.

Under the instructions, as General Tyler construed them, he followed the Confederates to the heights of Centerville, overlooking the valley of Bull Run, with a squadron of cavalry and two companies of infantry. From the heights to the Run, a mile away, the field was open, and partially disclosed the Confederate position on his right. On the left the view was limited by a sparse growth of spreading pines.

The enemy was far beyond the range of Confederate guns, his position commanding as well as his metal, so Longstreet ordered the guns withdrawn to a place of safety, till a fair opportunity was offered them. The guns were limbered and off before a shot reached them. Artillery practice of thirty minutes was followed by an advance of infantry. The march was quite up to

the bluff overlooking the ford, when both sides opened fire.

The first pouring-down volleys were most startling to the new troops. Part of Longstreet's line broke and started at a run. To stop the alarm he rode with sabre in hand for the leading files, determined to give them all that was in the sword and his horse's heels, or stop the break. They seemed to see as much danger in their rear as in front, and soon turned and marched back to their places, to the evident surprise of the enemy. Heavy firing was renewed in ten or fifteen minutes, when the Federals retired. After about twenty minutes a second advance was made to the top of the bluff, when another rousing fusilade followed, and continued about as long as the first, with like result. Longstreet reinforced the front line with part of his reserve, and, thinking to follow up his next success, called for one of the regiments of the reserve brigade.

The combat lasted about an hour, when the Federals withdrew to their ground about Centerville, to the delight of the Confederates, who felt themselves christened veterans; their artillery being particularly proud of the combat against the famed batteries of the United States regulars.

General McDowell's order for the battle on the 21st of July was issued on the afternoon of the 20th.

Beauregard's order for battle, approved by General Johnston, was issued at five A.M. on the 21st.

The orders for marching were only preliminary, coupled with the condition that the troops were to be held ready to move, but to wait for special order for action. The brigade at Blackburn's Ford had been reinforced by the Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiments, under Lieutenant Jones and Colonel Kemper. Longstreet crossed the Run under the five o'clock order, adjusted the regiments to position for

favorable action, and gave instructions for their movements on the opening of the battle.

This first clash of arms tested the fighting qualities of the Confederates; but the soil was Virginia, and for them it was to be death or victory.

The close of the battle of the 21st found the Federals beaten and fleeing towards the shelter of their capital. They had fought stubbornly. McDowell made a gallant effort to recover his lost power, riding with his troops and urging them to brave effort. Although his renewed efforts were heroic, his men seemed to have given confidence over to despair when fight was abandoned and flight ensued. Over the contested field of the first battle of the war, Longstreet had borne the victorious banners of the South.

WILLIAMSBURG

"General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left no apology for interference at Williamsburg."—JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

THIS battle was fairly fought and dearly won by the Confederacy, May 5, 1862. General Joseph E. Johnston was chief in command and General Longstreet had the active direction of the battle.

In his official report upon the battle, General Johnston said,—

"The action gradually increased in magnitude until about three o'clock, when General Longstreet, commanding the rear, requested that a part of Major-General Hill's troops might be sent to his aid. Upon this I rode upon the field, but found myself compelled to be a spectator, for General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left no apology for interference."

The battle was fought by Sickles's Federal Third Corps, that heroically contested every inch of the ground.

It was at the close of the battle that General Hancock distinguished himself by holding his position in and about the forts with five regiments and two batteries against the assault of the Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiments, and it was on this field that he won the title of "The Superb," given to him by McClellan in his report.

The object of the battle on the part of the Confederates was to gain time to haul their trains to places of safety. The effect besides was to call two of the Federal divisions from their flanking move to support the battle, thereby greatly crippling their expedition.

General McClellan was at Yorktown during most of the day to see several of the divisions of his army aboard the transports for his proposed flanking and rear move up York River. Upon receiving advice that the Williamsburg engagement was serious and unsatisfactory, he hastened to the battle with the divisions of Sedgwick and Richardson, which he had expected to send up the river.

There were about nine thousand Confederates and twelve thousand Union troops engaged. The Confederate casualties were 1565; the Federal casualties, 2288. Johnston had anticipated McClellan's move up the York River, and considered it very important to cripple or break it up. Therein he used the divisions of Longstreet, Magruder, D. R. Jones, McLaws, G. W. Smith, and D. H. Hill.

There was a tremendous downpour of rain the night before the battle, flooding thoroughfares, by-ways, woodlands, and fields so that many of the Confederate trains were unable next day to move out of the bogs that were developed during the night.

General Hooker's division of the Third Corps, on the Federal side, came to the open on the Hampton road, and engaged by regiments,—the First Massachusetts

on the left, the Second New Hampshire on the right. After the advance of his infantry in the slashes, General Hooker, with the Eleventh Massachusetts and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, cleared the way for communication with the troops on the Yorktown road and ordered Webber's six-gun battery into action. As it burst from the woods through which it had come, the Confederate infantry and every gun in reach opened upon it a fire so destructive that it was unmanned before it came into practice. New Federal troops immediately came to the rescue, and the guns reopened fire. Osborn's and Bramhall's batteries joined in, and the two poured an unceasing fire into the Confederate troops about the fort and redoubts. The Fifth New Jersey Regiment was added to the battery guard, and the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth were deployed on the left in the woodland. The brigades of R. H. Anderson, Wilcox, Pryor, A. P. Hill, and Pickett were taking care of the Confederate side.

General Longstreet, hearing the swelling noise of battle, rode to the front and ordered Colston's brigade and the batteries of Deering and Stribling to follow, as well as Stuart's horse artillery under Pelham.

It soon became evident that the fight was for the day. D. H. Hill was asked to return with the balance of his division. Hooker was bracing the fight on his left. He directed Emory to reconnoitre on his extreme left. Grover was called to reinforce the fighting in the edge of the woods. Several New York regiments came into the action, but the Confederates nevertheless continued to gain ground until they got short of ammunition. While holding their line, some of the regiments retired a little to fill their cartridge-boxes from those of the fallen enemy and their fallen comrades. This move was misconstrued into an order to withdraw, and the Confederate line fell back, but the mistake was soon discovered

and the lost ground regained. The Eleventh Massachusetts, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, and Second New Hampshire came into the action. On the Confederate side, Colston's brigade, the Florida regiment, and the Mississippi battalion came to the rescue, and General Anderson, who was in immediate charge, grouped his forces, made a concentrated move upon the Federal batteries, cleared them of the gunners, and captured four of Webber's guns and forty horses. General Stuart rode up about this time, decided that the Federals were in retreat, and insisted upon a charge and pursuit. He was, however, convinced that Federal reinforcements were coming up and that the break was only of their front line. About three o'clock Kearny's division came to the Federal aid.

Before the reinforcements arrived for Hooker's relief, Anderson had established his advanced line of skirmishers so as to cover with their fire Webber's guns that were abandoned. The Federal reinforcing column drove back his advance lines; then he reinforced and recovered his ground. Then he met General Peck, the leader of the last reinforcing brigade, who put in his last regiment, the Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania; but the night was approaching, both armies were exhausted, and little further aggressive work was done.

FRAYSER'S FARM

STONEWALL JACKSON was in the Shenandoah Valley and the rest of the Confederate troops were east and north of Richmond. In front General McClellan's army was encamped, a hundred thousand strong, about the Chickahominy River preparing for a regular siege of the Confederate capital. His army was unassailable

from the front, and he had a small force at Mechanicsville and a much larger force farther back at Beaver Dam Creek.

A Confederate conference was called. Longstreet suggested that Jackson be called down from the Valley to the rear of the Federal right, in order to turn the position behind Beaver Dam, and that the rest of the Confederate forces who were to engage in the attack cross the Chickahominy and get ready for action. General Lee then sent General J. E. B. Stuart on his famous ride around McClellan. He made a favorable report of the situation. Upon further conference, the 26th was selected as the day for moving upon the Federal position at Beaver Dam. There was some spirited fighting between the two armies, but the advance of Jackson, which had been some time delayed, made the Federals abandon their position at Beaver Dam. They were closely followed, and were again encountered at Gaines Mill, where battle followed.

Longstreet came up with reserve forces, and was preparing to support Hill, when he was ordered by General Lee to make a demonstration against the Federal left. He threw in three brigades, and for a time the battle raged with great fierceness. General Jackson could not reach the point of attack, and General Lee ordered Longstreet to throw in all the force he could. The position in front of him was very strong. An open field led to a difficult ravine beyond Powhite Creek. From there the ground made a steep ascent, and was covered with trees, slashed timber, and hastily made rifle-trenches. General Whiting came up with two brigades of Jackson's men. Longstreet's column of attack then was the brigades of R. H. Anderson and Pickett and the divisions of Law, Hood, and Whiting. They attacked and defeated the Federals on their left and captured many thousand stands of arms, fifty-two pieces

of artillery, a large quantity of supplies, and many prisoners, among them General Reynolds, who afterwards fell at Gettysburg.

On the 29th General Lee ascertained that McClellan was marching towards the James, and decided to intercept his forces in the neighborhood of Charles City Cross-Roads. Longstreet was to march to a point below Frayser's Farm with General A. P. Hill. Holmes was to take up position below on the New Market road; Jackson was to pursue the Federal rear; Huger to attend to the Federal right flank. Thus the Federal rear was to be enveloped and a part of McClellan's army destroyed. Longstreet found himself in due time in front of General McCall with a division of ten thousand Federals near Frayser's Farm. Finally artillery firing was heard, which was taken for the expected signal for the beginning of battle, and Longstreet's batteries replied as the signal that he was ready. While the order was going around to the batteries, President Davis and General Lee, with their staff and followers, were with Longstreet in a little open field near the firing lines, but not in sight of the Federals.

The Federal batteries opened up spitefully. They did not know of the distinguished Confederates near by, yet a battery had by chance their exact range and distance, and poured a terrific fire in their midst. The second or third shell killed two or three horses and wounded several men. The little party speedily retired to safer quarters. Longstreet sent Colonel Micah Jenkins to silence the Federal battery with his long-range rifles. He charged the battery, and that brought on a general fight between Longstreet's division and the troops in front. The Federal lines were broken and a number of batteries taken. At points during the day McCall several times regained his lost position. He was finally pushed back. At length McCall's division

was driven off and fresh troops came to the Federal relief. Ten thousand men of A. P. Hill's division, held in reserve, were now brought into action.

About dark General McCall, while looking up a fragment of his division, ran into Longstreet's arms and was taken prisoner. General Lee was there at the time. Longstreet had served with McCall in the old Fourth Infantry, and offered his hand as McCall dismounted. The Federal general did not regard this as an occasion for renewing old friendships, and he was promptly offered an escort of Longstreet's staff to take him to Richmond.

MARCH AGAINST POPE AND THE SECOND MANASSAS

Even as early as 1862 the Union army had been using balloons to examine the position of the Confederates, and even that early, the scanty resources of the Confederates made the use of balloons a luxury that could not be afforded. While gazing enviously upon the handsome balloons of the Federals floating serenely at a distance that their guns could not reach, a Confederate genius suggested that all the silk dresses in the Confederacy be got together and made into balloons. This was done, and soon a great patch-work ship of many and varied hues was ready for use. There was no gas except in Richmond, and so the silk-dress balloon had to be inflated there, tied to an engine, and carried to where it was to be sent up. One day it was on a steamer down the James River, when the tide went out and left the vessel and balloon on a sand-bar. The Federals gathered it in, and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy. General Longstreet used to say, laughingly, that this was the meanest trick of the war.

When General Pope came down into Virginia as Federal commander-in-chief, with the double purpose of drawing McClellan away from Westover and checking the advance of the new enemy approaching from Washington, General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to Gordonsville and ordered General Longstreet to remain near Richmond to engage McClellan if he should attempt an advance on that city. On the 9th of August, 1862, Jackson encountered the Federals near Cedar Mountain and repulsed them at what is known as the battle of Cedar Run. About five o'clock in the afternoon of this fight the Federals, by a well-executed move, were pressing the Confederates back, when the opportune approach of two brigades converted seeming defeat into victory. The Federals were more numerous than the Confederates, and Jackson deemed it unwise to follow in pursuit, so the Confederates retired behind the Rapidan to await the arrival of General Lee with other forces.

General Lee then began preparations for a vigorous campaign against General Pope. On the 13th of August Longstreet's corps was ordered to Gordonsville, and General Lee accompanied it there. General Jackson's troops were near by. The Rapidan River was to the north. Farther on at Culpeper Court-House was the army of Pope, and the Rappahannock River was beyond them. Clark's Mountain, rising several hundred feet above the surrounding hills, was a little in advance of Longstreet's position. The Federal situation was observed from the summit of this mountain.

The flags of Pope's army were in full view above the tops of the trees around Culpeper Court-House. General Lee was very anxious to give battle as soon as possible, but operations were in some way delayed until General Pope captured a despatch from Lee to Stewart containing information of the contemplated advance.

Pope then withdrew to a stronger position behind the Rappahannock River. Longstreet approached the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and Jackson approached higher up at Beverly Ford, near the Orange and Alexandria bridge. They found Pope in an almost unassailable position, with heavy reinforcements summoned to his aid.

The Confederate idea was to force a passage and make the attack before reinforcements could reach Pope. Some sharp marching to this end was done by Longstreet and Jackson. On the 23d Longstreet had a spirited artillery combat at Beverly Ford with a Federal force. The Federals had the superior position, the better guns; the Confederates had more guns, and fought with accustomed persistence. Before night the Federals withdrew. Incidentally, they set fire to a number of farm-houses in the locality. Henry W. Grady, afterwards a distinguished Georgian, who was a small boy during the war, frequently said that one of the worst things about the Union forces was the carelessness with which they handled fire.

Pope was meanwhile on the alert, and Lee found it impracticable to attack him in his stronghold behind the Rappahannock. Lee then decided to change his plan of operations by sending Jackson off on a long march to the rear of the Federal army while keeping Longstreet with thirty thousand men in front to receive any attack that might be made. Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Hill, four miles above Waterloo Bridge, and that night encamped at Salem. The next day he passed through Thoroughfare Gap, moved on by Gainesville, and when the sun next set he was in the rear of Pope's army and between it and Washington. The sudden appearance of his army gave much terror to the Federals in the vicinity; when he arrived at Bristoe Station just before night the Federal guard at that

point sought safer quarters, and two trains of cars coming from towards Warrenton were captured. Jackson sent a force forward seven miles and captured Manassas Junction. He left a force at Bristoe Station and proceeded himself to the Junction. During the afternoon the Federals attacked the Confederates at Bristoe Station in such force as to make it appear that Pope had discovered the situation and was moving upon Jackson with his entire army. The Confederates then hastened away from Bristoe Station and the Federals halted there. Jackson's forces then moved over to a position north of the turnpike leading from Warrenton to Alexandria, and there awaited results.

On the evening of the 28th King's division attacked Jackson, but was repulsed. That same evening Longstreet arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. During the time of Jackson's march he had been engaging Pope's army at different points along the Rappahannock, to impress them with the idea that he was attempting to force a passage in front and with the hope of preventing his discovery of Jackson's movement. Pope was not deceived, however, but turned his army to meet Jackson's daring and unexpected move. Longstreet decided to follow at once. To force a passage of the river, much swollen by recent rains, seemed impossible, and so he took the route by which Jackson had gone. Finding that Thoroughfare Gap was unoccupied, he went into bivouac on the west side of the mountain and sent a brigade under Anderson to occupy the pass.

As the Confederates approached from one side, Ricketts's division of Federals approached from the other and took possession of the east side. Thoroughfare Gap is a rough pass in the Bull Run Mountains, in some places not more than a hundred yards wide. A swift stream rushes through it, and the mountains rise on both sides several hundred feet above. On the north

the face of the Gap is almost perpendicular; the south face is less precipitous, but is covered with tangled mountain ivy and projecting boulders; the position, occupied by a small force, was unassailable. The interposition of Ricketts's division at this mountain pass showed a disposition to hold Longstreet back while overwhelming Jackson. This necessitated prompt and vigorous measures by Longstreet. Three miles north was Hopewell Gap, and it was necessary to get possession of this in advance of the Federals to provide for a flank movement while forcing the way by foot-paths over the mountain heights of Thoroughfare Gap. During the night Longstreet sent Wilcox with three brigades to Hopewell Gap, while he sent Hood and his forces by a trail over the mountain at Thoroughfare.

To the great delight of the Confederates, in the morning it was discovered that Ricketts had given up the east side of the Gap and was going towards Manassas Junction. Longstreet's corps then went along unimpeded. Hearing the artillery combat around Gainesville, they quickened their steps. As the fire became more spirited their movements became more rapid. Passing through Gainesville, they filed to the left down the turnpike, and soon came in sight of the Federal troops held at bay by Jackson. They were on the left and rear of the Federals; the artillery was ordered up for action, but the advance was discovered, and the Federals withdrew from attack and retired behind Groveton on defensive ground. The battalion of Washington Artillery was thrown forward to a favorable position on Jackson's right, and Longstreet's general line was deployed so as to extend it to the right some distance beyond the Manassas Gap Railroad.

The two great armies were now face to face, both in good positions, each anxious to find a point for an entering wedge into the stronghold of the adversary.

What troubled the Confederates was the unknown number of Federals at Manassas Junction. Each side watched the movements of the other until the day was far spent. Orders were given for a Confederate advance under the cover of night until the main position of the enemy could be more carefully examined by the earliest light of the next day. It so happened that a similar order was issued at the same time by the Federals, and the result was a spirited engagement, which was a surprise to both sides. Longstreet's corps was, however, successful, so far, at least, as to capture a piece of artillery and make reconnoissance before midnight. The next day Longstreet did not deem an attack wise, and the Confederate forces were ordered back to their original positions. Then each side was apprehensive that the other was going to get away.

Pope telegraphed to Washington that Longstreet was in full retreat and he was preparing to follow; while Longstreet, thinking Pope was trying to escape, was arranging to move to the left across Bull Run, so as to get over on the Little River pike and between Pope and Washington. Just before nine o'clock that day (the 30th) Pope's artillery began to play a little, and some of his infantry was seen in motion. Longstreet construed this as a display to cover his movements to the rear. Later a large division of Pope's army began an attack on the left along the whole of Jackson's line. Pope evidently supposed that Longstreet was gone, and intended to crush Jackson with a terrific onslaught. Longstreet was meanwhile looking for a place to get in. Riding along the front of his line, he could plainly see the Federals as they rushed in heavy masses against Jackson's obstinate ranks. It was a splendidly organized attack.

Longstreet received a request from Jackson for reinforcements, and about the same time an order from

DEFEAT OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS BY LONGSTREET'S CORPS, SECOND MANASSAS.

FLEET LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY

General Lee to the same effect. Longstreet quickly ordered out three batteries. Lieutenant Chapman's Dixie Battery of four guns was the first to report, and was placed in position to rake the Federal ranks. In a moment a heavy fire of shot and shell was poured into the thick columns of the Federals, and in ten minutes their stubborn masses began to waver. For a moment there was chaos; then there was order, and they reformed to renew the attack. Meanwhile, Longstreet's other eight pieces had begun deadly work. The Federal ranks broke again and again, only to be reformed with dogged determination.

A third time the Longstreet batteries tore the Federals to pieces, and as they fell back under this terrible fire Longstreet's troops leaped forward with the famous rebel yell. They pressed onward until, at ten o'clock at night, they had the field. Pope was across Bull Run and the victorious Confederates lay down to sleep on the battle-ground, while around them thousands of friend and foe slept the last sleep together.

The next morning the Federals were in a strong position at Centerville. Longstreet sent a brigade across Bull Run under General Pryor to occupy a point near Centerville. General Lee ordered Jackson to cross Bull Run near Sudley's and turn the position of the Federals occupying Centerville. On the next day (September 1) Longstreet followed, but the Federals discovered the move, abandoned Centerville, and started towards Washington. On that evening a part of the Federal force at Ox Hill encountered Jackson and gave him a sharp fight. Longstreet went to Jackson's rescue.

With the coming darkness it was difficult to distinguish between the scattered ranks of the opposing armies. General Philip Kearny, a magnificent Federal officer, rode hastily up looking for the broken lines of his command. At first he did not know that he was in the

Confederate line, and the Confederates did not notice that he was a Federal. He began quietly to inquire about some command, and was soon recognized. He was called upon to surrender, but instead of doing so he wheeled his horse, pressed spurs to his sides, lay flat on the animal's neck, and dashed away like the wind. A dozen shots rang out, and in less time than it takes to tell the story the heroic Kearny fell dead. He had been in the army all his life; the Confederate generals who had formerly been in the Union army knew him; Longstreet loved him well; General A. P. Hill, who was standing by, said, sorrowfully, "Poor Kearny! he deserved a better death than this." The next day his body was sent over the lines with a flag of truce and a note from General Lee referring tenderly to the manner in which he had met his death. The Federal forces which had been fighting the Ox Hill battle proved to be the rear guard covering the retreat of the Federals into Washington.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND AND THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM

General Longstreet always thought that the division of the Confederate army after they moved into Maryland proved their downfall. This, however, is not a part of my story.

At this time General Pope had been relieved and General McClellan restored to the command of the Union army. With ninety thousand troops, he marched towards Antietam to avenge the second Manassas.

General D. H. Hill was at South Mountain with five thousand men; Longstreet's First Corps was at Hagerstown, thirteen miles farther on; General Lee was with him, and on the night of the 13th of September,

1862, information was received that McClellan was at the foot of South Mountain with his great army. It was decided to withdraw the forces of Longstreet and Hill from their respective positions and unite at Sharpsburg, which afforded a strong defensive position. On the afternoon of the 15th of September the commands of Longstreet and Hill crossed the Antietam Creek and took position in front of Sharpsburg, Longstreet on the right and Hill on the left. They soon found their weak point was on the left at the famous Dunkard Church. Hood, with two brigades, was put to guard that point. That night, after the fall of Harper's Ferry, General Lee ordered Stonewall Jackson to come to Sharpsburg as quickly as possible.

On the forenoon of the 15th the blue uniforms of the Federals appeared among the trees that crowned the heights on the eastern bank of the Antietam. Their numbers increased in proportions distressing to their opponents, who were shattered by repeated battles, tired by long marches, and fed most meagrely. On the 16th Jackson arrived and took position on Longstreet's left. Before night the Federals attacked, but were driven back. Hood was ordered to replenish his ammunition during the night and resume his position on Longstreet's right in the morning. General Jackson's forces were extended to the left, and reached well back towards the Potomac, where most of the Confederate cavalry was. General Robert Toombs was placed as guard on the bridge at Longstreet's right.

On the Federal side General Hooker, who had been driven back in the afternoon, was reinforced by the corps of Sumner and Mansfield; Sykes's division was also drawn into position for battle; Burnside was over against Longstreet's right threatening the passage of the Antietam. On the morning of the 17th the Federals were in good position and in good condition. Back of

McClellan's line was a high ridge, upon which he had a signal-station overlooking every point of the field. D. R. Jones's brigades of Longstreet's command deployed on the right of the Sharpsburg pike, while Hood's brigades awaited orders; D. H. Hill was on the left towards the Hagerstown-Sharpsburg pike; Jackson extended out from Hill's left towards the Potomac.

The battle opened heavily with attacks by Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner against Longstreet's left centre, which consisted of Jackson's right and D. H. Hill's left. So persistent were the attacks that Longstreet sent Hood to support the Confederate centre. The Confederates were forced back somewhat; McClellan's forces continued the attacks; the line swayed forward and back like a rope exposed to rushing currents; a weak point would be driven back and then the Confederate fragments would be collected and the lost ground recovered; the battle ebbed and flowed with fearful slaughter on both sides. The Federals came forward with wonderful courage, and the Confederates heroically held their ground, while they were mown down like grass.

How Lee's ragged army withstood McClellan's troops no one will ever be able to tell. Hood's ammunition gave out; he retired for a fresh supply; the Federals continued to come up in great masses. At one point, under the crest of a hill occupying a position that from four to six brigades should have held, there were only the stranded troops of Cooke's regiment of North Carolina Infantry, who were without a cartridge. As Longstreet rode along the line of his staff, he saw two pieces of Washington Artillery (Miller's battery), but there were not enough men to handle them. The gunners had all been killed or wounded—and this was the Confederate centre. Longstreet held the horses of his

staff-officers, put them to man the guns, and calmly surveyed the situation. He saw that if the Federals broke through the line at that point the Confederate army would be cut in two and probably destroyed. Cooke sent him word that his ammunition was entirely out. Longstreet replied that he must hold his position as long as he had a man left. Cooke responded that he would show his colors as long as there was left a man alive to hold them up. The two guns were rapidly loaded with canister by the staff-officers, and they rattled leaden hail into the Federals as they came up over the crest of the hill. That little battery, with superhuman energy, had to hold thousands of Federals at bay, or the whole battle would be lost.

The Confederates sought to make the Federals believe that many batteries were before them. As they came up, they would see the colors of Cooke's North Carolina regiment waving as placidly as if the whole of Lee's army were back of them, while a shower of canister came from the two lonely guns. General Chilton, General Lee's chief of staff, made his way to Longstreet and asked, "Where are the troops you are holding your line with?" Longstreet pointed to his two pieces and to Cooke's regiment, and replied, "There they are; but that regiment hasn't a cartridge." Chilton, dumb with astonishment, rode back to tell the story to General Lee. Then an enfilade fire from General D. H. Hill's line ploughed the ground across the Federal front and kept them back; meanwhile, R. H. Anderson and General Hood came to the support of this fearfully pushed Confederate centre. In a little while another Federal assault was made against D. H. Hill and extending far to the Confederate left, where McLaws and Walker were supporting Jackson. In this fearful combat the lines swung back and forth, the Federals attacking with invincible motion and the

Confederates holding their positions with irresistible force.

Meanwhile, General Lee was over towards the right, where Burnside was making the attack. General Toombs, assigned as guard at that point, had only four hundred weary and footsore soldiers to meet the Federal Ninth Corps, which pressed the brave little band slowly back. The delay that Toombs caused, however, saved that part of the battle, for at the last moment A. P. Hill came in to reinforce him and D. H. Hill discovered a place for a battery and lost no time in opening it. Thus the Confederates drove the Federals back, and when night settled down the army of Lee was still in possession of the field. But it was a victory that was not a victory, for thousands of Confederates were dead on the field and gallant commands had been torn into fragments. Nearly one-fourth of the troops who went into the battle were killed or wounded. This day has been well called the bloodiest day of the Civil War.

General Longstreet was fond of telling how during the battle he and General Lee were riding along his line and D. H. Hill's when they started up a hill to make a reconnoissance. Lee and Longstreet dismounted, but Hill remained on his horse. General Longstreet said to Hill, "If you insist on riding up there and drawing the fire, give us time to get out of the line of the fire when they open up anew." While they were all standing there viewing with their glasses the Federal movements, Longstreet noticed a puff of white smoke from a Federal cannon. He called to Hill, "That shot is for you." The gunner was a mile away, but the cannon-shot took off the front legs of Hill's horse. The horse's head was so low and his croup so high that Hill was in a very ludicrous position. With one foot in the stirrup he made several efforts to get the other leg over the croup, but failed. Lee and Long-

street yelled at him to dismount from the other end of the horse, and so he got down. He had a third horse shot under him before the close of the battle. General Longstreet said that that shot at Hill was the second best shot he ever saw. The best was at Yorktown, where a Federal officer came out in front of the Confederate line, sat down to a little platting table, and began to make a map. A Confederate officer carefully sighted a cannon, touched it off, and dropped a shell into the lap of the man at the little table a mile or more away.

After the battle closed, parties from both sides, by mutual consent, went in search of fallen comrades.

After riding along the lines, giving instructions for the night and morning, General Longstreet rode for general head-quarters to make report, but was delayed somewhat, finding wounded men hidden away under stone walls and in fence-corners, not yet looked after, and afterwards in assisting a family whose home had been fired by a shell, so that all the other officers had arrived, made their reports, and were lounging about on the sod when General Longstreet rode up. General Lee walked up as he dismounted, threw his hands upon his shoulders, and hailed him with, " Here is my old war-horse at last!"

FREDERICKSBURG

When General Lee learned that General McClellan had been succeeded by General Burnside, he expressed regret at having to part with McClellan, because, he said, " We always understood each other so well. I fear they may continue to make these changes till they find some one whom I don't understand."

The Federal army was encamped around Warrenton, Virginia, and was divided into three grand divisions, under Generals Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. Lee's

army was on the opposite side of the Rappahannock River, divided into two corps, the First commanded by General Longstreet and the Second by General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson. At that time the Confederate army extended from Culpeper Court-House, where the First Corps was stationed, across the Blue Ridge, down the Valley of Virginia, to Winchester, where Jackson was encamped with the Second Corps. Information was received about the 19th of November that Sumner with his grand division of more than thirty thousand men was moving towards Fredericksburg. Two of General Longstreet's divisions were ordered down to meet him. After a forced march they arrived on the hills around Fredericksburg about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st (November, 1862). Sumner had already arrived, and was encamped on Stafford Heights overlooking the town from the Federal side.

About the 26th it became evident that Fredericksburg would be the scene of a battle, and Longstreet advised the people who were still in town to leave. A previous threat from the Federal forces that they might have to shell the town had already forced many to leave. Distressed women, little children, aged and helpless men, many of them destitute and with nowhere to go, trudged away as best they could. Soon the remainder of Longstreet's corps came up from Culpeper Court-House, and it was then known that all the Army of the Potomac was in motion for the prospective scene of battle, when Jackson was drawn down from the Blue Ridge. In a short time the Army of Northern Virginia was face to face with the Army of the Potomac. On the Confederate side nearest the Rappahannock was Taylor's Hill, and South of it Marye's Hill; next, Telegraph Hill, the highest Confederate elevation, afterwards known as Lee's Hill, because General Lee was there during the battle. Longstreet's head-quarters in the field were

there. Next was a declination through which Deep Run Creek passed on to the Rappahannock, and next was Hamilton's Crossing, upon which Stonewall Jackson massed thirty thousand men. Upon these hills the Confederates prepared to receive Burnside whenever he might choose to cross the Rappahannock.

The Federals occupied the noted Stafford Heights beyond the river, and here they carefully matured their plans of advance and attack. General Hunt, chief of artillery, skilfully posted one hundred and forty-seven guns to cover the bottoms upon which the infantry was to form for the attack, and at the same time play upon the Confederate batteries. Franklin and Hooker had joined Sumner, and the Federal army were one hundred and sixteen thousand strong. The Federals had been seen along the banks of the river investigating the best places to cross. President Lincoln had been down with General Halleck, who had suggested that a crossing be made at Hoop-Pole Ferry, about twenty-eight or thirty miles below Fredericksburg. The Confederates discovered this movement, and it was then abandoned. There were sixty-five thousand Confederates well located upon the various hills on the other side of the river. Anderson, McLaws, Ransom, Hood, A. P. and D. H. Hill, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, and the great Robert E. Lee himself were all there.

On the morning of the 11th of December, 1862, an hour or so before daybreak, the slumbering Confederates were awakened by a cannon thundering on the heights of Marye's Hill. It was recognized as the signal of the Washington Artillery, and it told that the Federal troops were preparing to cross the Rappahannock and give battle. The Federals came down to the river and began to build their bridges, when Barksdale and his heroic Mississippians opened fire, which forced them to retire. The Federals then turned their whole

artillery force on Fredericksburg, demolishing the houses with a cyclone of fire. The only offence of the little town was that it was situated where the battle raged. The little band of Mississippians kept up their work, and like so many angry hornets stung the whole Army of the Potomac into frenzy. Longstreet ordered Barksdale to withdraw, and the Federals then constructed their pontoons without molestation, and the next day Sumner's grand division passed over into Fredericksburg; General Franklin's grand division passed over on pontoon bridges lower down and massed on the level bottoms opposite Hamilton's Crossing, in front of Stonewall Jackson's corps. Opposite Fredericksburg the formation along the river bank was such that the Federals were concealed in their approaches, and they thereby succeeded in getting over and concealing the grand division of Sumner and a part of Hooker's grand division in Fredericksburg, and so disposing of Franklin in the open plain below as to give out the impression that the great force was there to oppose Jackson.

Before daylight of the eventful 13th Longstreet rode to the right of his line, held by Hood's division, which was in hearing of the Federals who were marching their troops to the attack on Jackson. Longstreet ordered Hood, in case Jackson's line should be broken, to wheel around to his right and strike in on the attacking bodies, while he ordered Pickett with his division to join in the flank movement. He told them at the same time that he himself would be attacked near his left centre, that he would be personally at that point, and that his position was so well defended that he would not need their troops. He returned to Lee's Hill soon after sunrise.

There was a thick fog that morning, and the preparations of the Federals were concealed thereby. The Confederates grimly awaited the onslaught. About ten o'clock the sun burst through the fog and revealed the

mighty panorama in the valley below. Franklin's forty thousand men, reinforced by two divisions of Hooker's grand division, were in front of Jackson's thirty thousand. The flags of the Federals fluttered gayly, their polished arms shone brightly, and the beautiful uniforms of the buoyant troops gave a holiday air to the scene. A splendid array it was. Awaiting their approach was Jackson's ragged infantry, and beyond was Stuart's battered cavalry. The majority of the Federal troops were in Fredericksburg almost in reach of the Confederate guns. There was some lively firing between a part of Franklin's command and a part of Stuart's Horse Artillery under Major John Pelham. Franklin advanced rapidly towards Jackson; silently Jackson awaited his approach until within good range, and then opened with a terrific fire, which threw the Federals into some confusion. The Federals again massed and advanced, and pressed through a gap in Jackson's line. Then they came upon Gregg's brigade, and a severe encounter ensued in which Gregg was mortally wounded. The concentration of the divisions of Taliaferro and Early against this attack drove the Federals back.

On the Confederate side near the town was a stone wall, shoulder high. Behind this stone wall Longstreet had placed General T. R. R. Cobb's brigade and a portion of the brigade of General Kershaw,—about two thousand five hundred men in all. To reach Longstreet's weakest point the Federals had to pass directly over this wall.

Just before noon Longstreet sent orders to all his batteries to open fire as a diversion in favor of Jackson. This fire began at once to develop work for Longstreet. The Federal troops swarmed out of Fredericksburg and came in double-quick towards Cobb's wall. From the moment of their appearance fearful carnage began.

The Confederate artillery from the front, right, and left tore through their ranks, but the Federals pressed forward with almost invincible determination. Thus they marched upon the stone fence behind which Cobb's brigade was quietly waiting. When the Federals came within its reach they were swept from the field like chaff before the wind. A vast number went pell-mell into an old railroad cut to escape fire from the right and front. A battery on Lee's Hill saw this, and turned its fire into the entire length of the cut, and wrought frightful destruction. Though thus repulsed and scattered in its first attempt to drive the Confederates from Marye's Hill, the determined Federal army quickly formed again and filed out of Fredericksburg to another charge. Again they were forced to retire before the well-directed guns of Cobb's brigade and the fire of the artillery on the heights.

Still again they formed and advanced, and again they were driven off. By this time they had difficulty in walking over the dead bodies of their comrades. So persistent were they in their continuing advances that General Lee, who at the time was with Longstreet on Lee's Hill, became uneasy and said that he feared the Federals would break through his line. To this Longstreet replied, " General, if you put every man now on the other side of the Potomac on that field to approach me over the same line, and give me plenty of ammunition, I will kill them all before they reach my line. Look to your right; you are in some danger there, but not on my line." As a precaution, General Kershaw was ordered with the remainder of his brigade down to the stone wall to carry ammunition to Cobb and to reinforce him if necessary. Kershaw arrived just in time to succeed Cobb, who was falling from a Federal bullet, to die in a few minutes from loss of blood. A fifth time the Federals formed, charged, and were repulsed, and

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, FROM THE BATTERY ON LEE'S HILL.

REESE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

likewise a sixth time, when they were again driven back, and night came to end the dreadful carnage. The Federals then withdrew, leaving the field literally piled up with the bodies of their dead. The Confederate musketry alone killed and wounded at least five thousand, while the artillery brought the number of those killed and wounded at the foot of Marye's Hill to over seven thousand.

During the night a Federal strayed beyond his line, was taken up by Longstreet's troops, and on his person was found a memorandum of General Burnside's arrangements and an order for the renewal of the battle next day. Upon receiving this information General Lee gave immediate orders for a line of rifle-pits on the top of Marye's Hill for General Ransom, who had been held somewhat in reserve, and for other guns to be placed on Taylor's Hill. The Confederates were up before daylight on the morrow, anxious to receive General Burnside again. The Federal troops, however, had left the field. It was at first thought that the memorandum was intended as a ruse of war, but it was afterwards learned that General Burnside expected to resume attack, but gave it up when he became fully aware of the fate of his soldiers at the foot of Marye's Hill.

CHICKAMAUGA

THIS battle marked the only great Confederate victory won in the West, and was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Indeed, the contest for the bloodiest day in this great war is, I believe, between Antietam and Chickamauga. Official reports show that on both sides the casualties embrace the enormous proportion of thirty-three per cent. of the troops actually engaged.

On the Union side there were over a score of regiments in which the losses in this single fight exceeded 49.4 per cent. The " Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava," immortalized by Tennyson, did not suffer by ten per cent. as much as did thirty of the Union regiments at Chickamauga; and a number of Confederate regiments suffered even more than their Federal opponents.

Longstreet's command in less than two hours lost nearly forty-four per cent. of its strength. Of the troops that received their splendid assaults, Steedman's and Brannan's commands lost respectively forty-nine and thirty-eight per cent. in less than four hours. The loss of single regiments showed a much heavier percentage. For instance, the Tenth Tennessee Regiment lost sixty-eight per cent.; the Fifth Georgia, 61.1; the Second Tennessee, 60.2; the Sixteenth Alabama, 58.6; a great number of them more than fifty per cent.

The total Confederate losses were about 18,000 men; the total Federal losses, about 17,000. Viewed from the stand-point of both sides, Chickamauga was the fifth greatest battle of the war, being exceeded only by Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, the Wilderness, and Chancellorsville. But each of these battles were of a much longer time. The total Confederates engaged in the battle were 59,242; the total Federals, 60,867. The battle was fought on the 20th of September, 1863.

The movements of both sides were too complex to be followed here. During a very hot part of the battle, General Hood, on the Confederate side, was fearfully wounded; General Benning, of his " Rock Brigade," lost his own horse, and thought that General Hood was killed and that everything was gone to smash. He cut a horse loose from a captured gun, grabbed a rope trace as a riding whip, mounted, and rode to meet General Longstreet and report. He had lost his hat in the mêlée, and everything was in terrible shape. He reported,—

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA. CONFEDERATES FLANKING THE UNION FORCES.

"General Hood killed, my horse killed, my brigade torn to pieces, and I haven't a single man left."

General Longstreet smiled, and quietly asked him if he did not think he could find *one* man. Quieted by the tone of the question, he began to look for his men, found quite a number of them, and quickly joined the fighting forces at the front, where he discovered that the Confederates had carried the first line, that Johnson's division was in the breach and pushing on, with Hindman spreading battle to the enemy's limits, Stuart's division holding bravely on, and the brigades of Kershaw and Humphreys coming along to help restore the battle to good organization.

About one o'clock in the day lunch was ordered spread for a number of the officers. General Longstreet meanwhile rode with General Buckner and the staffs to view the changed conditions of the battle. He could see but little of the enemy's line, and only knew it by the occasional exchange of fire between the skirmishers. Suddenly the party discovered that they had passed the Confederate line and were within the fire of the Federal sharp-shooters, who were concealed behind the trees and under the brush. They came back in more than double-quick. General Longstreet ordered General Buckner to establish a twelve-gun battery on the right and enfilade the Federal works. Then he rode away to enjoy a sumptuous spread of Nassau bacon and Georgia sweet potatoes. They were not accustomed to potatoes of any kind in Virginia, and the Georgia variety was a peculiar luxury. While the lunch was in its first stages a fragment of shell came tearing through the woods, passed through a book in the hands of a courier who sat his horse hard by reading, and struck down the chief of ordnance, Colonel T. P. Manning. Friends sprang forward to look for the wound and give relief. Manning

had just taken an unusually large bite of sweet potato, and was about suffocating thereby. He was supposed to be gasping for his last breath when General Longstreet suggested that he be relieved of the potato and given a chance to breathe. This done, he soon revived, and was ready to be taken to the hospital, and in a few days he was again ready for either a Federal shell or a Georgia potato.

The vicissitudes of the battle were many and varied, but finally the Federal forces quit the field and the different wings of the Confederate army came together and greeted each other with loud huzzas. The Army of the Tennessee was ready to celebrate its first grand victory, in spite of the great losses sustained. The twilight dews hung heavy over the trees, as if to hush the voice of victory in the presence of death, but nevertheless, the two lines, which neared as they advanced, united their shouts in increasing volume, not as the cannon's violent noise, but as one great burst of harmony that seemed almost to lift from their rooted depths the great forest trees. Before greetings and congratulations upon the success had passed it was night, and the mild beams of the quartering moon were more suggestive of Venus than of Mars, as Longstreet rested in the white light of the one great triumph of Confederate arms in the West.

IN EAST TENNESSEE

About the 1st of November, 1863, it was determined at Confederate head-quarters that Longstreet should be ordered into East Tennessee against General Burnside's army.

On the 22d of October General Grant joined the army, and it was known that General Sherman was marching to join him.

On the 20th of October General Burnside reported by letter to General Grant an army of twenty-two thousand three hundred men, with ninety-odd guns, but his returns for November gave a force of twenty-five thousand two hundred and ninety, and over one hundred guns. Eight thousand of his men were on service north of Knoxville and about Cumberland Gap.

To march, capture, and disperse this formidable force, fortified at points, Longstreet had about fifteen thousand men, after deducting camp guards and foraging parties. Marching and fighting had been his almost daily occupation from the middle of January, 1863, when he left Fredericksburg to move down to Suffolk, Virginia, until the 16th of December, when he found bleak winter again breaking upon him, away from friends, and dependent upon his own efforts for food and clothing for his ragged and hungry Confederates.

It is not in the purview of this paper to more than briefly refer to Longstreet's work in East Tennessee in the bitter winter of 1863–64. He has said that Washington's men at Valley Forge did not suffer more than his command on the hard campaigns of that severe winter. Much of the time half-clad and shoeless, the snow-covered ground bore the bloody imprint of their naked feet. They were compelled to dig holes in the frozen ground, which were thawed out by fires to furnish their usual couch. They had nothing to eat but parched corn. But the brave fellows never lost heart. They undertook to make a joke of their dire straits. As General Longstreet rode out among them, they would call cheerily to know if they might not have a little fodder to eat with their corn.

It is now generally conceded that no more valorous service was rendered the Confederate cause during the four years' fighting than Longstreet's work in East Tennessee, cut off from supplies, improperly supported

by his government, and sent with an inadequate force to attack Burnside in his stronghold.

Mrs. Grant, a few years before her death, in discussing the events of those campaigns, said to me that General Grant had come to Nashville to spend Christmas with her. She had scarcely given him greeting when a hurried message came from Knoxville,—"Longstreet is coming!" He was much perturbed at having to forego his Christmas with his family and return immediately to his works about Knoxville. In parting she said to him, "Now, Ulysses, you know that you are not going to hurt Longstreet." Grant quickly replied, "I will if I can get him; he is in bad company."

To "get" Longstreet or to drive him out of Tennessee came to be the chief concern of Grant and his government. General Halleck was much concerned about the Confederate army in East Tennessee, the only strategic field then held by Southern troops. It was inconveniently near Kentucky and the Ohio River. President Lincoln and his War Secretary added their anxiety to Halleck's on account of its politico-strategic bearing. General Halleck urged his views upon General Grant, and despatched General Foster that it was of first importance to "drive Longstreet out of Tennessee and keep him out." General Grant ordered: "Drive Longstreet to the farthest point east that you can." It was easier to issue that order than to execute it. And Grant reported to the authorities:

"If Longstreet is not driven out of the valley entirely, and the road destroyed east of Abingdon, I do not think it unlikely that the last great battle of the war will be fought in East Tennessee. Reports of deserters and citizens show the army of Bragg to be too much demoralized and reduced by desertions to do anything this winter. I will get everything in order here in a few days and go to Nashville and Louisville, and,

THE ASSAULT ON FORT SANDERS, KNOXVILLE.

if there is still a chance of doing anything against Longstreet, to the scene of operations there. I am deeply interested in moving the enemy beyond Saltville this winter, so as to be able to select my own campaign in the spring, instead of having the enemy dictate it to me."

About the middle of December orders were given the Confederate army, which was on the west bank of the Holston River, to cross and march for the railroad, only a few miles away.

The transfer of the army to the east bank of the river was executed by diligent work and the use of such flatboats and other means of crossing as could be collected and constructed. They were over by the 20th, and before Christmas were in camps along the railroad near Morristown. Blankets and clothes were scarce, shoes more so. But to the hungry Confederates the beautiful country in which they found themselves seemed a land of milk and honey. The French Broad River and the Holston are confluent at Knoxville. The country between and beyond them contains as fine farming-lands and has as delightful climate as can be found. Stock and grain were on all farms. Wheat and oats had been thoughtfully hidden away by the Federals, but the fields were full of maize, still standing. The country around the French Broad had hardly been touched by the foragers. The Confederate wagons immediately on entering the fields were loaded to overflowing. Pumpkins were on the ground in places like apples under a tree. Cattle, sheep, and swine, poultry, vegetables, maple sugar, and honey were all abundant for immediate wants of the troops.

When the Federals found that the Confederates had moved to the east bank, their cavalry followed to that side. They were almost as much in want of the beautiful foraging lands as the Confederates, but there was

little left for them. With the plenitude of provisions for the time, and many things which seemed luxuries, the Confederates were not altogether happy. Tattered garments, blankets, and shoes (the latter going, many gone) opened ways, on all sides, for piercing winter blasts. There were some hand-looms in the country, from which there was occasionally picked up a piece of cloth, and here and there other comforts were received, some from kind and some from unwilling hands, which nevertheless could spare them. For shoes the men were compelled to resort to the raw hides of beef cattle as temporary protection from the frozen ground. Then soldiers were discovered who could tan the hides of beeves, some who could make shoes, some who could make shoe-pegs, some who could make shoe-lasts; so it came about, through the varied industries of Longstreet's men, that the hides passed rapidly from the beeves to the feet of the soldiers. Thus the soldier's life was made, for a time, passably pleasant in the infantry and artillery. Meanwhile, the Confederate cavalry were looking at the Federals, and the Federals were looking at them, both frequently burning powder between their lines.

General Sturgis had been assigned to the cavalry of the other side, to relieve General Shackelford, and he seemed to think that the dead of winter was the time for cavalry work; and the Confederate General Martin's orders were to have the enemy under his eye at all hours. Both were vigilant, active, and persevering.

About December 20 a raid was made by General Averill from West Virginia upon a supply depot of General Sam Jones's department, at Salem, which was partially successful, when General Grant, under the impression that the stores were for East Tennessee, wired General Foster, "This will give you great advantage." And General Foster despatched General Parke, com-

manding his troops in the field, December 26, "Longstreet will feel a little timid now, and will bear a little pushing."

General Grant made a visit to Knoxville about New Year's, and remained until the 7th. He found General Foster in the condition of the Confederates,—not properly supplied with clothing, especially in want of shoes. So he authorized a wait for clothing, then in transit and looked for in a week; and that little delay was a great lift for the Confederates.

Before leaving General Foster, General Grant ordered him, on receipt of clothing, to advance and "drive Longstreet at least beyond Bull's Gap and Red Bridge." And to prepare for that advance, he ordered the Ninth and Twenty-third Corps to Mossy Creek, the Fourth Corps to Strawberry Plains, and the cavalry to Dandridge.

The Union army—equipped—marched on the 14th and 15th of January. The bitter freeze of two weeks had made the rough angles of mud as firm and sharp as so many freshly quarried rocks, and the bare feet of the Confederates on this march left bloody marks along the roads.

General Sturgis rode in advance of the army, and occupied Dandridge by Elliott's, Wolford's, and Garrard's divisions of cavalry and Mott's brigade of infantry. The Fourth and Twenty-ninth Corps followed the cavalry, leaving the Ninth Corps to guard at Strawberry Plains.

General Martin gave prompt notice that the march was at Dandridge and in full force. Dandridge is on the right bank of the French Broad River, about thirty miles from Knoxville. Its topographical features are bold and inviting of military work. Its other striking characteristic was the interesting character of its citizens. The Confederates—a unit in heart and spirit—

were prepared to do their share towards making an effective battle, and the plans were so laid.

At the time ordered for his advance General Foster was suffering from an old wound, and General Parke became commander of the troops in the field. The latter delayed at Strawberry Plains in arranging that part of his command, and General Sheridan, marching with the advance, became commander, until superseded by the corps commander, General Gordon Granger.

The Confederate plans were laid before the army was all up. Their skirmish line was made stronger, and relieved the cavalry of their dismounted service. A narrow, unused road, practicable for artillery, was found that opened a way for the Confederates to reach the enemy's rearward line of march. Sharp-shooters were organized and ordered forward by it, to be followed by our infantry columns. It was thought better to move the infantry alone, as the ringing of the iron axles of the guns might give notice of the Confederate purpose; the artillery to be called as the Confederate sharp-shooters approached the junction of the roads. The head of the turning force encountered a picket-guard, some of whom escaped without firing. General Granger decided to retire, and was in time to leave the cross-roads behind him, his rear-guard passing the point of intersection before the Confederate advance party reached it about midnight.

The weather moderated before night, and after dark a mild, gentle rain began to fall.

When Longstreet rode into Dandridge in the gray of the morning the ground was thawing and hardly firm enough to bear the weight of his horse. When the cavalry came at sunrise the last crust of ice had melted, letting the animals down to their fetlocks in heavy limestone soil. The mud and want of a bridge to cross the Holston made pursuit by the heavy Confederate col-

umns useless. The cavalry was ordered on, and the troops at Morristown, on the Strawberry Plains road, were ordered to try that route, but the latter proved to be too heavy for progress with artillery.

While General Longstreet rode through the streets of Dandridge, giving directions for such pursuit of the fleeing Federals as could be made, a lady came out upon the sidewalk and invited him into her parlors. When the orders for pursuit were completed, he dismounted, and with some members of his staff walked in. After the compliments of the season were passed, the Confederates were asked to be seated, and the lady told, with evident great enjoyment, of General Granger during the night before. She had never heard a person swear about another as General Granger did about General Longstreet. Some of the officers proposed to stop and make a battle, but General Granger swore, and said, "It's no use to stop and fight Longstreet. You can't whip him. It don't make any difference whether he has one man or a hundred thousand." Presently she brought out a flask that General Granger had forgotten, and presented it to General Longstreet. It had about two horizontal fingers left in it. Though not left with compliments, it was accepted. Although the weather had moderated, it was very wet and nasty, and as General Longstreet had taken his coffee at three o'clock, it was resolved to call it noon and divide the spoils. Colonel Fairfax, who knew how to enjoy good things, thought the occasion called for a sentiment, and offered, "General Granger—may his shadow never grow less."

The cavalry found the road and its side-ways so cut up that the pursuit was reduced to a labored walk. The previous hard service and exposure had so reduced the animals that they were not in trim for real effective cavalry service. They found some crippled battery forges

and a little of other plunder, but the enemy passed the Holston and broke his bridges behind him, and Longstreet's men returned to their huts and winter homes.

To seek some of the fruits of his advantage at Dandridge, the roads being a little firmer, General Longstreet ordered his leading division, under General Jenkins, on the 21st, to proceed to march towards Strawberry Plains, and the Richmond authorities were asked to send a pontoon bridge, tools of construction, and to hurry forward such shoes as they could send.

On the 24th, as the official records show, General Grant sent word to General Halleck of Longstreet's return towards Knoxville; that he had ordered General Foster to give battle, if necessary, and that he would send General Thomas with additional troops to insure that Longstreet would be driven from the State. He also directed General Thomas to go in person and take command, and said, "I want Longstreet routed and pursued beyond the limits of Tennessee." And he ordered General Foster to put his cavalry on a raid from Cumberland Gap to cut in upon Longstreet's rear.

On the 6th of February General Grant reported from Nashville,—

"Major-General H. W. Halleck,

"General-in-Chief:

"I am making every effort to get supplies from Knoxville for the support of a large force—large enough to drive Longstreet out.

"U. S. Grant,

"*Major-General Commanding.*"

"Major-General Thomas:

"Reports of scouts make it evident that Joe Johnston has removed most of his force from our front, two divisions going to Longstreet. Longstreet has been reinforced by troops from the east. This makes it evident the enemy intends to secure East

Tennessee if they can, and I intend to drive them out or get whipped this month. For this purpose you will have to detach at least ten thousand men besides Stanley's division (more will be better). I can partly relieve the vacuum at Chattanooga by troops from Logan's command. It will not be necessary to take artillery or wagons to Knoxville, but all the serviceable artillery horses should be taken to use on artillery there. Six mules to each two hundred men should be taken, if you have them to spare. Let me know how soon you can start.

"Grant,
"*Major-General.*"

On the 9th Major-General J. M. Schofield arrived at Knoxville, and assumed command of the Army of the Ohio.

General Grant reported on the 11th,—

"Major-General H. W. Halleck,
"General-in-Chief:

"I expect to get off from Chattanooga by Monday next a force to drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee. It has been impossible heretofore to subsist the troops necessary for this work.

"U. S. Grant,
"*Major-General.*"

"Major-General J. M. Schofield,
"Knoxville, Tennessee:

"I deem it of the utmost importance to drive Longstreet out immediately, so as to furlough the balance of our veterans, and to prepare for a spring campaign of our own choosing, instead of permitting the enemy to dictate it for us. Thomas is ordered to start ten thousand men, besides the remainder of Granger's corps, at once. He will take no artillery, but will take his artillery horses, and three mules to one hundred men. He will probably start next Monday.

"U. S. Grant,
"*Major-General.*"

How General Grant abandoned the move against Longstreet, while Longstreet kept Schofield bottled up all through that trying winter in his works about Knoxville, is old history.

The Confederate government finally abandoned the plan of occupying East Tennessee, and on the 7th of April Longstreet was ordered, with the part of his command that had originally served with the Army of Northern Virginia, to join General Lee on the Rapidan.

I have gone thus far into the East Tennessee campaigns for the pleasure it gives me to reproduce the following resolutions passed by the Confederate Congress during General Longstreet's arduous work in the winter of 1863–64:

"No. 42. Joint Resolutions of Thanks to Lieutenant-General Longstreet and the officers and men of his command.

"*Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America*, That the thanks of the Congress are due, and hereby cordially tendered, to Lieutenant-General James Longstreet and the officers and men of his command, for their patriotic services and brilliant achievements in the present war, sharing as they have the arduous fatigues and privations of many campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Tennessee, and participating in nearly every great battle fought in those States, the commanding general ever displaying great ability, skill, and prudence in command, and the officers and men the most heroic bravery, fortitude, and energy, in every duty they have been called upon to perform.

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to Lieutenant-General Longstreet for publication to his command.

"Approved February 17, 1864."

THE WILDERNESS

The Wilderness is a forest land about fifteen miles square, lying between and equidistant from Orange Court-House and Fredericksburg. It is broken occasionally by small farms and abandoned clearings, and two roads,—the Orange Plank Road and the turnpike, which are cut at right angles by the Germania road,—in general course nearly parallel, open ways through it between Fredericksburg and the Court-House. The Germania Ford road joins the Brock road, the strategic line of the military zone, and crosses the turnpike at Wilderness Tavern and the plank road about two miles south of that point.

General Grant was making his head-quarters near the Army of the Potomac, in Culpeper County, Virginia, commanded by Major-General George G. Meade. The aggregate of the Federal command was about one hundred and thirty thousand men.

The Army of Northern Virginia was on the west side of the Rapidan River. Its total number at the beginning of the campaign was then put by Colonel Taylor, chief of staff, at about sixty-four thousand.

However, the numerical strength of the armies did not decide the merits of the campaign. The commanders on both sides had chosen their ground after mature deliberation. They knew of each other's numbers and resources, and made their plans accordingly. A number of their respective leaders had known each other personally for more than twenty years. They had the undivided support and confidence of their governments and their armies. General Lee was as always the trusted leader of the Confederates; General Grant by his three years' service in the West had become known as an all-round soldier seldom if ever surpassed. Gen-

eral Longstreet, who thought most highly of General Grant from every stand-point, always said that the biggest part of him was his heart.

In this case General Grant had no fixed plan of campaign except to avoid the strong defensive line occupied by General Lee, and to draw him out to open battle.

General Lee's orders were against a general engagement until the Federal forces should attack, but in the midst of varied manœuvrings the battle was begun in half a dozen quarters before either commanding general had expected it. Hancock advanced before sunrise ready for battle, just as Longstreet's command, which had come up from Mechanicsville, reported to General Lee. Longstreet's line was formed along the right and left of the plank road, Kershaw on the right, Field on the left. Hancock's musketry was doing considerable damage to the forces in front, and as Longstreet's lines were forming the men broke files to give free passage for their comrades to the rear. The advancing fire was getting brisk, but not a shot was fired in return by Longstreet's troops until the divisions were ready. Three of Field's brigades were formed in the line of the left, and three of Kershaw's on the right. The advance of the six brigades was ordered, and Hancock's lines, thinned by their previous fighting and weaker than the fresh men now coming against them, were checked and pushed back to their intrenched lines. Then the fighting became steady and firm.

Finally Hancock's line began to break. As they retreated and the Confederates advanced, a fire was started in the dry leaves and began to spread. The Confederate forces, in spite of the fire, moved on. As the battle waged, General Wadsworth, who was gallantly leading a division of the Federal forces, fell mortally wounded, and there was then a general break

THE WOUNDING OF GENERAL LONGSTREET AT THE WILDERNESS, MAY 6, 1864.

in the Union line. Jenkins's brigade was conspicuous among the Confederates in pursuit. Jenkins exclaimed to those around him, "I am happy; I have felt despair of the cause for some months, but am relieved, and feel assured that we will put the enemy back across the Rapidan before night." A few minutes later he fell mortally wounded. In the general mêlée Longstreet was leading in advance of his troops, and in the midst of close firing was shot by his own men. This caused the Confederate lines to slow up in their advance. Orders were given General Field by Longstreet to push on before the enemy could have time to rally, but in the midst of the general confusion, General Lee ordered the broken lines to be reformed, and the advantage already gained was not followed up.

General Field, in his subsequent account of the day, said,—

"I was at Longstreet's side in a moment, and in answer to my anxious inquiry as to his condition, he replied that he would be looked after by others, and directed me to take command of the corps and push on. Though at this moment he could not have known the extent or character of his wounds (that they were severe was apparent), he seemed to forget himself in the absorbing interest of the movement he was making.

"Had our advance not been suspended by this disaster, I have always believed that Grant would have been driven across the Rapidan before night; but General Lee was present, and ordered that our line, which was nearly a right angle, should first be straightened out. The difficulty of manœuvring through the brush made this a tedious operation, so that when we did advance with large reinforcements from Ewell's Corps placed under my orders, the enemy was found awaiting us behind new breastworks, thoroughly prepared."

In a letter touching this subject to General Longstreet, Colonel Fairfax said,—

"On reaching the line of troops you were taken off the horse and propped against a tree. You blew the bloody foam from your mouth and said, 'Tell General Field to take command, and move forward with the whole force and gain the Brock road,' but meantime hours were lost."

A Northern historian * said, on the same point,—

"It seemed indeed that irretrievable disaster was upon us; but in the very torrent and tempest of the attack it suddenly ceased and all was still. What could cause this surcease of effort at the very height of success was then wholly unknown to us."

Some years after, General Hancock said to General Longstreet,—

"You rolled me up like a wet blanket, and it was some hours before I could reorganize the battle."

THE CURTAIN FALLS AT APPOMATTOX

In discussing the war, General Longstreet always dwelt with peculiar tenderness on the last days that culminated with the surrender at Appomattox. His mental belief for two years before the surrender was that from the very nature of the situation the Union forces would in all probability finally triumph, but his brave heart never knew how to give up the fight, and the surrender was at last agreed upon while he was still protesting against it.

The incident is well known of a number of the leading Confederate generals, who, having decided that further resistance was useless, went to General Lee and suggested surrender upon the best terms that could be had as the wisest thing to do. General Longstreet declined

* Swinton, Decisive Battles of the War, p. 378.

to join with them. General Pendleton was spokesman for the party. His account of the conference is thus related by General A. L. Long in his Memoirs of Lee:

"General Lee was lying on the ground. No others heard the conversation between him and myself. He received my communication with the reply, 'Oh, no; I trust that it has not come to that,' and added, 'General, we have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with spirit, while our boys do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander, he would regard it as such a confession of weakness as to make it the condition of demanding an unconditional surrender, a proposal to which I will never listen. . . . I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good, in the long run, our independence, unless some foreign power should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really make with me no difference. We had, I am satisfied, sacred principles to maintain, and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.'

"Such were, as nearly as I can recall them, the exact words of General Lee on that most pitiful occasion. You see in them the soul of the man. Where his conscience dictated and his judgment decided, there his heart was."

No words of eulogy show up so clearly the characters of Lee and likewise of Grant as their own direct words and deeds. On the evening of April 7, 1865, General Grant wrote General Lee as follows:

"The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

General Longstreet was with General Lee when he received this note. It was handed to General Longstreet without a word. After reading it General Longstreet handed it back, saying, "Not yet." General Lee replied to General Grant that same evening:

"I have received your note of this day. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender."

While this correspondence was pending, both armies, under the respective directions of Grant and of Lee, continued their preparations for battle as if there was no thought of cessation. The next day, April 8, General Grant wrote General Lee as follows:

"Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of the same date asking the conditions on which I will accept surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon,—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the United States government until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you might name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received."

To this General Lee replied, under the same date:

"I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration to peace

should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at ten A.M. to-morrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies."

That night General Lee spread his couch about a hundred feet from the saddle and blanket that were General Longstreet's pillow for the night, and it is not probable that either had a more comfortable bed than the other. Of the early hours of the next day, the last day of active existence of the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Venable, of General Lee's staff, has written a touching account, which is published in General Long's "Memoirs of General Lee." When further resistance seemed useless, he quoted General Lee as saying,—

"Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths."

Many were the wild words of passionate grief spoken by the officers around him. Said one, "Oh, General, what would history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" According to Colonel Venable, General Lee replied, "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we are overwhelmed with numbers. But that is not the question; the question is, Is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

Presently General Lee called General Longstreet to ride forward with him. He said that the advance columns stood against a very formidable force which he could not break through, while General Meade was at Longstreet's rear ready to call for all the work that the

rear guard could do. He added that it did not seem possible for him to make further successful resistance. General Longstreet asked if the sacrifice of his army could benefit the cause in other quarters. He thought not. Then, said Longstreet, " The situation speaks for itself." Several other leading generals were consulted, and all of them held the same view.

Meanwhile, the Federal forces appeared plainly to be preparing for attack. The Confederates continued work on their lines of defence. General Longstreet ordered parts of the rear guard forward to support the advance forces, and directed General E. P. Alexander to establish them with part of his batteries in the best position for support or rallying line in case the front lines were forced back.

Thus the last line of battle formed in the Army of Northern Virginia was by the invincible First Corps, twice conqueror of empire!

In talking over the delicate situation, General Lee told General Longstreet that he feared his refusal to meet General Grant's proposition might cause him to demand harsh terms. General Longstreet assured him that he knew General Grant well enough to be certain that the best terms possible would be given—even such terms as he himself would be willing to give a gallant foe under similar circumstances. How true this estimate proved all the world now knows.

GENERAL ALEXANDER ARRANGING THE LAST LINE OF BATTLE FORMED IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

LIBRARY
THE
UNIVERSITY

APPENDIX

LONGSTREET

He lies in state, while by his flag-draped bier
Pass the long ranks of men who wore the gray—
Men who heard shriek of shot and shell unmoved—
Sobbing like children o'er the lifeless clay.
Through the fair South the heroes whom he led
Against the blue lines in the stricken field
Muse on the days ere Appomattox wrenched
The laurel wreath from Dixie's shattered shield.
The glories of Manassas, Chancellorsville,
And all the triumphs those gray legions gained
Seem gathered in a shadowy host beside
That casket and those colors battle-stained!
While in the frozen North the men who strove
Against his squadrons, bartering blow for blow,
Bow silvered heads, exclaiming lovingly,
"May he rest well! He was a noble foe!"
Genius and courage equally were his—
He fought in cause his heart maintained as right,
And when the sword clanked in the rusted sheath
He murmured not against the losing fight,
But made endeavor, with a loyal soul,
To heal the wounds the years of strife had wrought—
And in the fields of peace more glories won
Than in the battles his gray warriors fought!

—W. A. P., in Chicago Journal.

JAMES LONGSTREET

James Longstreet was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, January 8, 1821, son of James and Mary Ann (Dent) Longstreet, and a descendant of the Longstreets and Randolphs of New Jersey and the Dents and Marshalls of Maryland and Virginia. Richard Longstreet, progenitor of the name in America, settled in Monmouth County, New Jersey.

James Longstreet, subject of this sketch, removed with his parents to Alabama in 1831, from which State he received his appointment to West Point, and was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1842. He was promoted in the army as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, July 1, 1842, and served in garrison at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, 1842–44; on frontier duty at Natchitoches, Louisiana, 1844–45; was promoted second lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry, March 4, 1845; was in military occupation of Texas, 1845–46, and served in the war with Mexico, 1846–47. He participated in the battle of Palo Alto; May 8, 1846; the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846; was promoted first lieutenant Eighth Infantry, February 23, 1847, and participated in the seige of Vera Cruz, March 9–29, 1847; the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 17 and 18, 1847; the capture of San Antonio and the battle of Churubusco, August 20, 1847; the battle of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847; the storming of Chepultepec, September 13, 1847, where he was severely wounded in the assault on the fortified convent. He was brevetted captain, August 20, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Churubusco and Contreras," and major, September 8, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey." He served as adjutant of the Eighth Infantry, 1847–49; was in garrison at Jefferson Barracks, 1848–49; and served on frontier duty in Texas in 1849. He was chief of Commissariat of the Department of Texas, 1849–51, and served on scouting duty in Texas, Kansas, and New Mexico, 1851–61. He was promoted captain, December 7, 1852, and

major of staff and paymaster July 19, 1858. He resigned his commission in 1861 and was appointed brigadier-general in the Confederate States army, and commanded a brigade at Blackburn's Ford, Virginia, from July 18 to and including July 21, 1861. He was promoted major-general and commanded the rear guard of Joseph E. Johnston's army during the retreat from Yorktown, Virginia. He commanded the Confederate forces in the field, composed of his own and part of D. H. Hill's division and Stuart's cavalry brigade, at the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862; commanded the right wing of Johnston's army at Seven Pines, May 31 and June 1, 1862; his own and A. P. Hill's division, in the Seven Days' Battle before Richmond; and commanded the right wing of Lee's army of Northern Virginia in the second battle of Bull Run, August 29 and 30, 1862; and in the Maryland campaign, September, 1862; the First Corps (Confederate left) at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. He was on duty south of the James River in April, 1863, and was ordered to rejoin General Lee at Chancellorsville, Virginia, but Lee, without awaiting his return made precipitate battle May 2 to 4, 1863. He commanded the right wing of the Army of Northern Virginia at Gettysburg July 1 to 3, 1863. He served under General Bragg in the Army of the Tennessee, and commanded the left wing of that army, composed of Hindman's division, Polk's corps, Buckner's corps, and two divisions and artillery of Longstreet's corps, at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863. He was sent with part of his corps and Wheeler's cavalry against Burnside's army in East Tennessee, in November, with orders to recover possession of that part of the State. He drove Burnside back into his works around Knoxville, and held him there under seige from November 17 to December 4, 1863, when Sherman approached with twenty thousand of Grant's army, near Chattanooga, for relief of the besieged army. Bragg ordered precipitate attack of the fortifications, but they were too strong to be carried by assault. Just then orders came from President Davis for Longstreet to return to Bragg's army in distress at Chattanooga. Longstreet held his army in possession of East Tennessee, keeping

the Federal forces close about their works, until January, 1864, when he was ordered to withdraw towards General Lee's army in Virginia, and he participated in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5 and 6, 1864, when he commanded the two divisions of the First Corps forming the right of Lee's army, and was severely wounded. After convalescing he participated in all the engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia in 1864. He commanded the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia from the date of its organization until surrendered by General Lee at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia, April 9, 1865. He was called the hardest fighter in the Confederate army, and the fairest military critics of the century have estimated his military genius as second to no commander in the Confederate States service.

He removed to New Orleans and engaged in commerce immediately after the surrender. He was Surveyor of Customs of the Port of New Orleans, 1869; Supervisor of Internal Revenue, 1878; Postmaster at Gainesville, Georgia, 1879, and was appointed by President Hayes United States Minister to Turkey, serving 1880. He was United States Marshal of the Northern District of Georgia, in 1881, and was appointed United States Commissioner of Railroads by President McKinley in October, 1897, serving until the date of his death in 1904.

On the 8th day of March, 1848, at Lynchburg, Virginia, he was married to Marie Louise Garland, daughter of General John Garland, U.S.A., of a noted Virginia family, hero of two wars. Mrs. Longstreet died at Gainesville, Georgia, December 29, 1889.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1897, at the Executive Mansion in Atlanta, Georgia, he was married to Helen Dortch, daughter of the late Colonel James S. Dortch, a brilliant Georgia lawyer, of a distinguished North Carolina family.

General Longstreet died at Gainesville, Georgia, January 2, 1904, and was buried at Alta Vista Cemetery, that place, with military honors, January 6.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES

(*A. S. Hardy, in the Constitution, Atlanta, Georgia.*)

Gainesville, Georgia, January 6, 1904.

The funeral of General James Longstreet, which was held at eleven o'clock to-day at the county court-house, was the most impressive ceremonial ever held in Gainesville. Several thousand people gathered in and around the court-house, and when the guards threw open the doors to the public just preceding the service, which occurred in the main court-room instead of in the rotunda as originally intended, there was a great crush, though every endeavor was made to handle the vast throng with every possible ease. Only a few minutes were consumed in filling every available seat, and outside there appeared to be absolutely no diminution in the size of the crowd.

A few moments before twelve o'clock, the active pall-bearers bore the casket up the stairway from the rotunda, where it had lain in state from two o'clock yesterday, and placed it in position just in front of the judge's rostrum. It was banked in a profusion of exquisite floral offerings, many of which came from out-of-town Confederate camps, other organizations, and from personal friends. Across the head and foot were thrown a Confederate and a United States flag, and standing near was the handsome silk flag of the Candler Horse Guards.

If any should doubt that the people among whom the General lived did not love him and revere his memory, this doubt would have been dispelled to-day if they had seen the demonstration over his casket as the last sad rites were being said. Not a business house in town was open, everything in the city closing tight their doors from the beginning of the funeral until after the body was placed to rest in Alta Vista Cemetery. From every quarter the people came and upon every lip there was praise of the immortal deeds of the great Confederate commander.

As the body was being placed in position, Bishop Keiley, Father Schadewell, of Albany, and Father Gunn, of Sacred Heart Church, Atlanta, emerged from the judge's private

chambers on the left and were escorted to a position in front of the casket. The burial service of the Roman Catholic Church was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Keiley, of Savannah; Father Schadewell, of Albany, and Dr. Gunn, of the Sacred Heart Church, of Atlanta. Father Schadewell read the liturgical Latin service, then gave the same in English. Some of the beautiful prayers are given elsewhere.

After reading the service and the blessing of the remains the right reverend bishop, who himself had served as a soldier from 1860 to 1864 in the Confederate army under Longstreet, spoke as follows:

"Had it pleased God that the cause which met defeat at Appomattox eight and thirty years ago had been crowned with that success for which both its justice and the singular devotedness of its defenders had given us right and warrant to hope, a far different scene had been witnessed here to-day. It might have been that Federal as well as State authorities had met to pay a merited tribute to this dead hero, who valiantly sustained on many a bloody field the imperishable principles of the right of self-government.

"Had it pleased God to spare the precious lives of those of his companions in arms who have passed over the river, then we had seen the peerless Lee, the brave Johnston, and the dashing Hampton sharing our grief and mingling their tears with ours over the remains of the soldier whom Lee loved. Is there e'en a suggestion of irreverence in the thought which would people this hall with the dauntless spirits of our dead?

"Having met defeat in an unequal struggle and having loyally accepted the results of that struggle; having devoted our time and scanty means to the upbuilding of our loved land; having been blessed by a merciful God beyond our dreams or deserts, we lay aside our tasks to-day for awhile to recall the glories of our past and to tell of the valor of one who fought and bled for us.

"The foeman need not frown,
They are all powerless now;
We gather here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreathe each brow.

"Having passed the span which Providence ordinarily allots as the term of human life, General James Longstreet has answered the roll-call of the great God.

"What a brilliant page in history is filled with his grand career. Born more than eighty years ago in the neighboring State of South Carolina, he entered West Point in his seventeenth year and graduated therefrom in his twenty-first. He served with marked distinction in the Mexican War and was more than once complimented for his gallant conduct and merited and received promotion.

"When the Southern States withdrew from the Union by reason of attacks on their reserved rights which were guaranteed by the Constitution, and were forced into the war between the States, James Longstreet offered his services and sword to the cause of self-government. No history of the war may be written which does not bear emblazoned on every page the story of his deeds. Why need I recount them here? Assuredly no one will question the gross impropriety of discussing incidents of the career of Longstreet during the war which have been the subject of criticism by some.

"We who knew him forty-odd years ago; we who shared his convictions and in humble ways bore a part in the good cause; we know what a tower of strength Longstreet was to the noblest knight who has graced tented field since the peerless Bayard passed from earth,—Robert E. Lee; we feel and know to-day that neither boundless praise nor fullest words of gratitude can exaggerate the worth of James Longstreet or pay him what we owe.

"By what I deem is a peculiarly fortunate coincidence, we are committing his remains to the tomb on a day when the Catholic Church commemorates the manifestation of our Saviour to the Gentiles in the persons of the wise men, who, led by a star, came from their distant homes to Bethlehem. The Bible tells us that they found the Child and Mary, His Mother. God has sent stars which have been beacon-lights on our pathway through the world, though in their gleaming we have foolishly failed at times to see the guiding hand of a merciful Providence. Joy and sorrow, sickness, and even death have been stars which should have led us nearer and nearer to God.

"It is my duty as a priest of God to call your attention to the obvious lesson of this occasion,—the vanity of mere earthly greatness and the certainty of death and the necessity of preparation for it. James Longstreet was a brave soldier, a gallant gentleman, but better still—a consistent Christian. After the war between the States he became a member of the Catholic Church, and to his dying day remained faithful to her teaching and loyal to her creed.

"Deep down in the heart and breast of every man when touched by the correcting hand of God there is a longing for some means of communicating with loved ones who have been taken from us by death. Oh that we might reach them or tell them of our love or do something for them!

"In that familiar profession of faith, which comes down to us even from the days of the immediate followers of the Master, there is a clause which brings comfort to the afflicted heart of the sorrowing and answers the longings of the grief-stricken. It is that solemn profession of our belief in the communion of saints.

"To the Catholic heart it tells of a golden chain of intercession longer than the ladder of the patriarch and reaching from the cold dead clods of earth even to the great throne of God; a golden chain which links and binds together the children of God here and above; a brilliant and mystic tie which binds and unites the blessed ones who now see God in heaven to us who yet labor and wait in this vale of tears. It tells us of their interest in our salvation and their prayers in our behalf. But it brings yet more solace and comfort to aching hearts when it soothes the grief of those who are in doubt as to the dead who have had their garments soiled with the warfare of this world and have left it not prepared to meet that God before whom scarce the angels are pure; for it tells, too, that even we may aid by our prayers those who are yet in the communion of saints.

"The last words of Mother Church have been said for James Longstreet. Softly and tenderly they fall on every Christian ear, for the children of the Church they have a deeper meaning.

"May his soul rest in peace. Amen."

This concluded the funeral services and the body was borne

from the court-house to the hearse by the active pall-bearers. The procession then formed in the following order: Queen City Band, Candler Horse Guards, and Governor's Horse Guards, honorary escort; hearse with pall-bearers, family and relatives, Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, mayor and council and county officers, Brenau College, Children of the Confederacy, citizens and public generally. The procession moved up North Bradford Street to Spring Street, out Spring Street to Grove, down Grove to West Broad, thence Broad to Alta Vista Cemetery.

Father Schadewell accompanied the remains to the cemetery, where a short service was held, the crowd baring their heads when the following prayer was read:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, who knowest the weakness of our nature, bow down thine ear in pity unto Thy servants upon whom Thou hast laid the heavy burden of sorrow. Take away out of their hearts the spirit of rebellion and teach them to see Thy good and gracious purpose working in all the trials which Thou dost send upon them. Grant that they may not languish in fruitless and unavailing grief, nor sorrow as those who have no hope, but meekly look up to Thee, the God of all consolation, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Grant, O Lord, that whilst we lament the departure of our brother, Thy servant, out of the life, we may bear in mind that we are most certainly to follow him. Give us grace to make ready for that last hour by a devout and holy life and protect us against a sudden and unprovided death. Teach us how to watch and pray that when the summons comes we may go forth to meet the bridegroom and enter with him into life everlasting, through Christ our Lord. Amen. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him."

A volley was then fired over the grave of the dead leader by the Candler Horse Guards and a detachment from the Governor's Horse Guards, under command of Colonel A. J. West, and Captain W. N. Pillow, taps were sounded, and the grave closed over one of the greatest warriors the world has ever known.

Appendix

(*From the Atlanta, Georgia, Constitution.*)

(By Alan Rogers.)

Pathetic Scenes Marked the Interment of Lee's "Old War-Horse."

With muffled drums and the flag that was furled
With the cause that was lost, when the last smoke curled
From the last old gun, at the last brave stand—
His soul marched on with the old command;
And the step was slow, as they bore away,
To await the eternal muster day,
Their old-time comrade, lost awhile,
But loved long since for the brave old smile
That cleared the way when he only knew
His ways were Gray and their ways were Blue;
And if for a time, he walked alone,
He's all right now, for "Longstreet's home:"
Back to his old command he's gone,
With Lee and Jackson looking on,
And cheering him back to the ranks again
With the Blue and the Gray all melted in.

Gainesville, Georgia, January 6, 1904.

Slowly the bells of Gainesville toll a requiem, the last taps have sounded only to be lost again across the winter-browned fields of Georgia, but the reveille of awakening still rings out clear and true that to-day old comrades in arms, citizens, soldiers, admirers, friends, women of the South, children of a rising generation, Georgia, and all Dixieland may know that Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, the "war-horse" of the Confederacy, has at last again joined his old command.

And the thousands who marched to the little cemetery just as the sun started on its sleeping journey in the west did not come to say a last good-by; with uncovered heads they simply said good-night.

In the court-house which but a few months ago was a converted hospital for the care of those maimed by a terrible cyclone, the body of General Longstreet rests beneath the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy and the Stars and Stripes of the Union. Old soldiers passed in a never-ending procession with uncovered heads for one last look upon the face of their commander. Look if you will behind that curtain of mist before the eyes of that

wearer of a gray uniform and you will see quite another picture. It is that of his beloved "Old Pete," as he was known by his own command, hurrying on to the support of General Jackson at Manassas. Or his indomitable courage on the retreat from Gettysburg "leading on and on as strong in the adversity of defeat as in the success that follows victory." Or perhaps hurrying towards the front at the Wilderness, the intrepid leader so far in the van that he was wounded by his own men. Or at the last succumbing at Appomattox to the inevitable and with Lee reaping the reward of honor that belonged to a surrender that cost more bravery than all of the battles of that blood-drained period of history.

The sentinels that guard the bier are withdrawn. The body is carried by loving hands to the court-room above. Here in the presence of his nearest relatives and friends that taxed not alone the capacity of the building, but overflowed into an acre of mourning humanity outside.

Here in the closely crowded hall of justice converted into a sanctuary by lighted candles and the priestly robes of the officiating clergy, the services were held. There was no music save the stifled sob of brave men whose hearts were awakened to the sacred ties of old-time memories in a way beyond their control. Bishop Keiley, himself an old soldier of General Longstreet, and Rev. Fathers Gunn, of Atlanta, and Schadewell, of Albany, officiated. After the reading of the prayers of the impressive service of the Roman Catholic Church, Bishop Keiley in a beautiful eulogy revered again the memory of his old friend and commander. His address appears in another column, but the choking of his voice, the closed eyes shutting back the tears that would come,—these things are lost in the reproduction of printer's ink and can only remain in the memories of those who were so privileged as to be present.

The picture was most inspiring. Look, if you will, at the one-time forest of battle-flags, hewn down and water-logged in the blood of many victories to a tiny grove of priceless ribbons that rise and fall with the wavering strength of the old soldiers who carry them. And in this same sweetly sad procession march with faltering steps the men who wore the gray and the sturdy

step of those who, now belonging to a rising generation, wear the blue of the reunited union.

But perhaps even more inspiring than the uniforms of gray were the women of the South, Daughters of the Revolution, school-girls, Daughters of the Confederacy, many of them wives or widows of old comrades—the bravest army of home-defenders, valor-inspiring soldiers that ever dared not only to die but to let die all that was highest and dearest in one common cause. Impressive is the marching of men. But the marching of women —it is different, wonderfully, beautifully different.

What was said may soon be forgotten, but what was seen by those who gathered at the grave will live forever in the memory of all those who saw. Above the opening of the last resting-place of General Longstreet the two flags he loved so well were again crossed and stacked for the bivouac that knows no waking. Just as the near relatives and dearest friends were gathered about the grave, there stepped up an old veteran and delivered the Stars and Bars as the last, loving message from General Jenkins, of North Carolina. With this old flag and the Stars and Stripes, the General was buried.

Then, just as the body was about to be lowered, another figure bent with the ravages of time and trembling with the emotion that bespeaks a tender heart and brave courage made his way to the circle about the grave. His interruption of the services was beautiful beyond all hope of describing.

"I want," he said, and he hesitated not as one who has forgotten some carefully prepared speech, but rather as one whose heart was getting the better of his attempt at expression, "I want to bury this jacket, my old gray jacket, with my General. I've got my papers, too, my enlistment papers. They're all here, and they're all clean. I wasn't an officer, but I belonged to Longstreet's command, and I'd rather be a private in the old corps than, than—— Well, I've served my time, and the General, he's served his time, too. And I reckon I won't need my uniform and papers again. But I'd like to leave them with him for always. They were enlisted under his command, and as I don't ever want to be mustered out again, I'd just like to leave them with him always, if you don't mind."

And as no one minded unless it was in the most beautiful way possible, the faded gray jacket and the enlistment papers were lowered with the crossed flags of two republics and many floral offerings as a last loving tribute to General Longstreet, who, with the final sounding of taps, again passed for ever and ever to his waiting commander and his old command.

TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS

(*Washington, D. C., Post.*)

"His are as noble ashes as rest beneath the sod of any land."

We think it safe to say that there is something in the suggestion that these late attacks on General Longstreet's action at the battle of Gettysburg have for their inspiration a political bitterness of more than thirty years' standing. Certainly, it is true that up to the close of the Civil War, and, indeed, for several years afterwards, no one ever heard a question raised as to his military ability. On the contrary, it was everywhere conceded, especially by his immediate comrades and associates, that he stood almost at the top of the list of Confederate warriors, not only in the matter of professional equipment, but in that of personal integrity and character. With the exception of Robert E. Lee, Longstreet was regarded as the very prince of the fighters, strategists, and great commanders of that heroic episode. If any one had hinted, even as late as 1869, that there was the smallest flaw in his fame, either as a soldier or a gentleman, the author of the intimation would have had enough quarrels on his hands to last him to his dying day.

Along in the later sixties, however, Longstreet was a resident of New Orleans. He had engaged in business there, having as his partner Colonel Owen, another Southern soldier of high standing and distinguished service. The shadow of reconstruction was then brooding over the South, and thoughtful men, who had accepted the result of the war in loyal faith, consulted together as to the best means of averting its evils, which were at that time sufficiently defined. Finally, in 1870 or 1871, the so-called "Unification Movement" was launched. At its head were numbers of the most prominent and influential men in Louisiana, and conspicuous among them was Beauregard. The project was discussed by the newspapers and generally approved in the more substantial and responsible circles. At last a meeting was called for the purpose of bringing together the

best representatives of both races and arranging, if possible, a course of action which would make for peace and order and avert the turmoil that afterwards succeeded to the irruption of the carpet-baggers and the consequent *régime* of chaos. Before the appointed day, however, Longstreet's coadjutors experienced a change of heart. They abandoned the experiment which they themselves had devised, and Longstreet was left almost without countenance or sympathy. With characteristic determination, he adhered to the policy his judgment and conscience had originally approved. Of course, it came to nothing, and he, stung by what he regarded as the desertion of the others, and still more deeply hurt by criticisms showered on him, often from the ranks of his quondam associates, went on as he had begun. Then began the breach which in time widened to animosity, ostracism, and lifelong alienation. He may have been mistaken. At least he was courageous and consistent. But we feel sure it cannot be successfully denied that doubts as to his military genius were cradled in that unhappy episode.

We have no idea of participating in any controversy over the details of Gettysburg. That may be left to the survivors who were in a position to form intelligent opinions. For our part, we think of Longstreet now as all of his compatriots thought of him up to 1870—that he was one of the finest figures on the stage of the Civil War; a spectacle of perfect gallantry; an example of warlike force and splendor. We do not believe he ever received an order from Lee which he did not execute with instant energy. We do not believe he failed in anything, either there or elsewhere, that became a valorous and brilliant soldier. He is dead now, and cannot answer his accusers, but nearly forty years have elapsed since he sheathed his stainless sword in 1865, and, in our calm, dispassionate opinion, his are as noble ashes as rest beneath the sod of any land.

(*Jacksonville, Florida, Times-Union.*)

"Peace and honor to his storm-driven soul."

Now that James Longstreet is no more, the South should forgive the estrangement that followed long years of service.

Perhaps he was wiser than we—perhaps to-day we are not very far from the position he took a generation ago. Perhaps his greatness as a soldier was largely due to the same qualities which set his people in opposition to him in civil life—he had utter confidence in his own judgment, and he went straight for what he thought was right regardless of all prudential considerations.

We have accepted the result of the war in good faith—let us accept all that goes with it in our hearts and minds. Others advised while Longstreet acted—once we hated him because he headed our foes to make us keep order; were the riots against which Longstreet stood in New Orleans to be repeated in Atlanta, we know Gordon or Wheeler would head the regulars to restore peace and order if their counsels were disregarded. The time makes a difference to the sufferers—but not to the historian through whose glasses we can now afford to look. Longstreet is dead—weave violets and amaranth in his wreath of laurel—peace and honor to his storm-driven soul.

(*Shelby, North Carolina, Aurora.*)

"Hero of two wars punished for his politics in days of peace."

A camp of United Confederate Veterans at Wilmington, at a regular meeting, declined to send resolutions of condolence and sympathy to the family of General Longstreet on his death.

And yet General Longstreet was a

Hero of two wars.

He was the "War-Horse of the Confederacy."

He was in the thickest of the fight from Manassas to Appomattox.

He was familiarly known throughout the army as "Old Pete," and was considered the hardest fighter in the Confederate service.

He had the unbounded confidence of his troops, and "the whole army became imbued with new vigor in the presence of the foe when it became known down the line that 'Old Pete' was up."

Why, then, did not the Wilmington camp pass those resolutions?

Because General Longstreet was a Republican. For this reason he was

Hated,

Abused,

Slandered.

He was charged with disobeying General Lee's most vital orders at Gettysburg, causing the loss of the battle and the ultimate destruction of the Confederacy.

(*Biblical, North Carolina, Record.*)

"So long as Lee lived no one attacked Longstreet's military honor."

General Longstreet was a great general. He was an able strategist, a hard fighter, and a faithful soldier. So long as Lee lived no one charged Longstreet with failure to make the fanciful sunrise attack on the second day at Gettysburg. But when Lee had died, this calumny was started, and it was used in hounding him to the day of his death—on that day certain misguided Daughters of the Confederacy refusing to send flowers for his bier. Longstreet was the victim of a foul persecution by a partisan press—the like of which we see nowadays at ever-increasing intervals. They did not approve his ideas, and they ruined him. He advised the South to accept the results of the war; his business was taken from him, his friends were estranged, and his life was made a burden.

His magnificent services deserved better reward. But history will give him his place; intolerance even now is departing; and as for Longstreet himself, he stands to-night before the Judge of all the world.

(*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*)

"Republicanism does not necessarily involve treason to the South."

One aspect of General Longstreet's career from Appomattox till his death the other day brings out a very unlovely attribute which was obtrusive in the South during these years. That was the ostracism to which he was subject because he joined the Republican party and accepted two or three offices from Republican Presidents. This antagonism towards him by a large por-

tion of the old Confederate element gradually diminished as a new generation in the South appeared on the scene. Some of the feeling, however, remained to the close of his days, and evinced itself in the obituaries of many of the Southern papers.

A few facts are sufficient to expose the absurdity of this Southern antagonism to Confederates who cast their fortunes with the Republicans after the Confederacy fell—this feeling that an adherent of the lost cause must cling everlastingly to the Democratic party through evil and good reports under the penalty of eternal proscription. In the score of years from Longstreet's graduation from West Point to his resignation, shortly after Sumter's fall, he was in the army, and a participant in the wars in Mexico and along the frontier in which the army was engaged. The probability is that until after Appomattox he never cast a ballot in his life. Moreover, at the time of his graduation, many of the South's most prominent statesmen—Tyler, Brownlow, Toombs, Legare, Bell, Clayton, Upshur, Henry T. Wise, Botts, Alexander H. Stephens, and others—were Whigs. The Whig, Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana, carried more Southern States than did his Democratic antagonist, Cass.

What warrant had the South for proscribing Longstreet, because he, a soldier who never had any politics in the old days, joined the Republican party just as soon as he became a civilian and got a chance to exercise his privileges as a citizen? Mosby, Mahone, and many other ex-Confederates who had been civilians before the war, and who, presumably, had taken some part in politics, also joined the Republican party, though they did not do this quite so promptly as did Longstreet. When Foote, of Mississippi, and Orr, of South Carolina, both of whom had been prominent in Democratic politics before the war, the latter of whom had been Speaker of the House in part of Buchanan's days in the Presidency, and both of whom had been in the Confederate service, became Republicans soon after the Confederacy collapsed, their neighbors ought to have grasped the fact that there must have been something in this party which appealed to intelligent public-spirited men of all localities, and that membership in it by a South Carolinian, a Georgian, or a Louisianian did not necessarily and inevitably involve treason

either to the South's interests or to its traditions. Mixed in with the many shining virtues of the people below Mason and Dixon's line, there was, as shown in their attitude for many years towards Longstreet, one very unattractive trait.

(*Vicksburg, Mississippi, Herald.*)

"There was no more magnificent display of heroism during the entire war than at Gettsyburg."

As truly as Warwick was the last of the barons of the feudal era, was Longstreet the last of the great Confederate commanders. He rose to prominence in the early engagements of the war—his was a household name as one of the chief hopes of the cause, when those of all the remaining survivors of like rank were colonels and brigadiers. At the first Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Seven Days' fight, the second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg he was the chief subordinate figure except where he divided the honors with Stonewall Jackson. And after the death of that very Napoleon of war, until the *ultimo suspiro* at Appomattox, Longstreet was Lee's right hand; or, as our great commander fondly called him, "my old war-horse." How highly he was held at headquarters and the war department was shown in his being made the senior lieutenant-general, even over Jackson, after the 1862 test by fire.

At Gettysburg Longstreet was in charge of the fighting line, of placing the divisions in action, on the second and third days of that Titanic struggle. Whatever may be said of the result, —of the errors which misinformation and sycophancy have attempted to make him the scapegoat of,—there was no more magnificent display of heroism during the entire war.

It has not been the Southern fashion of late years to praise, or even practise justice towards, Longstreet. But now that the stout warrior is dead and gone to eternal judgment, all should speak of his virtues, his glorious deeds of arms, without thought or reference to that sad error of judgment that, no smaller in its intent and inception than "a man's hand," grew to a dark cloud betwen Longstreet and his people. This will be appreciated by survivors of the old First Corps, no good soldier of

which has ever failed to repeat with pride, "I followed Longstreet." As one of that band the editor of the *Herald* has always left criticism of our old chief's politics to others. If ever the inclination came to us, there rose up two pictures of the past that forbade,—the heroic and inspiring figure of Longstreet as he rode up to Colonel Humphreys of the Twenty-first Mississippi, towards the close of that grand "centre rush" of Barksdale's brigade that swept Sickles and his Third Corps off of the "Peach Orchard Hill," at Gettysburg, to tell him that Barksdale was killed and to take command of the brigade; and Longstreet as he was borne from the front at the Wilderness, all faint and bloody from what seemed a death wound.

Longstreet is now no more. But there is a thrill in the name that carries his surviving followers backward forty years—recalling the roar of cannon, the charging column, the "rebel" yell, the groans of wounded and dying comrades. For,

> "There where Death's brief pang was quickest,
> And the battle's wreck lay thickest—
> There be sure was Longstreet charging,
> There he ne'er shall charge again."

(*Bainbridge, Georgia, Searchlight.*)

"Robbed of the laurels won in peerless campaigns."

The death of General Longstreet at his Gainesville home the other day removes one of the few grand actors of the war drama of the sixties. He was known as the "old war-horse of the Confederacy," and perhaps in point of military ability he ranked next to the great Lee himself. His soldiers had the most remarkable confidence in him, and he it was who could inspire them to deeds of valor unparalleled. At times since there have been those who have attempted to cast aspersions on his illustrious name, saying that he disobeyed Lee's orders at Gettysburg. A timely article has just been published, and curiously in the same paper that conveyed the sad intelligence of his death, from the pen of Mrs. Longstreet, presumably composed with the aid of the General in his last feeble days, that answers completely and satisfactorily all charges of stubbornness or disobedience at that famous battle. It is a pity that so

great a soldier and military genius should not have been allowed to have worn the laurels of so many peerless campaigns undisturbed and without envy. Now that he is dead his memory should be enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people for whose cause he did battle, and the remembrance of his illustrious deeds should be handed down to future generations as those of the knights of the round table.

(*Thompson, Georgia, Progress.*)

"Would have been court-martialed for disobeying orders at Gettysburg."

It is passing strange that any one should make such a charge against General Longstreet, in view of the fact that General Lee never made any such charge; and any sane man knows that he would have made the charge had it been true, and no doubt General Longstreet would have been court-martialed for such an offence, especially as it is charged that this probably lost the battle to the Confederates.

General Longstreet was one of the greatest and bravest of the Confederate generals, and no man should endeavor to dim the lustre of his brilliant military record or cast reflections upon his good name as a citizen or doubt his loyalty to the South. No hero that wore the gray deserves more honor and thanks than this gallant Southern hero, who, like Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and a long list of other loyal Southern sons resigned a position of prominence in the army of the United States and cast his fortunes with his Southern brethren in defense of Southern rights, homes, and firesides, and many of whom died for Southern honor. Sleep on, noble and illustrious soldier and patriot! Thy good name and record as a soldier is safe from the attacks of politicians, rivals, and so-called Daughters of the Confederacy of Savannah!

(*Houston, Texas, Chronicle.*)

"He was superior to human vanity or ambition."

It should not be forgotten that when the war began General Longstreet, like General Lee and many others of the South's illustrious leaders, was an officer in the army of the United

States. Had he adhered to the Union, high command awaited him; the siren voice of ambition whispered to him of a splendid future of fame and honor and rich reward, while he knew more doubtful was the issue if he heeded the call of duty and offered his sword to the South. Yet he did not hesitate. To his mother's cry he responded like the faithful son and hero that he was, and proved superior to human vanity or ambition.

This being true, it is but fair to presume that whatever step he took afterwards was inspired by the high sense of duty, and that he took it only after having taken counsel with his conscience and with due regard for the requirements of patriotism and honor.

In every position in civil life, many and responsible as they were, he bore himself with ability, dignity, efficiency, and with stainless honor; there was never a spot upon his official record, but the civilian, as was the soldier, was without reproach.

If any man or woman doubts or calls in question the record of James Longstreet as a soldier, let him or her ask the veteran Southern soldier who followed him (and there are a number in Houston) what they think of him, and with one voice they will say, "He was Lee's 'war-horse.' When we heard Longstreet was in the lead or in command, or was coming, we knew that victory would follow the fighting; we trusted him; Lee trusted him; the army trusted him."

"Where beyond these voices there is peace," the old hero is at rest. Little it recks whether men praise or blame him now—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding" is upon him, and history will write him down as he was, a brave, able, faithful soldier, who so loved his native land as to pour out his heroic blood in its defence. Than this he asks no higher praise.

(*Atlanta, Georgia, Constitution.*)

"Truth will take hold upon the pen of history."

A great soldier, in the ripeness of years and yet enduring to the latest breath the pangs of the wounds of four decades ago, has fallen upon earth's final sleep.

In the brave days of his earlier soldiership, and then in the strenuous years of one of the world's most tragic wars, wherein

his genius lifted him to the next highest rank of generalship, General James Longstreet was a conspicuous figure and always a force to be reckoned with. The finest and justest military critics of America and Europe have pronounced him a commander in whom were combined those abilities of initiative, strategy, and persistent daring that make the historic general of any age or people.

While to others who were concerned in the great campaigns and battles of which he was a distinguished factor there may have appeared in his acts some incidents for criticism, yet to his immediate officers and men he was ever the ideal soldier and the peerless commander. But in the presence of his shrouded frame, in the revived memories of his loyalty and his heroism, and in the knowledge that the seeming errors of men in pivotal crises are often the misunderstood interferences of the Supreme Ruler, judgments cease and reverence, gratitude, and honor form the threnody at the tomb.

The war record of General Longstreet will always remain a theme of laudation by the sons of Southerners. For the reward of it thousands refused to sanction the rebukes his subsequent career sometimes engendered among his compatriots. Who that witnessed it can forget the embrace given Longstreet by ex-President Davis here in Atlanta and the tremendous ovation that greeted the old hero in his veteran gray uniform as he joined in the gala-day made in honor of his disfranchised chief?

General Longstreet's taking of office under President Grant has been always a misunderstood transaction. It was not a surrender of his Southern sentiments or an act of disloyalty to the Southern people. At the time when General Grant, feeling the impulses of former comradeship, tendered an office and its emoluments to General Longstreet, whose fortunes were in sore straits, the old soldier refused to consider acceptance of the offer until urged to it by his later fellow-soldiers in New Orleans, including Generals Hood, Beauregard, Harry Hayes, Ogden, and even Jefferson Davis himself. He accepted it in the belief that it was his duty to take any occasion for public service that otherwise would be held in the hands of alien carpet-baggers and haters of the Southern people. But the occasion was too soon—the passions of the people yet too inflamed. Without

full knowledge of the inwardness of his conduct the people whom he loved heaped upon him a penetrating scorn and livid coals of indignation. He was too brave to complain; too considerate to expose his advisers, and his heroism was never more chivalrous than the long patience with which until now he has endured the misjudgments of his Southern fellow-men.

But these things are naught now to the flown spirit. Hereafter truth will take hold upon the pen of history and rewrite much that has been miswritten of this great son of the South. His stainless integrity, his devotion to the cause of his militant people, his incomparable bravery in battle, his superb generalship on campaign, and his later chivalry in the calm conduct of his citizenship and public service remain as wholesome memories of a world-acclaimed Southern hero.

(*St. Paul, Minnesota, Pioneer Press.*)

"Ostracised by men who did no fighting."

The pestiferous pertinacity with which certain women of the South seize every opportunity to fan the embers of a dying sectional animosity, and to blazon their adherence to the principles of the "Lost Cause," is again illustrated in the refusal of the Savannah Daughters of the Confederacy to send a wreath to be laid on General Longstreet's grave. Next to Robert E. Lee, Longstreet had the reputation of being the ablest of the officers who fought on the Southern side in the Great Rebellion. But at the close of the war, satisfied that the Lost Cause was lost forever, and that it was useless to attempt to keep alive a spirit of revenge,—heart-won, too, by the splendid generosity of Grant in his dealings with the defeated army of Lee,—he "accepted the situation;" accepted, too, from the Republican soldier-president the office of surveyor of the port of New Orleans, and addressed all his powers to the work of healing the wounds of war and of reuniting the sections. For this he was ostracised by the ultra element of Southern irreconcilables—an element made up principally of women and of men who did no fighting, and which nurses its bitterness with the unsatisfied spirit of the child who, not having finished his cry yesterday, inquires to-day, "What was I crying about?" in order that he

may indulge in the luxury of tears once more. The men who fought under and with Longstreet honor his later loyalty to the Union as much as they do his steadfast courage and ability under the "Stars and Bars" in the bloody sixties. The women who refuse his bier a tribute dishonor only themselves.

(*Atlanta, Georgia, Journal.*)

"One of the most gallant spirits of the century."

With the death of General James Longstreet, who was the first ranking general of the Confederate army, passes one of the most gallant spirits of the nineteenth century.

Of all the men who fought with conspicuous valor and prowess for the Confederate cause, there was none who possessed more leonine courage or inspired in his men a greater degree of enthusiastic affection than this chieftain whom Lee dubbed with the title of "My Old War-Horse" on the battle-field. That remark of Lee's was like the touch of an accolade upon his shoulders, and no subsequent misunderstandings or criticisms have ever been able to rob him of the place among the chivalrous souls of the South to which he was elevated by their irreproachable King Arthur, General Lee.

And, in view of the fact that the most choice and master military spirits of his age esteemed him to possess tactical ability and military judgment equal in degree to his undisputed qualities of persistent bravery, such criticisms as there were are scarcely worthy of mention and demand no refutation now in any backward glance at his brilliant career. The South can point to his record with pride, as his military associates have ever pointed to the man himself with a quick and affectionate appreciation. No note of apology should mingle with the praise and grief of those who look to-day with tear-blurred eyes upon the soldier's bier.

And the memory of his actions on the boisterous stage of battle and of the single-hearted, loyal *rôle* he played through all the shifting scenes of that greatest war-drama of the century should in itself constitute a rebuke to those who have sought to rebuke him for certain generally misunderstood actions in his subsequent career. He became an office-holder under General

Grant, a very, very human thing to do. It was a very, very natural thing that General Grant, who had married the cousin of the "Old War-Horse," and who was, besides, actuated by the spirit of a remembered, youthful comradeship, should give his friend, comrade, and relative an office when Longstreet was walking along thorny financial paths. And his acceptance, urged as he was to accept by his Confederate comrades, was, under the circumstances, very human and very natural. He made a good public servant—where could Grant have found a better in those reconstruction days, which were not noted for the excellence of their public servants? Where could Longstreet have better served his own people than by taking an office which might otherwise have been given to men who were still so inflamed by partisan prejudice as to hate those people? His motives were of the highest in this acceptance, and his attitude of silently bearing the remarks of those who criticised him under a misapprehension stamps his moral courage with the golden seal of a serene nobility.

He was misjudged, but he happily lived to see most of those who misjudged him silenced by an exposition of facts which he was too proud to set forth himself.

The debtor years have rendered back to him the refined coin of a fixed fame for his life labor. He is dead, and his place—a high one in the world's history—is enduring.

(*Newport, Virginia, News.*)

"The bravest of the brave."

The Savannah Daughters of the Confederacy, whose custom it is to send a laurel wreath for the tomb of deceased Confederates, refused to send one upon the death of General Longstreet a few days ago.

The Daughters at Savannah have, we suppose, satisfactorily to themselves, settled the mooted question of the Gettysburg controversy, but we do not believe their action will find applause generally among the ex-Confederate soldiers. Whatever may have been the fact at Gettysburg, it is beyond dispute that his actions there did not estrange his loyal soldiers, nor impair the esteem in which he was held by General Lee. The close of the

war found him in command of the left wing of the army, and he joined General Lee on the way to Appomattox. In referring to his death the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* says,—

"We recall General Longstreet as one of the bravest of the brave, one who struck many blows for the Confederacy, and one on whom General Lee often leaned and whose name is identified with world-famous battles. These are things we cannot forget, nor do we wish to."

Whatever may be said of the attitude of the South since the war towards General Longstreet, the fact remains that his espousal of the Republican cause in politics did most to invite criticism, and this he always felt was unjust to him.

It seems strange that General John B. Gordon should have so bitterly attacked General Longstreet, and it is charity to say that he did it from political reasons, and not by way of challenging war records.

With his fresh grave denied its laurel wreath at the hands of the Savannah Daughters, and his lifeless lips beyond reply to carping critics, it is refreshing to see that the loyal wife, who walked with him in the evening of life, brings her own wreath of the roses of love, dewy with her tears, and places it upon the grave that holds his valiant dust.

(*Birmingham, Alabama, Ledger.*)

"In the military annals of the Anglo-Saxon race there is nothing finer than his fighting record."

The author of the article on Longstreet, which recently appeared in the *Ledger* and which we republish below, has been a close student of military history, and was personally observant of great movements in Virginia during the war:

"Men of Southern blood who recall the days when the civilized world was thrilled with the renown of those great Confederate captains, 'Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson,' can scarcely realize that the grave has just closed over all that is mortal of the stoutest, the steadiest, the most practical, pushing, resolute, and stolidly unimaginative fighter of that goodly and immortal group. In the military annals of the Anglo-Saxon race there is nothing finer than the fighting record of this Old Lion of the South. It does not need the formal observances of official commemoration to perpetuate the memory of a man who led the stanch legions of the Confederacy in victorious fellowship with Jackson and Lee. Tradition alone

will uplift and applaud his name long after monuments have crumbled and Camps and Chapters have ceased to exist. None knew better than the great Virginian leader that the neck of the 'Old War-Horse' was always clothed with thunder when the shock of battle came. Lee never dreamed that Longstreet was faithless.

"Every American who is proud of our common race must deplore the openly manifest disposition of Southern veterans and sons of veterans to discredit for all time the great historic soldiers of the South. It needs not the perspicacity of a Verulam to inform us that the highest virtues are not visible to the common eye. The disposition to suspect and besmirch a glorious soldier—a man whose leadership immortalized the armies that he led—not only betokens a radical change in popular ideals, but apparently marks the decadence of that traditional sentiment of chivalry which is truly 'the unbought grace of life,' and that generous martial spirit which for generations has characterized the great Southern branch of the Anglo-American race.

"The humblest citizen of this republic has an inalienable interest in the heroic memories of the South. Let the Dead Lion sleep in peace. Nothing is alien to the true American heart that in the least degree concerns the glory of the Old South or the interest of the New. It is precisely this sentiment that was expressed in the fine chivalry of Grant at Appomattox and won for that iron conqueror the lasting affection and respect of the men that he had fought. The heroic Longstreet needs no higher eulogy than the single phrase, He was the friend of Grant and Lee."

(*Macon, Georgia, Telegraph.*)

"No reproach can be cast upon his bravery and devotion."

The Savannah Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy has made itself ridiculous by throwing a brick at the dead lion at Gainesville!

It seems a pity that the enterprising news gatherers in the Forest City should have given out to the public the silly action of these young women. Their offence was a resolution "refusing" to send a wreath to lay upon the grave of General Longstreet "because he disobeyed orders at Gettysburg."

The causes for the drawn battle at the critical point in the history of the struggle of the '60's will be debated while time lasts. So will the causes for the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. This debate has been and will be participated in by the great commanders of the world. But no reproach has been, can, or will be cast upon the bravery or devotion of the famous old fighter whose courage knew no abatement in the hundreds of engagements participated in during the trying experiences of three wars. Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon and Grant

and Lee made their mistakes. So did Longstreet. But how does it seem for a bevy of young women to pounce upon the cold remains of this battle-scarred veteran and hero lying in state and attempt to punish him for an alleged mistake made forty years ago in the midst of the roar and clash of the greatest battle in history! Their mothers knew better.

We are not surprised that veterans in Savannah feel aggrieved, as they must feel everywhere that the action is known.

General Gordon believes that Longstreet made a mistake at Gettysburg, but Lee said, "It is all my fault." The great chieftain in command made no charge against his great fighting arm. Touching this controversy, Colonel McBride, writing to the Atlanta *Constitution,* says, "Longstreet, although a prudent and cautious fighter, was not only always ready to fight, but he was always anxious and wanted to fight. On the second day he was not slow, but was simply putting himself in shape to do the bloodiest fight of the war. At least two-thirds of the casualties in America's greatest battle happened in front of Longstreet's corps. Reports show this. The records also show that he only obeyed Lee's orders to the letter."

Grant, however, that Longstreet made a costly mistake, there are times other than those at the grave to discuss them; there are persons other than young women unborn in those days to administer rebuke or punishment.

If these young women who sit in judgment at the tomb could not lay a flower on the new-made grave of an old war-horse of the Confederacy, it seems as if they might have restrained their tongues while the muffled drum passing by rolled its last tattoo.

(*New York Journal.*)

"After a while Southern capitals will be adorned with statues of Longstreet; upon his grave 'his foeman's children will loose the rose.'"

At the age of eighty-three General Longstreet has passed away—a noble character, a good soldier, one of the hardest fighters of the Civil War. General Longstreet was pretty badly treated by the people whose battles he fought with so great courage and capacity. He was no politician—just a soldier, and at the close of the war committed the error of "frater-

nizing" with all his countrymen. He "accepted the situation," not wisely, but too early. With a fine and generous unwisdom he laid away the animosities of the war-time and put himself at once where all stand now,—on the broad, high ground of American citizenship. No part had he in the provincial conceit of the thing that has the immodesty to call itself a "Southern gentleman." It probably never occurred to him that the qualities distinguishing a gentleman from a pirate of the Spanish Main had so narrow a geographical distribution as the term implies. He paid for his breadth of mind—became a kind of social outlaw and political excommunicant in "the land once proud of him." Briefly, his shipmates marooned him. Well, he has escaped—he has "beaten the game," as, sooner or later, we all conquer without exertion. After a while Southern capitals will be adorned with statues of Longstreet and upon his grave posterity will see "his foemen's children loose the rose."

(*New York Tribune.*)

Lee and Longstreet.

The death of General James Longstreet, as was to be expected, has revived to some extent the controversies which have raged over certain memorable incidents in his military career. For the last twenty-five years persistent efforts have been made to throw on General Longstreet's shoulders responsibility for Lee's defeat at Gettysburg. Not a few Southern writers have gone so far as to accuse him, if not of insubordination, at least of culpable inattention to orders given him by the Confederate commander-in-chief. General John B. Gordon, in his recently published reminiscences, revived and amplified these charges against Longstreet, stating explicitly—as his own conclusion and as that of impartial military critics generally—that Longstreet's blunders had blasted Confederate hopes at Gettysburg, and that General Lee "died believing he had lost by Longstreet's disobedience." Strangely enough, General Longstreet's wife had prepared an elaborate refutation of General Gordon's theories, and had arranged for its publication on January 3—the day following General Longstreet's death.

We do not think that history will sustain the contentions of

General Longstreet's critics. They are interesting enough as post-mortem demonstrations of what might have been. But they ignore actual conditions. They picture a situation which could have existed only as a military after-thought. General Longstreet cannot be made a scapegoat for all the sins of hesitation or omission chargeable to Confederate commanders at Gettysburg. General Gordon is himself disposed to censure General Lee for not vigorously attacking the Federal forces in their new position on the evening of July 1. He condemns utterly Longstreet's failure to assault the Federal left wing early in the morning of July 2. But he waves aside entirely the exhaustion of A. P. Hill's corps at the conclusion of the first day's battle and the physical impediments to forming and executing an attack on the Federal left wing before noon of July 2. That Longstreet's assault suffered in effectiveness from the delays of July 2 is greatly to be doubted. The fighting done by his corps far excelled in dash and brilliance anything done at Gettysburg by Ewell's corps or A. P. Hill's. Longstreet bore the brunt of both the second and third day's struggle and emerged from the conflict with his reputation as a corps commander unimpaired. There is no reason to think that he could have fought more brilliantly or more successfully if he had attempted the attack which General Gordon philosophizes about in the early morning of the second day.

General Lee at the close of the battle justly and honorably assumed entire responsibility for the Confederate defeat. Lee lost at Gettysburg because on the offensive he seemed incapable of rising to the full height of his military talent. His generalship in his two brief invasions of Northern territory was commonplace.

In Lee's own lifetime not a word of criticism was aimed at Longstreet. It is needless to inquire what influences have conspired to foist on him the blame for the Confederate failure at Gettysburg. Another generation of Southern writers will do him more impartial justice. He will certainly be classed hereafter by open-minded critics as one of the ablest and most intelligent of the commanders who fought under the South's flag in the Civil War.

"No Southern man suffered more or deserved it less."

The death of General Longstreet removes from the world's stage of action one who in time of war had his name and his deeds sounded by the trumpet of fame throughout the civilized world. He was a conspicuous figure in the eyes of the world, and his name was at one time familiar to and honored in every Confederate household. He was Lee's Rock of Gibraltar that never failed to stem the tides of assault, and when he led, in his turn, the attack, he was a thunder-bolt of war that never failed to strike with terrible effect. In council he was calm and calculated well and closely all the chances of conflict, in scales well balanced, and, as a rule, with almost unerring exactness.

He was essentially a soldier, whose education, training, and services for a generation in years made his enforced change to civil life practically the adoption of a new life at total variance to that in which he has always been a conspicuous and a noted figure. His was a lovable nature, loyal to principle and to truth, and when his confidence was secured his trust was sure to follow.

That trait in his character was the cause of the ban under which he suffered for such a long period from the Southern people, and, as many an old Confederate veteran will now say, with such injustice.

At the time the storm of ostracism first burst in fury over his head I was an official of the State of Mississippi and resided at Jackson, the State capital, and I was then, as I am now, familiar with the cause of the outbreak of public sentiment against him. Let me explain that there had been on the part of the Southern people a practical nullification of the Federal laws regarding the negro and his rights so recently conferred, and it was hard for Southern people to swallow the doctrine of equality in anything where the negro was concerned.

The entire South was in a tempestuous turmoil that threatened the very foundations of society, by rising like the storm-tossed waves of tempestuous seas and sweeping away the barriers that had been erected against the domination of the Southern whites. At this juncture prominent and influential leaders of public thought, who saw the coming storm, at a conference held

in New Orleans explained the situation to certain popular and influential ex-Confederate generals then residents of that city, and represented to them that an appeal by them to their old soldiers to accept the situation, obey the Federal laws, and maintain peace and order would result in great good and assist in allaying the suppressed, indeed often open, excitement of the people. They were appealed to as patriots to come to the rescue of their people and lead them in peace as they had in war.

The text of a letter to be written by each was then outlined, and at a second conference each submitted his letter. The substance of all the letters was identical, each with the others. They were published in the New Orleans papers simultaneously to insure the object in view, the influencing of public opinion. Their publication aroused a storm of reproach and denunciation that was without measure.

Instead of acting like oil on the troubled waters, they provoked the fury of the tempest, and the authors of the letters were overwhelmed with letters of protest and reproach.

Explanation after explanation by the authors (save General Longstreet) that amounted to public retraction, followed. Longstreet, firm as the rock of Gibraltar, bared his breast to the storm and proudly declared that he had nothing to retract. He explained the circumstances under which he had written the letter, cited its approval by leaders of public thought, and declared that the sentiment of the letter but expressed his honest convictions, and he stood by it. Every old veteran of Longstreet's corps who reads this will say, "That's just like old Pete." He could have saved his popularity had he sacrificed principle. But like the noble Roman that he was, he could, in weighing one against the other, defiantly proclaim

> "These walls, these columns fly
> From their firm base as soon as I."

I was among the few who saw nothing then in any of the letters to merit the disapproval of the Southern people; and looking through "the vista of time" back to those days, I can say in all candor and sincerity that had the seed of Longstreet's advice fallen in ground ripe for it, reconstruction would have

been shorn of many of the evils that accompanied it and blighted the land. Some time after these occurrences General Longstreet made a trip through territory in Mississippi from which his mercantile firm derived much business. One day Governor Humphreys said to me, "General Longstreet is coming this way. If he comes here, what would you do?" Instantly I replied, "I would not wait for him to come, but I would insist on his coming, and tell him that he would be welcomed at the governor's mansion." He directed me to write the invitation, saying, "I had made up my mind to so act, for nothing could make me turn my back on 'old Pete.' I served under him too long to do that." He accepted the invitation and was the guest of the governor. In honoring him the governor set an example that the whole town followed, and the period of his stay was almost a constant levee. On me was placed the special and agreeable duty of attendance upon him. I was with him much of the time and participated in conversations in which the letter that brought to him only woe was discussed. Never did a bitter word pass his lips in denunciation of those who led him to the slaughter and themselves stepped aside and raised no hand to help him. He declared that the letter expressed his true sentiments, and that it was written after deliberate thought. It proved to be unfortunate, and though he was then reaping only thorns from it, time would vindicate him and his course. He bore his fate like an ancient Stoic. I count my association with him at this time as among the most pleasant of a checkered life. I never saw him again.

General Joseph E. Johnston, of whose staff I was a member, told me with his own lips that the plan by which the army of Stonewall Jackson was withdrawn from the valley and hurled on the flank of McClellan was first suggested to him by Longstreet. He said that the idea had occurred to him, but at a time when it was not feasible. But just previous to the battle of Seven Pines, Longstreet submitted a plan that he had matured, that met his favor and determined him to adopt it. At the battle that almost immediately occurred he was incapacitated by wounds and General Lee assumed command. Shortly after, Jackson's force was transferred from the valley and hurled on the Federal flank. We know with what result. The plan was

communicated to General Lee shortly after his accession to command. The plan which General Lee adopted may have been his own, but the idea first originated in the soldierly brain of Longstreet. Again, at the second Manassas, when Longstreet, to the rescue of Jackson, debouched through "Thoroughfare Gap," a glance at the field showed him Jackson's peril, and his masterful, soldierly ability needed no general in command to direct him as to the placing of his battallions. Like a thunderbolt of war his command struck the Federal army. Jackson was saved and the victory was won. Space forbids further prolixity, while the theme invites it. Let me say that no Southern man suffered more at the hands of the Southern people and deserved it less. I uncover my head in honor to his memory and bid him "all hail and farewell!" Little cares he now for the plaudits of the world or the censure of his critics. When a chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy refused a wreath to his remains, Jeff Davis, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, the two Johnstons, and a host of others gone before, were giving him brotherly welcome in the city of the living God, and his old corps who have crossed the river joined in shouts of welcome to his knightly soul. Let us all feel that

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Jas. M. Kennard,
Ex-Colonel and Chief Ordnance Officer, Army of Tennessee, C. S. A.

(*New Orleans Picayune, Special.*)

"The Confederates had no better fighter than Longstreet."

New York, January 4.—"Longstreet fought hard enough to suit me—he gave me all I wanted. I was perfectly satisfied when the second day's fight was over." This was General Sickles's comment to-day at the city hall with reference to criticism by General John B. Gordon, who seems to think that the defeat of the Confederates at Gettysburg was due to General Longstreet.

"Gordon is a gallant gentleman, and he was a gallant soldier," continued General Sickles, "but he commanded a

brigade, while Longstreet commanded a corps. Lee told Longstreet afterwards that he had done as well as he could. He had no criticism to make. Gordon was in no position to judge the merits of the case. Longstreet was on my front. I led the Third Corps on the second day. The fighting was on Hancock's front on the third day. He was in the centre. I guess every one who was there knew that Longstreet fought brilliantly. Longstreet was practically in command of the Confederate fighting on both the second and third days. If Lee had been dissatisfied on the second day, he would not have let Longstreet command on the third day. As a matter of fact the Confederates had no better fighter than Longstreet."

(*Macon, Georgia, Telegraph.*)

"His record needs no defence."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

The able editorial in your issue of several days ago touching the Savannah incident in which the Daughters of the Confederacy refused to send flowers to the funeral of General Longstreet, assigning as the reason "that General Longstreet refused to obey the order of General Lee at Gettysburg," met a responsive chord in the hearts of many old veterans of the Confederate army.

Longstreet's war record, like that of Stonewall Jackson's, needs no defence. History is replete with his grand deeds of chivalry, and places his name high in the ranks of the great commanders of the Civil War. The rank and file who fought under this great and intrepid commander know that he was incapable of such conduct, and the only tongue that could convince them otherwise was forever stilled when our peerless Lee passed over the river.

In the first battle of Manassas, at Seven Pines, when he lead the main attack, at Gaines Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, and at second Manassas, when the illustrious Stonewall Jackson was being sorely pressed by the entire army of General Pope, he hurried to Jackson's relief, and together gained one of the greatest victories of the war. He commanded the right wing of our army on the bloody field of Sharpsburg, and was in the

thickest of the fight during the entire battle. At the battle of Fredericksburg he commanded the left wing of the army, where the assault proved most fatal to the enemy. In all of these battles, and others I do not now recall, General Longstreet participated, winning fresh laurels in each fight.

At Gettysburg during the second and third days of the battle he commanded the right wing of the army, and I never saw an officer more conspicuous and daring upon the battle-field. One of the most lasting pictures made upon my mind during the war, and which still lingers in my memory, was in connection with this officer. While in line of battle during the terrible cannon duel between the two armies, when at a signal our cannons ceased firing, I saw General Longstreet as he motioned his staff back, sitting superbly in his saddle, gallop far out in our front in full view and range of more than one hundred of the enemy's cannon, stop his horse, and, standing up in his stirrups, place his field glasses to his eyes and deliberately and for some time view the enemy's line of battle, while shells were bursting above and around him so thick that at intervals he was hidden from sight by the smoke from exploding shells. His object having been accomplished, he turned his horse and slowly galloped back to his line of battle. No officer upon the battle-field of Gettysburg displayed greater courage than Longstreet, and his presence upon the battle-field, like that of Lee and Jackson, was always worth a thousand men.

General Lee trusted Longstreet implicitly, and every act of his from the time he assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia to Appomattox Court-House sustains this assertion. When President Davis requested General Lee to send to the relief of General Bragg, who was hard pressed by Sherman, he sent his old "war-horse," and, true to his mission, Longstreet reached Chickamauga in time to turn the tide of battle in favor of the South. Afterwards he was ordered to drive the Federal army under General Burnside from East Tennessee, which he ably accomplished, driving him behind his entrenchment at Knoxville, Tennessee.

When General Grant attacked General Lee at the Wilderness —the second battle in magnitude of the war—and by overwhelming numbers was driving our army back, Longstreet by

forced marches reached the field in time to snatch from Grant a victory almost won. Here he received a wound which nearly cost him his life, and which, perhaps, saved Grant's army from being driven into the Rappahannock.

At Appomattox Court-House, "where ceased forever the Southern soldiers' hope," General Lee asked his old war-horse, if the necessity should arise, to lead the remnant of the army out, and he was ready to do so, and would have done so had not General Grant granted honorable terms of surrender. Would General Lee have trusted General Longstreet after the battle of Gettysburg had he been in the least disloyal to his commands? Impartial history will ever link the names of Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet upon the brightest page of the history of the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia. One word more about Gettysburg. I happened to be there (but at the time would have liked to have been elsewhere), and I decided then and am still of the opinion that the Yankees are to blame for our defeat.

Respectfully,

J. W. MATTHEWS.

(*Raleigh, North Carolina, Post.*)

"The idol of the Army of Northern Virginia."

If the conduct of some of our people towards General Longstreet, the great soldier, just dead, was not pitiful, it would be brutal.

He, the stubborn fighter of all our armies, the trusted arm of General Lee, the idol of the Army of Northern Virginia, dead, forty years after his many battles and the establishment of his undying fame, is refused by some of the daughters and granddaughters of the men who fought and fell under his banners, a wreath of flowers for his grave—a grave that makes hallowed the land that holds it; is refused a resolution of praise, by the sons and grandsons of the men who cheered his plume, as it waved them to victory. Why is this? A silly story attributed to General Lee, published after Lee's death, by General Gordon upon the authority of Fitz. Lee. The story contained the charge that the faithful "Old War-Horse," as General Lee

affectionately dubbed him, failed, wilfully, or from other cause, to obey orders at Gettysburg.

Can this story be true? That depends upon two contingencies, neither of which the wildest of General Longstreet's defamers have dared to formulate: first, that General Lee was lacking in candor, or, secondly, he did not know his best soldiers. Can either of these propositions be true? A thousand times no.

We all, or at least those of us who had the honor of serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, recall that in September, 1863, it became necessary to detach a portion of that army to send west to relieve Bragg, then being driven south by Rosecrans from Chattanooga; we also remember that, with all of his general officers to select from, including Gordon and Fitz. Lee, General Lee selected General Longstreet to lead his immortal battalion, and the fame of how well he performed that proud duty is still ringing in the ears of all who love honor and glory.

Would General Lee have selected General Longstreet, miscalled by malice and envy "the slow," "the disobeyer of orders," "the loser of the battle of Gettysburg," and so of the Southern cause, if he could have found in all his army one general braver or more competent? Surely not. This fact established, and established it is (and it also establishes General Lee's unshaken confidence in his "Old War-Horse"), what becomes of the improbable story of Fitz. Lee? It is a matter of common history that the fighting soldiers of 1861–65 have been silent since. This at least is true of the Southern soldiers, and pity 'tis true, because our own General R. F. Hoke, fighting then, silent since, could add rich chapters to the history of those Titanic days, if he would only speak.

With this conclusive evidence of General Lee's faith in General Longstreet, how pitiful is the unearned slander that has made the reputation of so many babblers. Longstreet a traitor or imbecile! Out upon it!

One other equally conclusive refutation of this miserable story is: In 1866 General Lee, it seems, determined to write the story of his campaigns,—"his object to disseminate the truth" (would his example had been contagious),—at the close of an affectionate letter to General Longstreet uses these words —words which General Longstreet might have claimed as a

charter of nobility, had he not already had his glorious war record to ennoble him:

"I had while in Richmond a great many inquiries after you, and learned you intended commencing business in New Orleans. If you make as good a merchant as you were a soldier, I shall be content. No one will excel you, and no one can wish you more success or more happiness than I. My interest and affection for you will never cease, and my prayers are always offered for your prosperity.

"I am most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

Does any sane man, or silly woman either, believe the noble heart that inspired these words could have asked its tongue to utter the things of General Longstreet that have been falsely attributed to it. Can argument be more cogent or conclusion more conclusive?

General Gordon is, I hope, with General Longstreet. Both are at rest, and I know the "Old War-Horse" of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the presence of his grand old chief, has forgiven his comrade the wrongs done him here. Peace to the ashes of both, the wronged and the wrong-doer.

W. H. DAY,
Formerly of First N. C. Infantry.

(*Washington, D. C., Star.*)

"Longstreet came out of the war with a record for courage and loyalty second to none."

General Thomas L. Rosser, of Virginia, who commanded a regiment at Gettysburg, and who was with the Army of Northern Virginia from the first battle to the surrender, bitterly resents the criticism of General Longstreet's course at Gettysburg. General Rosser was appointed an officer in the Spanish War by President McKinley, and in recent years has been acting with the Republican party. Reviewing the work of some of the great Confederate generals, General Rosser said to a reporter for the *Star:*

"With the death of General Longstreet passes the last of

the great soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia. He fought alone the battle of the 18th of July, 1861, and won the first victory of that splendid army. He shared in the glory of the great battles that army fought.

"Longstreet and Lee, as soldiers, were similar in many respects. Both were great defensive generals, but neither can be classed among the successful offensive generals of history.

"Take Jackson, for instance. His campaign from Kernstown to Port Republic, in the Valley of Virginia, in 1862, was as brilliant as the first Italian campaign of the great Napoleon. He drew McDowell from Fredericksburg. He left Shields, Fremont, and Banks confused as to his whereabouts, dashed across the mountains, joined Lee on the 26th of June, striking McClellan the surprise blow, forced him to the James, and raised the siege of Richmond. With the despatch of lightning he wheeled around, met Pope at Cedar Mountain, stopped his advance upon Lee's rear and flank, held him until Lee could arrive with reinforcements, passed to his rear, and fought the battle of the 28th of September at Groveton Heights; opened the way for Lee to press on with his army, and crowned the campaign with the successful battle of the second Bull Run. He crossed the Potomac with Lee, was detached, sent back, captured Harper's Ferry, and joined Lee at Sharpsburg in time to stop McClellan and save Lee's army. In May, 1863, when Lee was hesitating in the Wilderness, believing that Hooker's movement below Fredericksburg was a serious one, with the foresight of genius Jackson pronounced it a feint, urged Lee to allow him to move around Hooker's right, which, in audacity, boldness, and brilliancy seemed to paralyze Lee, and while on this wonderful march Sickles got between him and Lee with an army nearly equal his own. Jackson pressed on, turned Hooker's right, as he contemplated, dissipated the Eleventh Corps and all its support, and was within a half-mile of his goal, the Bullock house, had he gained possession of which Hooker's retreat would have been impossible and he would have been at the mercy of the Confederate army, when he was shot and mortally wounded by his own men.

"Lee, then in command of an army that knew no defeat, and not realizing that his great offensive general had been taken

from the army, committed the fatal blunder of attempting an invasion of the North. At no time during that campaign did he move with celerity, manœuvre to the surprise of the enemy, or do anything of a brilliant character marking him with the genius of war. The battle of Gettysburg was lost the first day, although the Confederates claimed a victory, and it might have been turned into a victory had Lee been a master of the art of aggressive warfare. But he followed up the first day with a stubborn attack of the enemy in an intrenched position, and, failing to dislodge him, seemed to hesitate and his plans seemed to be confused. Finally he committed a great error in attacking a superior enemy in an intrenched position at the strongest point.

"In the history of battles very few generals have ever made an attack of the centre of the enemy's position, and history gives only one example of where such an attack has been successful. That was the battle of Wagram, where the great Napoleon deceived the Archduke Charles by so threatening his flank as to cause him to weaken his centre, when, quick as a flash, Napoleon struck the centre of the enemy with MacDonald and his reserves. But then the world has only given us one Napoleon, and the Western hemisphere has given us only one Jackson.

"When Lee's army was beaten from the fatal attack which he ordered on the 3d of July, he rode among his fleeing soldiers, begging them to rally and reform on Seminary Ridge, telling them that it was his fault that they had failed and not their own. No criticism was made of Longstreet at that time. Longstreet was retained in the most important corps of Lee's army and served honorably and faithfully under Lee to the end.

"At Appomattox Longstreet, with Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia, at the close of a most glorious achievement, honestly surrendered. The Southern Confederacy was eliminated from the map of the world, its flag was forever furled, and all soldiers who surrendered there had either to return to the Union and become loyal to the flag of their country or remain hypocrites and traitors, which they could not do if they had honestly surrendered and accepted the terms that Grant had given them.

"Longstreet came out of the war with a record for courage, devotion to the cause he had espoused, and loyalty to the Stars and Bars second to none. Disabled by wounds, his right arm hanging lifeless and helpless at his side, his profession, that of a soldier, gone, he turned his attention to civil pursuits, and was struggling for a living when his old friend Grant, the President of the United States, offered him service in the government. Lee was dead. Southern politicians had expected Longstreet to keep the fires of Southern antipathy to the North alive, and as they were seeking to inflame the passions of the people as a basis upon which to unite the South and to fuse with the copperhead party in the North, as a means for repossessing themselves of a government they had lost by the results of the war, this action of Longstreet in accepting the offer of Grant tended to break their influence with the old soldiers of the South.

"To counteract that they brought up the charge of disloyalty and disobedience to Lee at Gettysburg, never having thought of it before, and never, in fact, having had a foundation for it. This, in a measure, served their purpose, because the old soldiers and their sons in the South are always ready to resent anything said or done unfavorable to Lee. Now, I am mortified to see that even the ladies have taken this matter up, and the Daughters of the Confederacy at Savannah refused to lay a wreath of laurels on the tomb of the great hero. I was surprised that Fitzhugh Lee should have charged Longstreet with disobedience, for I don't believe that General Lee ever made such a charge himself. After the war I went to Lexington and studied law and saw Lee every day and every night. Our comrades and enemies were often discussed, but I never heard him speak of Longstreet but in the most affectionate manner. Colonel Venable was professor of mathematics when I moved back to Charlottesville eighteen years ago, and my relations with him up to his death were close and intimate. I never heard him suggest the idea that Longstreet disobeyed orders or failed to do his duty at Gettysburg or anywhere else. General Lee relieved General Ewell, one of his corps commanders at Gettysburg, from duty with his army. He criticised A. P. Hill severely for his failure and mismanagement at Bristow station, but no man ever heard him say one word against Longstreet.

"Now that Longstreet is laid away to rest, all old and true soldiers of the Southern Confederacy will kneel around his tomb and pray that they may stand at the great reveille with Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet."

(*Macon, Georgia, Telegraph.*)

"On the historic page is blazoned his glory."

From the lips of Lee no word of censure ever fell upon the military renown of his great corps commander, the intrepid and immovable Longstreet. However men may differ as to that last fateful day at Gettysburg, on the historic page there is blazoned the military glory of James Longstreet. No earthly power can blot it out. Longstreet's corps is as inseparable from the glory of the veterans of Lee as the Old Guard from the army of Napoleon. And when a week ago with the last expiring sigh of its aged commander the blood of his fearless heart broke from the wound which laid him prone on the first day at the Wilderness, at the moment when he had restored the shattered lines and saved the Army of Northern Virginia, each ruddy drop, a protest against the censure of his comrades, was like the blood of Cæsar,—

"As rushing out of doors to be resolved,
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no."

Judge Emory Speer.

(*McRae, Georgia, Enterprise.*)

"Only necessary to refer his critics to the official reports."

It is rather significant in the life of General Longstreet that under the storm of anathemas which have been hurled upon him, both by private tongue and public pen, he always observed that silence commensurate with his dignity of character and magnanimity of soul. It is furthermore significant, that whenever an attack was made upon his official conduct at any time, it was only necessary that he point to the official report of the matter as made of it at the time. In every case where unfair criticism was indulged in, where there was no foundation for such, and, of course, no official data to which recourse could be had, the kind offices of some distinguished friend was invariably volunteered.

It is also rather a singular fact, that although he took a

prominent part in numberless engagements, among which could be mentioned some of the most sanguinary of the '60's, he never suffered serious defeat, and almost invariably bore off the laurels. This statement applies to Longstreet more truthfully than to any other general of either side. It was characteristic of him, and at the same time evincing his great military skill and genius, that he very often manipulated his forces as emergencies suggested in the absence of orders from his superior. In no instance where this was done does it appear that he ever received a reprimand, but the approval, rather, of the commanding officer.

After the war, his course seems to have met with some disapprobation on the part of some of his admirers South. This is a matter which seems rather best decided by an appeal from the arena of individual judgment to the forum of justice and right.—OLD VETERAN.

(*Chattanooga Times, Special.*)

"Punished for his Americanism."

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, January 8.—General Samuel H. Moore, a brave ex-Confederate soldier of this city, claims to know inside history concerning the career of General Longstreet after the close of the Civil War, and in a communication written for the public he calls upon General Joseph Wheeler and Colonel W. W. Garth to tell what they know in justice to the departed chieftain. General Moore writes:

"It is due General Lee's old war-horse, who was familiarly known to the Army of Northern Virginia as 'Old Pete' Longstreet, that a statement should be made which will vindicate his actions soon after the surrender and reinstate him in the hearts of those who always felt safe in battle when he was at their head, and who would have been proud to shed their last drop of blood to shield his fair name if they had only been cognizant of the facts which impelled him to pursue the course he did—as he believed for the benefit of his Southern people.

"In 1866, when reconstruction hung over the South like a sword of Damocles, five lieutenant-generals of the Confederate army held a meeting in New Orleans, in General Hood's room,

to discuss the situation and publish to the South the easiest way to bear the yoke sad fate had placed upon their necks.

"After discussing all the pros and cons, they unanimously decided to accept the situation as it was, return to the Union like good and loyal citizens, and be the recipients of the offices of trust which were being given to carpet-baggers because the government could not find in the Southern States men willing to accept the offices that would have gladly been given them.

"In this caucus of generals, Longstreet was selected to write and publish a letter. He did it. There was a howl of protest from the ill-informed people. The men who advised Longstreet to do this did not face this opposition, avoided this martyr, let him bear the odium alone. I ask General Joseph Wheeler to say what he personally knows of this. I call upon Colonel W. W. Garth to say what he knows and the source of his information.

"Let the South beg pardon for the wrong it has done our greater soldier, General James Longstreet."

"Did he do his duty as a soldier? Let Williamsburg, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the Wilderness make reply."

We are here to-day to pay our tribute to James Longstreet, the soldier who faithfully and ably served, the fighter who fiercely fought, the leader who bravely led, the sleepless, watchful, persistent, valorous captain of a glorious host, whom his great chief implicity trusted in every hour of supreme and dangerous service, and who on many a bloody field hurled his bold and devoted followers like an avalanche on the serried ranks of his country's foes, and who, when valor could avail no more, bore with him from the field of strife the passionate love of the legions he had led, and the unstinted praise and tearful benediction of his great commander, who knew him best, and had trusted him in many an "imminent and deadly breach."

Every man capable by reason of environment, character, or ability of exerting an influence upon affairs in any important field of human endeavor, is called upon at some time to act under such circumstances that his decision must infallibly indicate the character of the man and forever fix his place in the estimation of his contemporaries and of posterity.

That time came to James Longstreet in 1861. He was then an officer in the army of the greatest and most powerful republic on all the earth, and had won high and deserved honor in battle beneath its flag.

High commission in that army awaited him if he but adhered to that flag, and the future held in store for him exalted rank which his reputation and ability easily assured him.

On the other hand was a young nation, scarcely emerged from its chrysalis stage and without moral or physical support among the nations of the earth. His training and education as a soldier, and his knowledge of the power and resources of that great government in whose service he had been so long enlisted, enabled him to appreciate and realize the odds in its favor in the rapidly approaching struggle.

The conditions which confronted him required the exertion of all the virtues of courage, honor, consistency, and fidelity to conviction. He was called upon to illustrate the loftiest qualities of human character, and immolate self on the shrine of duty, or give heed to the siren voice of ambition, and, lured by the selfish hope of high reward, turn his sword against the land of his birth in the hour of her sorest need.

As Daniel, Virginia's great orator, has so fitly said of Robert E. Lee: "Since the Son of Man stood upon the Mount and saw 'all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof' stretched before him and turned away from them to the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and to the Cross of Calvary beyond, no follower of the meek and lowly Saviour can have undergone a more trying ordeal or met it in a higher spirit of heroic sacrifice."

In that hour of supreme test, trial, and temptation, James Longstreet did not hesitate. He dallied not with dishonor. He was deaf to every call save that of duty. Obedient to the conviction that his first, highest, and holiest obligation was to the land of his birth, he responded to her call, and for four long years "feasted glory till pity cried no more." His gleaming sword flashed in the forefront of the fighting, till when stricken and scarred with many a wound and with honor unstained he bowed to the stern arbitrament of battle.

When he made his choice and upon bended knee offered his

sword as a loving and loyal son to his native South, he thereby avouched himself unto all the ages as one who in every hour of trial and in every sphere of duty would keep his "robes and his integrity stainless unto heaven."

He then and there gave to the world perpetual and irrefutable proof that his every act since that day, whether as soldier or civilian, was prompted by an exalted sense of duty, performed in obedience to the convictions of an intelligent and deliberate judgment, and approved by a clear conscience, and standing on that high vantage ground he courted truth and defied malice.

No man who rises superior to temptation, and offers his life as an offering upon the altar of duty, and freely sheds his blood in testimony to the sincerity of his convictions, is called upon to explain his conduct "in any sphere of life in which it may please God to place him."

The exercises of this occasion take color and purpose from that tragic era in which James Longstreet was so conspicuous and honorable a figure; and his record as a soldier is absolutely beyond impeachment. Did he do his duty as a soldier brave and true? Did he bear himself as became a man in the hour of battle? Let history unroll her proud annals and say! Let Williamsburg, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the Wilderness make reply.

Ask those who met him and his dauntless legion on many a bloody field, and they will tell how often he swept down upon them like an avenging whirlwind. Ask his "boys," who for four years followed him with unquestioning devotion and with ever-increasing love and admiration, and they will with one accord and with voices tremulous with emotion answer that he never lagged, failed, or faltered.

Hear the testimony of Robert E. Lee, his great commander, who, though dead, yet speaketh: "General Longstreet (at Gaines Mill) perceived that to render the diversion effectual the feint must be converted into an attack. He resolved with characteristic promptness to carry the heights by assault." After Chickamauga, he says, "My whole heart and soul have been with you and your brave corps in your late battle. Finish your work, my dear General, and return to me. I want you badly, and you cannot get back too soon."

Let Joseph E. Johnston bear witness to the world of his great subordinate at Williamsburg: "I was compelled to be a mere spectator, for General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left no apology for interference. The skill, vigor, and decision of General Longstreet (at Seven Pines) was worthy of the highest praise."

We have yet further testimony, which in pathos and convincing power excels all speech or written language. It is an historic truth that when the end had come at Appomattox, and those who had so long shared the hardships of the camp and the peril and the glory of the battle-field were about to separate, General Longstreet and his staff proceeded to where General Lee and his staff had gathered for the last time before their final parting, and General Lee grasped the hand and spoke a few kindly words to each member of the group until he reached General Longstreet, when each threw his arms about the other, and as they thus stood clasped together both sobbed like children. When General Lee had recovered his composure, turning to a member of the party who is now in this presence, he said, "Captain, into your care I commend my old war-horse."

Robert E. Lee, standing on the fateful and historic field of Appomattox, amid the gathering gloom of that awful hour of defeat and disaster, with his arms about James Longstreet, while his majestic frame shook with uncontrollable grief, was a scene worthy to have been limned by genius on immortal canvas.

The tears of Robert E. Lee falling upon the symbol and insignia of Longstreet's rank converted it then and there into a badge of honor, grander than the guerdon of a king.

It is known to countless thousands that only a few years before he passed away Jefferson Davis moved out from the midst of a mighty throng, which was acclaiming him with every manifestation of earthly honor, to greet with open arms General Longstreet. Turning aside for a time from the thousands who pressed about him in a very frenzy of love and enthusiasm, he advanced and folded the great soldier to his bosom, thus testifying before God and a multitude of witnesses to his faith in the fidelity to conviction and to duty of the old hero.

Davis! Lee! Johnston! Immortal triumvirate of heroes! Glorious sons of a glorious land! Fortunate indeed is that

man who by such as they is avouched unto posterity. When Lee and Davis laid their hands in blessing and benediction upon James Longstreet, he was then and there given passport unto immortality.

The brevity of the time properly allotted me wherein to perform my part in the exercises of this occasion makes impossible any discussion or analysis of the campaigns of General Longstreet, even if such discussion were necessary, which it is not. His fame is securely fixed, and the faithful historian of the future will assign him to his due and fitting place in the annals of his age. The history of that great struggle, in which he was so majestic and forceful a figure, which does not bear tribute to his fidelity, skill, and valor will be manifestly and unjustly incomplete; and if any page thereof be not lighted with the lines of glory reflected by his heroic deeds, it will be because the truth has not been thereon written.

In the galaxy of the glorious and the great, James Longstreet will stand through all the ages enshrined with his great companions in arms in the pantheon of the immortals.

Over such a life as his, bravely, nobly lived on lofty levels, death has no dominion. More than fourscore years were upon him, and his kingly form was somewhat bowed, but the dauntless and indomitable spirit which had never quailed before danger, however imminent or dire, shrank not before the coming of that conqueror to whom the lofty and the lowly alike must yield, but, soothed and sustained by the holy faith of the mother church, he passed to his eternal rest—

"While Christ, his Lord, wide open held the door."

To those who loved and honored him the thought is comforting that after all the battles and trials and hardships of his arduous and eventful life he has found that rest reserved for the faithful in the realm of eternal reunion.

We can believe that when, clothed with the added dignity and majesty of immortality, he drew near to that eternal bivouac where are pitched the tents of the comrades who preceded him to rest eternal, two, conspicuous for kingly grace, even in that immortal throng, advanced to meet him and clasp him once

again to their bosoms, and that as he stood in their arms enfolded there fell upon his ears the voice of the Master saying,—

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord."—JUDGE NORMAN G. KITTRELL, Houston, Texas.

"No soldier of Longstreet's corps ever doubted his loyalty."

No soldier of Longstreet's corps during the war, whether he was one of the boys in the trenches, or wore the stars upon his collar, ever doubted either the courage, or the capacity, or the loyalty of James Longstreet. No man ever heard an insinuation of that kind. No, he was entitled to the splendid name the immortal Lee gave him of "old war-horse," and he held in the very highest degree the implicit confidence of the men he commanded and who loved him.

I love to think of Lee and Jackson and Longstreet and Hill as the "Big Four" of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Many years have passed since that bloody conflict; we are now one people, with one common flag and one country and one destiny. But we ought not to forget, how can we forget! the glorious names which became as familiar as household words to us during that trying time. Among all the other great names, that of James Longstreet, the ranking lieutenant-general of the Confederate army, who earned that title in the field and worthily wore it to the end, must shine forever in that noble galaxy.—CAPTAIN JOHN H. LEATHEN, *Second Regiment Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade.*

(*Gainesville, Georgia, Eagle.*)

"Always a plumed knight without reproach."

Nothing but sickness and a cold drive of twenty-five miles could have prevented me from attending the funeral obsequies of my old friend and great military chieftain and placing my humble tribute of flowers upon his grave.

And now, in the quiet of a sick-chamber, I undertake to weave a little garland to his memory. I know that nothing I may write will add any lustre or greatness to a name that has become immortal in the annals of a people who more than a third of a

century ago, and for four long years, performed deeds of heroic valor that would have shed glory upon the military renown of any country or people that have ever lived or had a place in history.

I have never permitted any criticism or detraction that has been written or uttered against General Longstreet, no matter by whom or for what purpose the same may have been written or uttered, to have a feather's weight in varying my love and veneration for this almost incomparable commander.

I watched him in his course from Bull Run to Appomattox, and to me he was always a plumed knight, without reproach. I have seen him on the field of battle, and I have seen him at his quiet tent. The very first order I heard given to "fire," was delivered by Longstreet at Bull Run on the 18th day of July, 1861. It was the prelude to the great victory on the bloody field of Manassas, three days after.

Bull Run may have been the beginning of battles in Northern Virginia—introductory to greater performances, but it was nevertheless a finished battle. A flag of truce came in and asked for a suspension of hostilities, and that the Federal dead be buried. The Union forces had fallen back to Centreville, three miles. Detachments from Bonham's South Carolinians and Early's Lousianians were called for to bury the dead. Longstreet's brigade had done the principal fighting, and Longstreet's brigade rested.

The dead were buried by those who had been fighting them only a few hours before. The day's battle was over, and the sun went down with the victors in possession of the field and its dead.

The battle of Bull Run (18th of July, 1861) will always remain in my memory a separate picture, and, like a diamond, however small it may be when compared with greater jewels, will retain its own halo and its own setting of gems. Longstreet was the hero of that historic field. Beauregard was higher in command, but Longstreet began and ended the fight.

I hope to be pardoned for this reference to an almost forgotten engagement, wherein nearly four thousand South Carolinians and an almost equal number of Virginians and Louisianians received their "first baptism of fire."

I will relate an incident that occurred after the war, to illustrate the inward character of General Longstreet, and how this great man desired to be on friendly terms with every one, especially old friends whom the accidents of war had estranged. It had come to my knowledge that in some way or other during the war General Longstreet and General Lafayette McLaws, lifelong friends and fellow-officers in the old United States army, had become separated in their friendships. Seventeen years and more had passed, and yet no healing balm had been poured upon these two proud hearts. General Longstreet was a patron of the N. G. A. College. He had two sons, Lee and James, at this military institution. General McLaws was contemplating sending a son to the school. Knowing that there was estrangement between these great military heroes, I induced Governor A. H. Colquitt to place these two men on the Board of Visitors to the College in the hope that they might meet each other in the quietude of my mountain home and become reconciled. They both came, and I arranged that they might be my guests, with others, and in some way I hoped to bring them close together. Their meeting was quite formal, and I thought they were very cold to each other. But after the supper was over, and getting my other guests to seats on the piazza, where they might smoke and talk, I gently asked the two to walk into the parlor with me, and seated them within easy distance of each other. I then began the conversation by alluding to some affair of the war with which they were familiar, for both of them had commanded Kershaw's brigade, to which I belonged. It was not long before the clouds began to roll away, as these old warriors passed from one scene to another, and their voices became friendlier. I then thought I could be excused and passed from the room, and kept others from disturbing them, and when they came out together, shook hands, and bade each other "good-night," I thought then that they were friends again. That night I called at General Longstreet's room and knocked, but heard no response. I pushed the door gently and peered in, and discoverd that the General was kneeling and praying. I went away as softly as I could, and the next day General Longstreet thanked me for the quiet way in which I had brought them together. "For," said he, "we are friends again." If I ever knew, I

have long since forgotten the cause of the estrangement. It might have occurred at Gettysburg.

It was my pleasure to have witnessed the meeting between General Longstreet and President Davis, so often alluded to as occurring at the unveiling of the Ben Hill statue in Atlanta. I had been given by Colonel Lowndes Calhoun on that occasion the command of several hundred one-armed and one-legged Confederate veterans. When these two great heroes met and embraced, my command "went wild," and they never got into line any more. Longstreet was almost a giant in stature and always attracted attention and produced enthusiasm. Whatever his political views were after the war was over, he honestly and fearlessly entertained them, but he never offensively presented them to any one, and it remains yet to be seen whether he was not right in many matters concerning which he was perhaps too harshly judged by some people.

In 1896 General Longstreet's name was on the McKinley electoral ticket. He came to Dahlonega to address the people on the political issues of the day. Although not a member of his political party, I had the honor of introducing him to the people of my native county in the following words, as published in the *Eagle*, October 29, 1896:

"Fellow-Countrymen and Ladies,—A few of the survivors of that gallant band who rushed to arms in defence of the Sunny South more than a third of a century ago, without regard to past or present affiliation with political parties, have with only a few moments' notice met to pay an humble tribute to one who, with dauntless and conspicuous bravery, led the Southern cohorts through many bloody battle-fields. Like the plumed knight, Henry of Navarre, his sword always flashed fiercest where the fighting was the hottest. His was the first voice of command to 'fire' when the Army of Northern Virginia was receiving its 'baptism of fire' at Bull Run on the 18th of July, 1861. And from the following Sunday, the memorable battle of Manassas, to Appomattox our comrades followed him. From Gettysburg to Chickamauga with unfaltering step they went wherever he led them, and from Chickamauga to the Wilderness they unswervingly obeyed his commands. His fame has become the common heritage of us all. No longer the sole

cynosure of Southern hearts and eyes, he is the beloved citizen of a restored country and a reunited Union. His patriotism, his history, his name, are the common property of all the people, both North and South. He is with us to-day for only a few hours. Possibly our eyes may never look into his again, nor our hands clasp his on earth, nor ever hear that voice once so potent to thousands of his countrymen. That voice is feeble, but he raises it now only for the purpose of guiding his friends into what he deems to be the paths of peace and prosperity. Listen to him with patience. I now have the honor of introducing to you, my fellow-countrymen, that distinguished soldier and statesman, General James Longstreet."—W. P. Price.

(*Washington, D. C., Star.*)

"Would have won battle. Never disloyal to his commander."

Major J. H. Stine, historian of the Army of the Potomac, has this to say of General Longstreet:

"It would be unjust in me to keep silent after enjoying General Longstreet's confidence, especially in regard to that great battle in which the blue and the gray met at Gettysburg. A quarter of a century after that great battle I had Longstreet invited here as the guest of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac. He came to Washington some two days in advance, and was a member of my household during that time. We occupied a room together at Gettysburg and went over the whole field, when he gave me a full description of the Confederates' movements.

"He was never disloyal to Lee, but he feared the Pickett charge would not be as successful as MacDonald's at Wagram. Longstreet attempted to persuade Lee not to order it, but rather a retreat at night and take up a position on the south bank of Pipe Creek, where Meade wanted to fight the battle.

"He says, in his history: 'I was following the Third Corps as fast as possible, and as soon as I got possession of the road went rapidly forward to join General Lee. I found him on the summit of Seminary Ridge, watching the enemy concentrate on the opposite hill. He pointed out their position to me. I took my glasses and made as careful a survey as I could from

that point. After five or ten minutes I turned to General Lee and said,—

"'"If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation, I do not think we could have found a better one than that upon which they are now concentrating. All we have to do is to throw our army around by their left, and we shall interpose between the Federal army and Washington."'

"'"No," said General Lee, "the enemy is there, and I am going to attack him there."'

"Lee was a great military student. He had before him Napoleon's great victory at Wagram, when he ordered MacDonald, with sixteen thousand men, to charge the enemy's centre. But few of that number were alive when success crowned that daring military movement. If Pickett's charge had been successful, it would have crowned the Southern Confederacy as one of the nations of the world, for it would not only have had foreign recognition, but valuable assistance. Upon every field except one Lee had been successful, and that was a drawn battle.

"He had great confidence in himself, and thought that it was impossible to defeat him with his Southern legions under his command. Longstreet differed from him on that charge, and I am truly glad, for the sake of my country, that Lee did not listen to him. They are both gone forever, but it seems strange to me that any military mind cannot recognize the foresight of Longstreet at Gettysburg."

(*Lost Cause.*)

"Pendleton's charge a discharge of hot air."

The recent death of the gallant old war-horse of the Army of Northern Virginia, General James Longstreet, has again revived some of the slanderous and unfounded reports of his lack of duty, unfaithfulness, and disobedience of orders at the battle of Gettysburg. I want to offer some thoughts in regard to this matter, and the first thing I want to say is that General Longstreet retained the love and confidence of the soldiers of Lee's army up to the surrender at Appomattox, on the 9th of April, 1865. His soldiers never for one moment questioned his loyalty, his courage, or his patriotism. If these late reports of

his default of duty at Gettysburg be true, is it not passing strange that he retained the love and confidence of General Lee until the close of the war? If Longstreet had disobeyed Lee's orders at Gettysburg, thereby causing the battle to fail of success to Southern arms, does any one pretend to believe that General Lee would have continued to place faith and confidence in him (his first lieutenant) until the close of the war? No man who has a proper conception of the character of Robert E. Lee as a soldier and as a great military commander will believe it. Another remarkable circumstance in connection with these grave charges against General Longstreet is, that the men composing the Army of Northern Virginia never heard a word of them until long after the death of General Lee, who could and would have refuted or confirmed them. The fame and character of General Lee as a great military chieftain does not need that the fame and reputation of another great and gallant soldier of the Confederate army shall be besmirched. Another remarkable fact is, these charges came from men that were only brigadier-generals at the battle of Gettysburg. Brigadier-General Pendleton, it seems, first made this charge against General Longstreet in a public speech at Lexington, Virginia, in 1873, in which he said that General Lee told him that he had ordered Longstreet to attack at sunrise on the 2d of July. Longstreet emphatically denied that General Lee ever gave him any such orders, and Colonel W. H. Taylor, Colonel C. S. Venable, Colonel Charles Marshall, and General A. L. Long, all of General Lee's staff, testified, after this charge was made by Pendleton, that they never heard of any such orders. Colonel Venable, replying to General Longstreet, said, "I did not know of any order for an attack on the enemy at sunrise on the 2d of July, nor can I believe any such order was issued by General Lee. About sunrise on the 2d I was sent by General Lee to General Ewell to ask him what he thought of the advantages of an attack on the enemy from his position. I do not think that the errand on which I was sent by the commanding General is consistent with the idea of an attack at sunrise by any portion of the army."

It seems clearly by the testimony of these eminent officers and soldiers who were at that time members of General Lee's

official family and were active participants in that supreme struggle of Gettysburg, that this charge by General Pendleton was only a discharge of hot air. I think the general view taken by the best authority upon the history of the fighting at Gettysburg on July the 2d, which was the second day of these battles, that up to 11 A.M. General Lee was undecided as to whether he would attack on the right or left. No matter in what eloquent words we may clothe our admiration for him as a soldier, the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia would regard all these eloquent words of praise as inadequate to express the admiration we feel for the brave deeds in war, and the unselfish and gallant service rendered the Confederate army by this grand old hero, General James Longstreet. General Lee told General Pickett and the Army of Northern Virginia that the lack of their success at Gettysburg was his fault. This man of glorious and immortal fame, as the greatest military leader of modern times, realized that he himself had overrated the ability of his army, and underrated the army of his enemy, who had the advantage of numbers and of far better position. General Lee realized then, as the world has since, that he made a mistake in attacking the Union army at Gettysburg after General Meade had secured and to some extent had fortified an almost impregnable position. Grant made the same mistake when Lee caught him on the fly in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, and at Cold Harbor, with this difference, Grant was depending upon his superior numbers and equipment, while Lee was depending upon the morale and fighting qualities of his army. And while the morale and fighting qualities of Lee's army were never equalled in the history of modern warfare, even they could not accomplish the impossible. And the traducers of General Longstreet's fidelity are strangely oblivious of the fact that General Longstreet at the battle of the Wilderness made a forced march that taxed his soldiers to their utmost capacity to get there in time, and when he arrived on the field he found the Southern line was being driven back by superior numbers, and throwing his troops into line and with his accustomed impetuosity drove the Federal line rapidly back and saved the day and gave the Southern army the victory at the Wilderness. In this fight he was severely wounded, and the gallant Jenkins of South Carolina

at the same time was killed. Pendleton said that General Lee died believing that but for the disobedience of Longstreet at Gettysburg that battle would have been a victory for the Southern army. How did he know that Lee died with that belief? Did General Lee ever tell any one so? If so, whom? It is one thing to make an assertion, but quite a different thing to prove it. I have seen men in my day look pretty cheap in court when called on to prove some things they had said on the streets.

In conclusion, I want to say that while we all regretted and were grieved when General Longstreet joined the Republican party, that fact ought not to have created prejudice sufficient to have caused us to ignore, and belittle, and cast any reproach upon his character, or unjust reflection upon his long and brilliant career as a soldier. He was a soldier by profession, and, according to his own testimony, he never cast a ballot in civil life prior to the Confederate war. He and General Grant were warm personal friends. They were school-mates at West Point, comrades in the Mexican and some Indian wars. General Grant clasped his hand and called him Jim at the surrender at Appomattox. Grant at Appomattox was a Democrat and a slaveholder, and he went over to the Republican party and was elected President of the United States. What influence General Grant brought to bear upon General Longstreet may have been very great, for all the outside world knows. Be that as it may, we do know that up to the close of the war he had taken no active part in politics in any party. We also have every reason to believe that if General Longstreet had espoused the Democratic party, and become a strong partisan in that party, we never would have heard a word of this imaginary default at Gettysburg.

The soldiers of Longstreet's corps do not believe he disobeyed General Lee's orders at Gettysburg, or at any other time. We don't believe it now; we never did believe it, and we never will believe it.—W. H. Edwards.

RESOLUTIONS BY CAMPS AND CHAPTERS

(*Sterling Price Camp.*)

"His chivalry is as lasting as the hills of the Old Dominion."

Tribute to the memory of General James Longstreet, adopted by Sterling Price Camp, No. 31, Dallas, Texas.

Comrade A. W. Nowlin, in submitting the report of the committee, said in part:

"Comrades, we have assembled here as a camp to pay tribute to the memory of the late Lieutenant-General Longstreet. One of the great soldiers of the age has fallen. He has answered the last roll-call. Taps has been sounded 'Lights out.' The 'War-Horse of the Confederacy' is dead. This great, brave, and fearless officer is gone. The hard fighter of the Army of Northern Virginia has surrendered to the arch-enemy death. General Longstreet possessed the esteem and confidence of his troops in a marked degree. They were devoted to him, and when and where he led they were invincible.

"His name and his deeds of daring and chivalry are coupled and interwoven with that of the Army of Northern Virginia, and are as lasting as the hills of the 'Old Dominion.' The heroic battle-fields of Virginia will ever attest and pay tribute to the military genius of this great leader. History will hand down to posterity the name of James Longstreet as one of the great generals of the nineteenth century."

The following was adopted as Camp Sterling Price's tribute to Lieutenant-General James Longstreet:

Whereas, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet recently passed away at his home in Gainesville, Georgia, and was buried, amid the tears and regrets of thousands of those who loved him and had assembled from every part of this country to pay this last honor to him; be it

Resolved, That the comrades of Camp Sterling Price have heard with profound sorrow of the death of this great Southern soldier and comrade.

Resolved, That, educated in the profession of arms, he gave many years of his young manhood to the service of his country in the war with Mexico and in conflicts and campaigns with the savages of the West, and everywhere distinguished himself for

courage and ability so as to win promotion and the gratitude and applause of his countrymen.

Resolved, That when wrongs and passion disrupted the nation, and his native State withdrew from the Union and united with the Confederate States of America, he felt that his allegiance no longer belonged to the other States of the Union, but to the one of which he was a citizen, and he resigned his office in the United States army and offered his services to the government of the Confederacy. He received the rank of brigadier-general, and, being always in the front when campaigns were most important and the enemy the most powerful and battles were furious, he was promoted for distinguished bravery, conduct, and generalship to be major-general, lieutenant-general, and second in command of the great Army of Northern Virginia, under the great commander Lee.

As brigadier-general at Manasses he held the left wing of the enemy, by his boldness, so that it could not give assistance to the defeated right wing. As major-general he covered General Johnston's retreat in the Peninsula before the advance of McClellan, and fought the victorious battle of Williamsburg. As major-general he commanded the right wing in the bloody battle of Seven Pines, and with D. H. Hill drove the enemy from the field. In the Seven Days' battle around Richmond no general gained greater renown, and soon thereafter, when Congress directed the President to appoint seven corps commanders with the rank of lieutenant-general, Major-General Longstreet was made the ranking lieutenant-general and second in command of the army under Lee, which position he held through the great battles and campaigns of that army for three years, until with Lee and the remnant of his heroes he surrendered at Appomattox.

At the second battle of Manassas he commanded the right wing of the army, and with Jackson on the left drove Pope into the fortification of Washington. At South Mountain he held McClellan with a death grip until Jackson could storm Harper's Ferry, and commanded the right wing at Sharpsburg and fought more than double his number under McClellan from early dawn until darkness spread her sombre shadows over the bloodiest scene in American history. It was here that Lee

knighted him as his "War-Horse" as the last guns were sending their hoarse echoes among the mountains. Next, at Fredericksburg he commanded the left wing, and at nightfall on the 13th of December, 1862, eight thousand of the enemy were stretched out dead or bleeding in front of his corps.

At Gettysburg, riding by the side of Lee, without expecting nor desiring at that time to join battle with the enemy, they heard the thunder of Hill's and Ewell's guns, and hastened to their assistance. The first day's battle was fought and won before Lee or Longstreet could take an active part. On the second day Longstreet commanded the right wing and fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war, driving almost the entire army of Meade before him, and leaving more than ten thousand of the enemy slain or wounded on the field. The third day of this great battle he exhibited the loftiest courage.

Next, he and his corps were sent from Virginia to Georgia and joined Bragg in the terrible battle of Chickamauga, where he commanded the left wing and routed the right wing of Rosecrans's army. When Grant and Meade, with their forty thousand veteran soldiers, were advancing upon Lee in the Wilderness of Virginia, the great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia called Longstreet with his men back from Tennessee, and with panting breath and quick step and double ranks he headed the Texas brigade and rushed upon the cheering and triumphant enemy on the second day in the Wilderness, and drove them over their works amid the blazing woods, and a great victory was in the grasp of Lee, when a bullet from our own men, by mistake, crashed through his body and he was carried from the field desperately wounded. The guiding hand of the great general and fighter was gone, and victory fled as the fatal opportunity was lost.

In the long siege and through the many battles around Richmond and Petersburg, lasting nearly twelve months, Longstreet commanded the left wing on the north side of the James, and stood like an immovable mountain between the enemy and the Confederate capital.

When the sad day of Five Forks came, and Lee's lines were broken about Petersburg, Longstreet was called from Richmond with his men to the assistance of his great commander, and

covered the retreat and gave blow for blow to the charging enemy, and when the sun rose on the day of the 9th of April, and Grant was about to offer terms for the surrender of the Southern army, Longstreet told General Lee that if the terms were not honorable they would fight again and die fighting. Thus he fought and stood by his chief to the bitter end, retaining the confidence of his commander and his President to the last; and if they who knew him best and trusted him most, and were with him day and night and knew his thoughts and opinions, and witnessed his deeds and actions throughout all the vicissitudes and trials of those days that measured the souls of men,—if they believed in him, trusted him, leaned on him, and kept him second to Lee, who shall have the temerity to criticise, to condemn, and to throw stones at this imperial soldier?

Those of us who have heard the thunder of his guns; those of us who have seen him leading his warriors in battle; those of us who have seen him stand like a Gibraltar against the charging thousands of a fierce foe, will honor him as a great soldier who has added to the fame of Southern manhood, and who is worthy to stand through the ages with Lee and Johnston and Jackson and Stewart, and all the brave men who laid their bare breasts to the storm of war in the name of freedom and independence. We honor ourselves by honoring such a man.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Camp and a copy be sent to Mrs. James Longstreet by the adjutant.

A. W. Nowlin.
J. R. Cole.
J. W. Taylor.
T. C. Bailey.
Milton Park.

(*Camp 435.*)

"A Solomon in council, a Samson on the field."

The following resolution in memory of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, introduced by Captain Wm. Dunbar, was adopted by Camp 435, U. C. V., Augusta, Georgia, by a unanimous and rising vote:

Resolved, That we deplore the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet. We recall how, in the opening of the campaign of 1862, his stubborn gallantry saved the Army of Northern Virginia for its long career of glory; how, later in the same campaign, his superb strategy rescued Stonewall Jackson from the swarming thousands about to overwhelm him; how, in 1863, he flew to the aid of the heroic Army of Tennessee, and with it won the resplendent victory of Chickamauga. In short, we know him by the proud title of the War-Horse of the Confederacy, a title worthily bestowed by General Robert E. Lee himself. He was a grand soldier, a Solomon in council, and a Samson in the field.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inscribed on a special page of our minutes, and that a copy thereof be transmitted by our adjutant to the family of the valiant dead.

(*Longstreet Chapter.*)

"His fame is imperishable."

Verily, though dead, yet in history he will continue to live; be it therefore

Resolved, That while we, the Daughters of the Confederacy, deplore the loss of our beloved Confederate General James Longstreet, who was the first ranking general of the Confederate army, passes one of the most gallant spirits of the nineteenth century. In the war drama of his life he played a most important part. At the beginning of the scene of the Civil War he took up the Southland's cause and began as brigadier-general a career of courageous fighting which won for him the admiration of the world. He was a comrade of Jackson and a companion of Lee. In personal appearance General Longstreet was well adapted to play this important part. So distinguished in appearance, he was indeed a veritable "war-horse." His career in the Confederate army was a magnificent display of this loyal adherence to his views of truth and right. His fame as a soldier is imperishably inscribed on the scroll of history.

Worn by recurring paroxysms of exquisite pain, the great warrior was weary as the evening shadows fell, and patiently asked his devoted wife to rearrange his couch. "I shall rest

better on the other side," he said, gently. Then the spirit took its flight.

> Let us cherish in our hearts the golden story,
> How the chieftain bravely lived and calmly died—
> Living for his Southland's never fading glory—
> "Resting better now upon the other side."

Perish the hand and strike down the pen that would rob him of a people's gratitude to a brave and loyal son.

Resolved, His death caused universal sorrow among those who honor the chivalry, gallantry, and bravery which lent to the Confederate cause the lustre that can never dim, and left a laurelled history that will never die.

"For he who best knows how to endure shall possess the greater peace."

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family in this hour of unspeakable sorrow, and pray that the hand of our Heavenly Father may be laid in gracious healing upon their broken hearts. That the Holy One may abide with them in comforting influence, and that the sunshine of His wonderful presence may brighten the present sad separation by the sure promise of reunion with their beloved in the land where suffering and death are unknown.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the city papers, and to the bereaved family, and that they be inscribed in our minutes.

Mrs. R. H. Smith.
Mrs. Ernest Ham.
Mrs. J. C. Dorsey.
Mrs. C. C. Sanders.

(*John A. Green Camp.*)

"The battle-fields of Virginia will ever pay tribute to Longstreet's genius."

Head-Quarters Colonel John A. Green Camp,
No. 1461, U. C. V., Dickens, Texas.

We have assembled here to pay tribute to the memory of the "War-Horse" of the Army of Northern Virginia, General James Longstreet, who died recently at his home in or near Gainesville, Georgia, at the ripe old age of eighty-three years.

General Longstreet earned his first laurels at the first battle of Manassas, and fought his way up to lieutenant-general. Being the ranking lieutenant-general in Lee's grand army, he served with conspicuous gallantry in nearly all the battles in which that army was engaged,—Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, under Johnston, the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg (it was here that General Lee knighted him as his "War-Horse"), Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, the Wilderness, around Richmond and Petersburg, and in almost all the great battles in which Lee's army was engaged. However we may have differed with him in the political path which he chose, when the army which he led with such conspicuous ability laid down their arms and returned to peaceful pursuits, we recognize in him a great general, and the battle-fields of Virginia will ever attest and pay tribute to his military genius. History will hand down his name to posterity as one of the great generals of the South, one who was true and faithful to the Star-Spangled Banner under which he fought, and in whom our great commander, General R. E. Lee, placed his confidence and trust. General Longstreet possessed the esteem and confidence of his troops in a marked degree in camp and field, and in advance or retreat his deeds of daring are coupled with that of the army of General Lee, and are as lasting as the hills of Virginia. We extend our sympathy to the family of this grand old general who has passed over the River.

JNO. A. GREEN, U. C. V.,
THOS. L. WOODS, U. C. V.,
B. D. GLASGOW, S. U. C. V.,
R. L. COLLIER, S. U. C. V.,
Committee.

W. C. BALLARD,
Commander.

(*James Longstreet Camp.*)

"A patriot who commanded the admiration of the age in which he lived. One of the world's great generals."

To the memory of General Longstreet, passed by Camp James Longstreet, U. C. V., at their regular meeting in Ennis, Texas, January 17, 1904:

Whereas, The Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to call the late Lieutenant-General James Longstreet across the river, to rest in the shade on the other shore with his former commanding general, R. E. Lee, and his associates, Hood, Jackson, and others, who had preceded him; and

Whereas, In the removal of this great soldier from the walks of life to his future reward the military world has lost one of the most distinguished military characters known to the history of civil warfare; America has lost a loyal patriot, whose inflexible devotion to duty, as he saw it from a view-point of patriotic loyalty to his country, commanded the admiration of the age in which he lived; the South has lost a son, whose distinguished services as a gallant soldier and whose superior ability as a general in the Army of Northern Virginia easily classed him with the greatest of the world's great generals, one whose brilliant record sheds an honorable lustre on the Southern soldier of which the American people feel justly proud; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we deplore with sadness the death of General Longstreet, who enjoyed the full confidence of his commanding general and of the officers and men of his command as a gallant and prudent officer, we cherish his record as a general in the Army of Virginia as a spotless sheen of soldierly merit and worth, faultless in every respect.

Resolved, That a page in the record-book of Camp James Longstreet be set apart, and that these resolutions in memory of our departed general be recorded thereon.

Fraternally,

L. A. Daffan.
T. G. May.
J. C. Loggins.

(*Hattiesburg Camp.*)

"He was the chosen leader and central figure in every great conflict from the first battle of Manassas to the fateful day at Appomattox."

Longstreet was the chosen leader and central figure in every great conflict from the first battle of Manassas to the fateful day at Appomattox.

Sparta never had a worthier son than the South had in Gen-

eral Longstreet. From the firing of the first gun his ardor never ceased, his courage never failed. Often in the midst of the greatest battle did he stand with his men when they fell around him like forests in a storm. His presence was inspiring, and his word talismanic. No soldier was ever more loved or confided in than he. Who shall say that his name shall not emblazon the brightest page of our history? Who will deny him that great praise, so justly his own by reason of his great services and terrible suffering? History will be incomplete without according him her brightest page; and as long as we live to recount deeds of valor and heroism on the battle-field, will live the names of Lee, Longstreet, and "Stonewall" Jackson. Who that was at Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness, when the earth rocked with the tramp of armed men and the roar of battle resounded almost to heaven, would deny him this mead of praise?

In all these was General Longstreet a prime warrior, a conspicuous actor. He rarely, if ever, was defeated. He planned his marches, battles, and retreats with a strategy little less than transcendent; and when he made a stand he placed his back to the rock and bid defiance to his enemies.

He was to Lee what Ney was to Napoleon, a guide, a friend, and a confidant.

I cannot pass this occasion without recalling an incident at the Wilderness. On the 5th day of May, 1864, General Grant had devastated the entire country from the Rapidan River to Fredericksburg. His soldiers were as numerous as the Assyrian hosts. Hancock's corps had advanced to the west side of the plank road that ran through that dismal swamp, and had driven both Pendor and Heath out of their breastworks, thus breaking through the centre of our line of battle. It was an awful hour—fear and despair could be seen in every face. In vain did Heath and Pendor try to repossess their works.

Just at that moment Longstreet arrived on the ground. Hood's Texans were in front. Lee came in a gallop to meet them. With tears in his eyes and his long hair flying in the wind, he asked, "What troops are these?" "Hood's Texans," was the reply. "Follow me!" he said. When he started to lead them, a Texan belonging to the First Texas Regiment, commanded by Colonel J. R. Harding, now of Jackson, Mississippi,

caught the bridle of General Lee's horse and turned him back. Away went the Texans followed by the Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, and Louisiana brigades, and drove the enemy back and saved the day. This was but one of the glorious acts of General Longstreet.

Cold Harbor, Seven Pines, Gaines Mill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg are not less glorious than others named, and all made so by the energy and courage of Longstreet and his faithful soldiers. At the battle of Sharpsburg for a long time our army was threatened with defeat; our lines began to waver before the terrible fire of the superior numbers with which we were contending, when General Longstreet, just from a hot contest on our left, was brought around to the centre, and for six long hours he repelled the assailants of this numerous host and " kept the executives at bay and drove back the Mamalukes of power." Forget him? No! The names of Lee and Longstreet will live as those of Cæsar and Napoleon, and when this physical world shall have perished, and the heavens rolled together as a scroll, the names of these men will be remembered.

Resolved, That in the death of General Longstreet the South has lost one of her most brilliant soldiers.

Resolved, That in battles his name was a synonym of success, and his presence an inspiration to his men, a terror to his enemies.

Resolved, That the Camp wear the usual badge for thirty days and a copy of this paper be sent to his family at Gainesville, Georgia.

T. B. Johnson,
For Committee.

Adopted by Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Camp, No. 21, U. C. V., February 6, 1904.

(*John M. Stephen's Camp.*)

"Where his flag waved his lines stood as immovable as Gibraltar."

Comrades,—At his home at Gainesville, Georgia, at 5 p.m., Saturday, January 2, 1904, in his eighty-third year, Lieutenant-General Longstreet answered his last roll-call. If Ala-

bama had done nothing save to give us Longstreet and Pelham, she would have done much for herself, the Southland, and for fame. If with Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, Robert E. Lee takes first rank among the world's great generals, surely General Longstreet may stand with those who occupy second rank among the world's great military men.

If Jackson was Lee's right hand, Longstreet was his left from Manassas to Appomattox.

Longstreet was a very thunder-bolt of war. When Jackson at the second battle of Manassas was hard pressed by Pope's whole army, Longstreet rushed to his aid and, striking Pope's flank, crushed it as an egg-shell in the hand of a strong man. Thus always and everywhere that Longstreet led, his men hurried to death as joyously as the bridegroom to greet the bride; where his flag waved his lines stood as immovable as Gibraltar to the storms of the ocean, and when he moved forward, there the enemy were beaten or death and carnage reigned supreme. If after Appomattox, Longstreet made mistakes, or we imagined he did, the mantle of death covers them all. Remembering there has only One lived without fault, they are forgotten, and standing by his grave we remember only his virtues and the heroism and skill which made him great in times and places where great men were thick as fallen leaves in Vallombrosa; therefore be it

Resolved, That we mourn the death of our great leader, and tender to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Camp, and that copies be furnished our town papers for publication and a copy be sent to General Longstreet's widow.

Silas C. Buck,
McD. Reil,
Committee.

(*Jeff Falkner Camp.*)

"His officers and men have never doubted his courage and loyalty."

Commander John Purifoy spoke of the death of General Longstreet and introduced the subjoined resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

"In the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet a

great soldier has 'passed over the river' to his final rest. No more will he wake to behold the splendor and fame of his men. He has fought his last battle. In the school of war he had learned courage, promptness, and determination. Its stern lessons had taught him fortitude in suffering, coolness in danger, and cheerfulness under reverses. Every Southerner should feel proud of his record as a soldier.

"While some of those who were associated with him in the many great battles in which he was a conspicuous figure, have permitted themselves to engage in some adverse criticism of his conduct on one occasion only, the officers and men under his immediate command never for a moment doubted his courage, his skill, his integrity, his sincerity, or his loyalty to the cause for which he unsheathed his sword. Nor did the great Lee, whose confidence he retained to his death, ever intimate that Longstreet was not faithful, brave, and prompt in the discharge of every duty as a soldier.

"As surviving comrades we will cherish his memory; as Alabamans, we are proud of his record. His integrity, his honesty, and his heroic conduct are worthy of emulation.

"*Resolved*, That our sincere condolence is hereby tendered his bereaved widow and other members of his family.

"*Resolved*, That this memorial and resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that they be given to the press for publication.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the same be mailed to his widow at Gainesville, Georgia."

(*George B. Eastin Camp.*)

"His fame will endure as long as the story of the great struggle shall be told."

Whereas, We, the members of the George B. Eastin Camp of United Confederate Veterans, Louisville, Kentucky, have heard with profound regret of the death of our distinguished comrade, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, and feel that we should pay tribute to the memory of one who was so conspicuously associated with the cause for which we fought; therefore be it

Resolved, That we recognize and testify to the valor and devotion which he exhibited on so many fields made memorable by

Confederate effort, and caused him to be worthily ranked among the best and bravest soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia.

With the history and the glory of that army his name will ever be signally and inseparably connected. His fame as a skilful, resolute, and sagacious commander, the honor due him as a dauntless defender of his native soil, his record for faithful performance of duty and unflinching courage from "Manassas to Appomattox," will endure so long as the story of the great struggle shall be told.

Forgetting in the presence of his death and grave all later differences, we remember and acknowledge his services and his heroism in the hour of need and trial.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Camp, and the daily papers of this city be requested to publish same; also, that a copy be sent to the bereaved widow of our distinguished comrade.

Respectfully submitted,

D. Thornton.
Jas. S. Carpenter.
J. S. S. Casler.

(*Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 88.*)

"He was as true as the needle to the pole in every position in which he was placed, whether in civic or military life."

January 17, 1904.

Two weeks ago to-day the wires flashed the news over the country that General James Longstreet, the soldier, statesman, and diplomat, died Saturday night at his home in Gainesville, Georgia. He was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, January 8, 1821, hence lacked only a few days of being eighty-three years of age. He graduated from West Point in 1842, was in the war with Mexico and brevetted for meritorious service at Churubusco and Molino del Rey. He was wounded September 8, 1847, at the storming of Chapultepec. He was commissioned brigadier-general in the Confederate army at the first battle of Bull Run, in 1861, where he commanded a brigade on the right of the Confederate army and held in check a strong force of the enemy in a vain effort to turn General Johnston's flank; and from then until the dark day at Appomattox, when the sun of the

Confederacy went down in gloom to rise no more, the flag of "Old Pete," as he was familiarly called by his old comrades, was everywhere in the thick of the fight; and he was one of Lee's most trusted lieutenants, and every true Confederate soldier will drop a tear to his memory. He has crossed the dark river and is now resting with Lee, Jackson, and thousands of others who have answered the last roll-call, heard the last tattoo, and will hear the roll of the drum and the call to arms no more forever. Peace to his ashes and sympathy to his living comrades is our sincere wish; therefore be it

Resolved, That the death of General Longstreet takes from our earthly ranks another of the brave and true, one who was ever ready to obey the call of duty, as the writers of this resolution can testify, having followed him through many bloody engagements where he was indeed a leader whom any might feel honored to follow. He was as true as the needle to the pole in every position in which he was placed, whether in civic or military life.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy forwarded to the widow of our deceased comrade, and that we tender her our sincere sympathy in this the darkest hour of her life.

J. M. Mallett,
Captain Commanding.
M. S. Kahle,
Adjutant.

(*Joseph E. Johnston Camp.*)

"His sword was one of the most trenchant ever drawn in the South's defence."

At a regular meeting of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., No. 119, held at Gainesville, Texas, on the 9th day of January, 1904, the Committee on Resolutions as to the death of General Longstreet presented, and the Camp unanimously adopted, the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we have heard, with deep sorrow, of the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, late of the Confederate army.

Resolved, That in the death of General Longstreet the world has lost one of her greatest military chieftains, the United States one of her most illustrious citizens, and the South one who in the darkest hours of peril boasted him among her noblest and best; his sword was one of the most trenchant ever drawn in her defence, and to her is left the proud heritage of his brilliant career.

Resolved, That as this sad news is flashed around the world, it is fitting that every ex-Confederate soldier should bow his head in deep sadness as his bier passes us to the silent city of the dead.

Resolved, That as our great comrade has obeyed his last tattoo, and after a long and useful life has gone to peaceful rest, where war's dread alarm is heard no longer, that we pray the reveille of resurrection morning will wake him to receive a crown of glory brighter far than heroes ever won in the battle-field.

Resolved, That we, his comrades in arms, tender his noble wife and family our genuine sympathy in their sad bereavement, assuring them that a grateful people will lovingly cherish the proud military record of this wonderful soldier.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be mailed to Mrs. James Longstreet, and copies be delivered to the press.

E. F. Comegys,
F. A. Tyler,
H. Ingle,
Committee.

Robt. Bean,
Commander pro tem.
W. W. Howeth,
Adjutant pro tem.

(*Merrill E. Pratt Chapter.*)

"Years will only add lustre to his crown."

The Merrill E. Pratt Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Prattville, Alabama, paid a tribute of respect to the memory of General James Longstreet, by adopting the following resolutions:

Whereas, Fully cognizant of the fact that there will be many tributes of condolence offered, tributes that thrill with eloquence

and lofty sentiment, yet there will be none more sincere or more truly heartfelt than that offered by the Merrill E. Pratt Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of General Longstreet the whole nation lost one of its truest statesmen, while the South lost one of its greatest chieftains and one of its stanchest friends.

Resolved, That while we deplore his death, we bless and praise the Glorious Giver for the gift to the Southland of such a patriot as General Longstreet, a patriot whose fame time cannot wear away, and years will only add lustre to his crown.

Mrs. James D. Rise,
President.

Mrs. J. A. Pratt,
Corresponding Secretary.

(*Tom Smith Camp.*)

"He was the last survivor of the South's great warriors."

Mr. Commander and Comrades,—Your committee appointed at the last meeting of this Camp to draft resolutions expressing our sorrow and grief at the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, respectfully report as follows:

Lieutenant-General Longstreet was the commander of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the last survivor of the great warriors upon whom that rank was first conferred when the Confederate armies were organized into corps. He was known as the "Fighting General," and, with the exception of the battle of Chancellorsville, was with General Lee in all his campaigns from the Seven Days' fight around Richmond until the war ended at Appomattox, save only when incapacitated a few months by wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness in 1864. He was loved and respected by his soldiers, and the surviving veterans of his corps have always honored their leader and are mourners at his grave.

Resolved, That we who knew him and followed him through the dangers and trials of protracted war claim the privilege of paying our tribute of heartfelt sorrow to the memory of our dead commander.

Resolved, That we extend to his widow and surviving children our sympathy in their affliction.

Resolved, That this memorial be spread upon the records of this Camp, and that a copy be sent to his bereaved family.

Thos. M. Smith,
J. C. Causey,
Committee.

(*J. E. B. Stuart Camp.*)

"General Lee leaned on him as a strong arm of defence."

In the death of General James Longstreet passes away one of the most prominent generals of the Southern Confederacy. He was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, January 8, 1821. When ten years old, in 1831, he moved with his mother to Alabama, and from this State he was appointed to the United States Military Academy, from whence he graduated in 1842. He was assigned to duty at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in 1842–44; on frontier duty at Natchitoches, Louisiana, 1844–45; in the occupation of Texas, 1845–46; and in the war with Mexico. Here he was wounded, was promoted several times for gallantry, his courage being observable on all occasions. He faithfully discharged his duties as an officer of the United States until June 1, 1861, when he resigned and entered the service of the Southern Confederacy. His career is well known to his comrades, and is a part of the glorious history of our Southern cause. He was a brave soldier, a superior officer, brave and true, and one of the hardest fighters of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Lee had implicit confidence in him, and leaned on him as a strong arm of defence in the most desperate fighting and splendid generalship. Longstreet was a man of the front, where he stood to execute orders the most difficult and hazardous, and did not lay aside his sword until his leader surrendered his shattered forces, until there was no more fighting to do. He was cool, deliberate, and yet generous. It became an acknowledged fact that where Longstreet and his brave men were, was sure and desperate fighting. He stood in line of battle ready for engagement when the surrender came, loosening his grip on his faithful sword only when the war had ended.

We honor him for his works' sake, and bow our heads in memory of his wonderful achievements, his devotedness to duty, and love for our great Southland.

Resolved, That this memorial be spread upon the minutes of this Camp, a copy furnished the family of our deceased comrade, and a copy furnished such papers as may wish to publish the same.

Done by order of J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 45, U. C. V., Terrell, Texas, January 16, A.D. 1904.

Vic. Reinhardt,
Adjutant.

(*Horace King Camp.*)

"He was one of the most persistent and determined fighters that any country ever produced."

Your committee appointed by Horace King Camp, No. 476, U. C. V., Decatur, Alabama, to prepare resolutions expressive of their profound sorrow at the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, of Confederate army fame, beg leave to report,—

First, That in General Longstreet's death we have lost one of the bravest generals who fought on either side of the Civil War—one whom the great Lee called the right arm of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was one of the most persistent and determined fighters that any country ever produced.

Second, He was independent, self-reliant, watchful, devoted to the cause he espoused. He never flinched from unexpected difficulties, and showed his readiness to die at his post if need be. He was a man of superb courage. "He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequence of the course pursued without complaint." In the presence of death, the good man judges as he would be judged. In the grave should be buried every prejudice and passion born in conflict of opinion. Fortunate are we, indeed, when we become great enough to know and appreciate the great. Longstreet was brave enough to follow the path of duty as he saw it, no matter where it led. In speaking words of love and praise over his grave, we honor ourselves. May we with gratitude remember the good that he has done. May he rest in peace.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the family of the deceased, and that they be spread upon the record of the Camp.

W. W. Littlejohn,
Samuel Blackwell,
Committee.

The foregoing resolutions were adopted by a rising vote of the Camp, January 14, 1904.

W. H. Long,
Commander.
W. R. Francis,
Adjutant.

(*New York Highlanders.*)

"We had reason to respect him as a foe."

Head-Quarters Seventy-ninth Regiment,
New York Volunteer Highlanders,
Veteran Association.

Whereas, It has come to our knowledge that our esteemed Honorary Member, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, late of the Confederate army, has passed to that bourne from which no traveller has ever returned; and

Whereas, We had reason to respect him as a foe with whom we were often in conflict, and to whom we sometimes had to yield the palm of victory, and especially do we remember the gallant fight he and his tried veterans made at Fort Saunders, Knoxville, East Tennessee, on November 29, 1863, when we were victorious only after he had thrice been repulsed; and

Whereas, We also remember with pleasure the reunion of the Blue and the Gray held at Knoxville in 1890, where we again renewed our acquaintance with the General and his gallant band, but under far different and pleasanter circumstances—they were our foes in 1863, our friends in 1890; and we also recall the many hours we passed in his company when we fought our battles over and over again, and where we had the pleasure of placing upon our roll the name of General Longstreet as an honorary member; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death we feel that there has passed away

a gallant soldier and gentleman, who in the conflict and struggle of the Civil War, where so many gave their lives to defend the cause which each espoused, we learned to respect, and in peace we learned to love; and we therefore extend to his widow and family in their bereavement our heartfelt sympathy, committing them to the loving care of the Divine Master, who alone can comfort them in their affliction.

Francis W. Judge,
President.
Charles Crawford,
Secretary.

(*Camp Frank Gardner.*)

"He won for our armies a world-wide reputation."

Camp General Frank Gardner, No. 580, U. C. V.,
Lafayette, Louisiana, January 14, 1904.

Whereas, This is the first meeting of this Camp held since death has claimed as one of its victims the distinguished Confederate soldier, General James Longstreet, who departed this life on the 2d day of January, 1904, at Gainesville, Georgia; and

Whereas, This Camp recognizes the great services rendered to the cause by the brilliant soldier, and desires to render its meed of just tribute to the memory of the gallant officer and commander; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of General James Longstreet we mourn the loss of one of the most illustrious of the great generals who led our armies to victory on many a hard-fought field against almost overwhelming odds, gaining for our devoted armies a world-wide reputation that ranks them among the best soldiers of the age.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the records of our Camp as a memento of our admiration and appreciation of this distinguished general and citizen, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

C. Debaillon,
Captain Commanding.
P. L. DeClouet,
Adjutant.

(*Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 436.*)

"The Gettysburg charges are not supported by authentic history or satisfactory evidence."

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call to him the immortal soul of General James Longstreet, lieutenant-general in the Army of the Confederate States of America, whose record as a broad-minded citizen and conscientious, upright, and honorable officer in the various civil positions he has held, is only excelled by the great service he rendered his country, as the soldier and general, whose bravery, fortitude, ability, and devotion to duty was excelled by none whose fortunes were cast with his, beneath the "Stars and Bars;" and

WHEREAS, There is among certain ones in the South a disposition to reflect upon his fidelity to the trust imposed upon him at the battle of Gettysburg, and place upon his shoulders the blame for General Lee's loss of that engagement; be it

Resolved, That we deprecate the spirit that would induce one Confederate soldier to stoop from the pedestal upon which history has placed him, to deprive another of the honor to which he is justly entitled.

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the course taken during his life by the late General Longstreet,—in ignoring the attacks and calumnies heaped upon him by those who were his comrades in arms,—as showing the true greatness of the man.

Resolved, That we further believe, when the true facts are known, an admiring and grateful people will place him second only to the immortal Lee, who, though all the facts were known to him, exhonerated Longstreet from all blame, saying, "The fault is mine."

Resolved, That this Camp do hereby attest its belief in his fidelity, ability, and high moral character, and that the so-called Gettysburg charges are not supported by authentic history or satisfactory evidence.

Resolved, That we here extend to the family of General Longstreet our heartfelt sympathy in this, their, and their nation's loss, and that one copy of these resolutions be mailed to Mrs.

James Longstreet, one be printed in our local papers, and another be spread on the minutes of this Camp.

Respectfully submitted,

James R. Keith.

The above resolutions were adopted by Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 436, U. S. C. V., of Cleburne, Texas, at a regular meeting of that Camp, held on Sunday, January 24, 1904.

Jas. R. Keith,
Commandant.
W. F. Black,
Adjutant.

(*Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222.*)

"He was a true and tried leader of men."

To Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, Waco, Texas:

Your committee respectfully recommend the following resolutions as to General Longstreet:

Whereas, We have heard with deep regret of the recent death of General James Longstreet, commander forty years ago of the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, Confederate States army; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of General James Longstreet the country at large has lost a true and tried leader of men, and the Confederate Veterans have parted with a comrade and commander in whom they reposed implicit confidence and one ever ready to defend his cause against any foe, foreign or domestic.

Resolved, That the war that has been and is being waged on the military record of General Longstreet for failure to do his duty at the battle of Gettysburg is not in keeping, in our opinion, with the record as it is made up from the reports of General Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate army in that conflict. If General Longstreet had failed to execute the orders of General Lee, and been the cause of the defeat of the Confederate army, as is charged, we believe he would have been court-martialed and dismissed from the service instead of being retained and trusted on down to Appomattox, as he was.

Resolved, That we deplore and deeply regret the action of the

Savannah Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in refusing a floral offering to be placed on the bier of General Longstreet. His heroic conduct as a soldier of the Confederacy, his wounds and sacrifices in our glorious but disastrous struggle for freedom, would have certainly entitled him to the slight token of gratitude as he was passing out from among us forever.

Geo. Clark.
John C. West.
M. B. Davis.

(*Cobb-Deloney Camp.*)

"At the end of the unequal contest he sheathed a stainless sword."

Whereas, It has pleased an all wise Providence to remove from this life Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, commander of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and second ranking officer in that army; and

Whereas, In all the eventful campaigns of that army, from Manassas to Appomattox, General Longstreet was a conspicuous figure, enjoying the full confidence and affection of our peerless chieftain, General Robert E. Lee, whose own right arm leaned on him for support; and

Whereas, In our second struggle for independence he displayed sincere devotion, great military skill, serene courage, and an indomitable will and resolution, which has shed honor upon Southern arms and added lustre to the imperishable fame of Southern soldiers; and

Whereas, He shed his blood freely in our behalf, and at the end of the unequal contest sheathed a stainless sword which for four years had flashed in the front of battle and victory.

Resolved, That we mourn with deep sorrow the death of this illustrious leader, and will ever cherish with gratitude and admiration the memory of his example, his sacrifices, and his heroic achievements.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our sincere sympathy in this great bereavement.

Resolved, That a page be set apart in our minutes upon which these resolutions shall be recorded, and that a copy be sent to the family of General Longstreet.

Copy from the minutes of Cobb-Deloney Camp, United Confederate Veterans, Athens, Georgia, January 14, 1904.

Wm. G. Carithers,
Adjutant.

(*Mayor and City Council, Atlanta, Georgia.*)

"He was ever loyal to duty and the Southern cause."

Whereas, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet died at his home in Gainesville, Georgia, on the 2d day of January, 1904; and

Whereas, As a Southern soldier General Longstreet won imperishable fame and glory as a corps commander in the armies of the Confederacy during the fateful days of the '60's, and was held in the highest esteem and confidence by the knightly and matchless Lee, and was ever loyal to duty and the cause of the Southern Confederacy; be it therefore

Resolved, That we have heard with sincere regret of the death of this gallant gentleman who in his lifetime exemplified in the highest degree the courage, chivalry and patriotism of the South, upon a hundred of his country's battle-fields.

Resolved, That in common with all citizens of the Southland we lament his demise and honor and revere his memory for his great service to his country and his people as a soldier of the Southern Confederacy. No braver heart beat beneath the Confederate gray, no more heroic soul paid allegiance to the Stars and Bars. Honor to his memory! Peace to his ashes!

Resolved, That this resolution be entered upon the minutes of the General Council and a copy thereof, certified to under the hand and seal of the clerk, be forwarded by him to the family of the distinguished dead, and that the City Hall flag be lowered to half-mast on to-morrow the 6th instant.

Adopted by a unanimous rising vote.

Georgia, Fulton County,
City of Atlanta.

I, W. J. Campbell, clerk of Council of the city of Atlanta, do certify that the attached is a true copy of a resolution

adopted by the General Council of said city on January 5, 1904, the original of which is of record and on file in the office of said clerk of Council.

In witness whereof I have hereunto affixed my hand and seal of office, this January 11, 1904.

W. J. Campbell,
Clerk of Council.

(*Camp Walker.*)

"We deplore and deeply regret the action of the Savannah Daughters."

The committee appointed to express the views of Camp Walker, U. C. V., No. 925, on the military record of General James Longstreet, beg leave to report as follows:

Whereas, We have heard with deep regret of the recent death of General James Longstreet, commander forty years ago of the First Army Corps, A. N. Va., Confederate States army; therefore

Resolved, That in the death of General James Longstreet the country at large has lost a true and tried leader of men, and the Confederate Veterans have parted with a commander in whom they reposed implicit confidence, and one ever ready to defend his cause against any foe, foreign or domestic.

Resolved, That the war that has been, and is being waged on the military record of General James Longstreet for failure to do his duty at the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, is not in keeping, in our opinion, with the record as it is made up from the orders of General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate army in that great conflict. If General Longstreet had failed to execute the orders of General Lee, and had been the cause of the defeat of the Confederate army, as is charged, we believe he would have been court-martialed and dismissed from the service, instead of being retained and trusted, on down to Appomattox, as he was.

Resolved, That we deplore and deeply regret the action of the Savannah Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in refusing to supply a floral offering to be placed on the bier of General James Longstreet. His heroic conduct as a soldier of the Confederacy, his wounds and sacrifices in our glorious but dis-

astrous struggle for freedom, would have certainly entitled him to this slight token of gratitude as he was passing out from among us forever.

M. V. Estes,
J. B. McFadden,
J. G. Ramsey,
Committee.

Resolutions unanimously adopted by order of the Camp.

J. S. Holland,
Commander.
James G. Ramsey,
Adjutant.

Atlanta, Georgia, January 11, 1904.

(*Longstreet's "Boys."*)

"A noble, heroic, and spotless soldier."

"I was a member of Longstreet's corps for three years," said General McGlashan, in the preface to his resolutions, "I followed the fortunes of that corps, served with it, saw its work, saw its sufferings, its victories, and its grandeur of behavior on every battle-field from Seven Pines to Appomattox, for I was fortunate enough to be wounded at only one fight, and if anyone in so humble a position as I was could say anything about his leader, I think I can.

"You all know the reputation of Longstreet's corps; you know the glory of its service and what it accomplished on many battle-fields, and you cannot dissociate General Longstreet from the glory and reputation of his corps." General McGlashan was here interrupted by cheers. Continuing, he said, "We are concerned with nothing that may have been said of General Longstreet after the war; we are here to remember him as a great Confederate general and leader.

"When General Longstreet, in his old gray coat, came to Atlanta in 1886, Jefferson Davis received him with open arms; there was no lack of confidence or acceptance there, and it is not for any others to say what Lee and Davis left unsaid."

General McGlashan then introduced the following resolutions:

Whereas, It hath pleased our Almighty Father to call to himself, in the fulness of years, our beloved comrade and leader, General James Longstreet; be it

Resolved, That in the death of General Longstreet, we have lost a true and gallant comrade, an able and victorious leader of the Confederate hosts in the past, whose deeds are among the proudest memories of the South; the South a noble, heroic, and spotless son; the nation a true citizen who reflected honor on whatever cause he undertook; and the world a great soldier whose fame will survive with the annals of the Lost Cause.

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the family of our deceased comrade in their great bereavement, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent them.

(*Floyd County Camp.*)

"The patriot who gave his all."

Rome, Georgia, January 12, 1904.

Mrs. James Longstreet,

Gainesville, Georgia:

Madam,—At a meeting held to-day of Floyd County Camp, United Confederate Veterans, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Our honored and beloved fellow-comrade of the United Confederate Veterans, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, quietly and peacefully died at his home in Gainesville, Georgia, on Saturday, January 2, 1904, and recognizing in him the true man, the good citizen, the soldier without fear, the patriot who willingly offered his all and shed his own blood on his country's altar, and the man who feared nothing but God; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Floyd County Camp, No. 368, United Confederate Veterans, while bowing to the ever-wise, always loving decrees of God, are deeply grieved and sincerely sorry at this the death of another great captain of the Southern

Cause; at the same time rejoicing in the confident assurance and abiding trust that he has, only a little in advance of us, passed "over the river and is now sweetly resting under the shade of the trees" with Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Johnston, Polk, Gordon, and the thousands of others who grandly and gloriously followed the same dear flag.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Camp, that a copy be forwarded to the family of our deceased comrade, accompanied by our sincerest and deepest sympathy.

Thompson Stiles,
G. W. Fleetwood,
M. W. Bratt,
A. B. S. Moseley,
J. H. Camp,
Committee.

(*Camp Niemeyer Shaw, Berkley, Virginia.*)

"His life full to the brim of manly principle."

This Camp has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Lieutenant-General Longstreet.

His life had reached the full measure of human probation; but it was full to the brim of manly principle, heroic service, and dauntless courage. Loyal to his Southland and to all the interest committed to him by his country, he maintained his integrity of character and the unbounded confidence of all right-minded men to the end.

Tried in the school of civic life and in the crucible of battle, he filled a creditable page in the fateful and tragic incidents of the sixties, and then shared all the privations common to his fellow-comrades in helping to rehabilitate the homes of a people wrecked by the scourge of civil war.

As a Camp we desire to re-express our unbounded confidence in his military career and in his unswerving devotion to the best interests of mankind.

Having passed through the gate which is ajar for all humanity, we mournfully bid the old commander and veteran of the "Lost Cause" a final adieu.

J. A. Speight,
J. S. Whitworth,
J. L. R. Harris,
Committee.

E. L. Cox,
Commander.

(*Camp Ben McCulloch.*)

"His fame and glory belong to the South."

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from this earth our distinguished comrade, General James Longstreet; therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply lament the death of our comrade, and shall ever cherish and revere his memory.

Resolved, The ever memorable relief of that arch hero "Stonewall" Jackson, when hard pressed by overwhelming forces of the enemy at the second battle of Manassas, by which prompt action pending defeat was turned into glorious victory, entitles General Longstreet to a lofty pedestal in the Temple of Fame.

Resolved, We honor and revere our deceased comrade not only for his great military achievements, but for the personal solicitude and care that he always had for the welfare and comfort of the private soldier, causing all who served under him to regard him with unbounded confidence and affection.

Resolved, The fame and glory of General Longstreet, one of the last of the great lieutenants of the incomparable Lee, belongs to the South, especially to those who, like him, fought for its independence, and by them it will be kept and cherished as one of its precious treasures.

"Sleep, soldier, sleep, thy warfare 's o'er."

J. B. Wolf.
Ed. F. English.
W. M. McGregor.

I certify that the above is a copy of the resolutions spread upon the minutes of our Camp January 13, 1904.

James B. Moore,
Adjutant.

Camp Ben McCulloch, U. C. V., Cameron, Texas.

(*John B. Gordon Camp.*)

"Courage and honor his characteristics as soldier and citizen."

Resolved, That the John B. Gordon Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Atlanta, Georgia, has heard with great sorrow of the death of General James Longstreet, which occurred at his home at Gainesville, Georgia, on the 2d day of January, 1904.

His life was one of fealty and devotion to the cause for which he fought, while courage and honor were his characteristics both as soldier and citizen.

It can truthfully be said of him: He was great among our many illustrious leaders of the Confederate States army,—than which there can be no higher tribute paid to man,—and after having bravely served his country during its darkest hours, accepting the arbitrament of the sword in a spirit that history now adjudges to have been commendable, he became a good citizen of our reunited country.

Resolved, That as an expression of the high regard in which we, the sons of the men who followed the lead of this great captain, hold his services to our Southland as a soldier, and as a testimonial of our regard for his character as a man, direct that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Camp, and further that the secretary be directed to forward a copy of the same to the family of the deceased, with whom we sympathize in the hour of sad bereavement to which Providence in His wisdom subjects them.

H. F. West, *Chairman,*
Hugh W. Dorsey,
C. H. Essig,
W. B. Ladvall,
A. J. McBride, Jr.,
Committee.

(*Alexander H. Stephens Camp.*)

"The beau-ideal of soldier and patriot."

Attention, Comrades:

When men conspicuous for sublime action, such as heroic conduct, goodness or greatness, or other lofty attainment are called to pass over the "river of death," it is a patriotic duty for surviving comrades to give expression to their grief. It needs not the building of a pantheon or vote of a senate to give them a place among the immortals, to keep alive their illustrious acts and virtues. Most certainly it is not necessary in the case of Longstreet,—"Old Pete," as he was lovingly called by comrades who followed him unflinchingly through four years of warfare. "Old Pete" is dead, yet he lives in the hearts of his old corps and will continue to live in history, poetry, and song, the beau-ideal of a soldier, patriot, and a lover of liberty. Yet like all men who attain to eminent merit and conspicuous sublimity, he lived to realize the truthfulness of the poet, that

"He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow.
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below,
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread;
Round him are icy rocks and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toil which to those summits led."

Such was the fateful experience of our beloved Longstreet, a corps commander and lieutenant-general in the Army of Northern Virginia. To him obedience to constituted authority moulded and shaped the ideal soldier and citizen for his distinguished life service; and became the reasons for his acts in rigidly observing his Appomattox parole. We know that he was one of the bravest of the brave and truest of the true.

Unanimously adopted by the Alexander H. Stephens Camp, U. C. V., Crawfordville, Georgia.

(*Marengo Rifles Chapter, U. D. C.*)

"One of the hardest fighters in Lee's army."

Whereas, The Great Commander-in-Chief has called "over the river" the gallant Longstreet; therefore be it

Resolved, That Marengo Rifles Chapter, U. D. C., mourns with the entire Southland the death of that daring, brave, and fearless soldier, General James Longstreet, who was one of the strongest supports, and one of the hardest fighters the peerless Lee had in his army; that his fame will ever be cherished by this Chapter as well as by all who "wore the gray."

Resolved, That we sympathize with the widow of the great leader, to whom a copy of these resolutions will be sent by the secretary.

Mrs. Geo. W. Laylor.
Mrs. Benjamin F. Elmore.
Miss Mary R. Clarke.

(*Jeff Lee Camp.*)

"The war-horse of the Confederacy."

Head-Quarters Jeff Lee Camp, No. 68,
United Confederate Veterans,
Adjutant's Office, McAlester, I. T., January 23, 1904.

Whereas, The Supreme Commander of all the hosts has ordered our beloved comrade and friend, General James Longstreet, the old war-horse of the Confederacy, to report at headquarters a little in advance of us, his fellow-soldiers; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we shall miss from our councils and general convention our brother and comrade, the sunlight of whose presence upon the hard-fought battle-fields enabled us to bear more easily our long marches and severe engagements of the four years' campaign, we know that the order came from One who doeth all things well, and are certain that in the dispensation of eternity we shall concur in its wisdom.

Resolved, That so long as our little remnant of life shall hold out, we shall feel a pride in the military record of our brother and comrade.

Resolved, That Jeff Lee Camp, No. 68, extend its loving sympathy to the family of our departed comrade in the darkest hour of their lives.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the record book of the Camp, a copy of them be presented to the daily and weekly papers for publication, and a copy sent to the surviving widow of our comrade.

W. A. Treadwell,
J. J. McAlester,
R. B. Coleman,
Committee.

(*John H. Morgan and Bourbon Camps.*)

"Full of years and honors."

At a meeting of John H. Morgan Camp, No. 95, and Bourbon Camp, No. 1368, U. C. V. A., in joint assembly, held in the city of Paris, Kentucky, on the 1st day of February, 1904, the following resolutions were adopted:

The distinguished officers of the Confederacy are rapidly falling before the grim reaper. We are called upon to mourn the departure of one of the greatest soldiers developed in the war between the States, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, dying full of years and of honors. As a soldier we have the estimate of his chieftain,—"My war-horse." With this epitaph engraven on his tomb, the niche his name will occupy on "Fame's eternal camping-ground" is assured; therefore be it

Resolved, That our sincerest sympathies be extended to his bereaved wife.

James R. Rogers,
W. M. Layson,
Russell Mann,
Committee.

(*Selma, Alabama, Chapter.*)

"A rare combination of fidelity, patriotic principle, and unsullied integrity."

Selma, Alabama, January 14, 1904.

The committee appointed January 12, at a meeting of the Selma, Alabama, Chapter, to prepare resolutions in memory of General James Longstreet offer the following:

Resolved, That in the shadow of this great sorrow the Selma Chapter joins with the Confederate Veterans, Divisions and Brigades, in submission to Him who "doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth."

That we recognize in the life and character of General Longstreet a rare combination of fidelity to patriotic principles, an attractive personality, and an unsullied integrity, calling forth from the North high estimation, from the South, warmest love.

That we extend to the family and wife of the patriot soldier cordial sympathy in this dark hour, commending them to the tender mercies of our Heavenly Father.

Miss Julia Clarke,
Miss Mary Lewis,
Corresponding Secretary,
Miss E. F. Ferguson,
Committee.

(*C. M. Winkler Camp.*)

"One of the great commanders of modern times."

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty God to remove from our midst one who while in life was a brilliant soldier, courteous gentleman, and whose military career in the armies of the South marked him as one of the truly great commanders of modern times; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of General Longstreet the South has lost a great soldier and a brilliant commander, to whose fame as such nothing can be added, save that he was "the war-horse" of the great Lee.

Resolved, That this Camp tenders to the bereaved wife and family its heartfelt sympathy and condolence in the death of the distinguished soldier and citizen, and that the adjutant of this Camp forward to the wife of General Longstreet a copy of these resolutions, and furnish the city press with a true copy of the same for publication.

(*Company B, Confederate Veterans.*)

"A tribute of glory on his grave."

HEAD-QUARTERS COMPANY "B,"
CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, January 12, 1904.

At a meeting of Company "B," Confederate Veterans, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have heard with great sorrow of the death of General James Longstreet, under whose leadership many of us fought during the great war; be it

Resolved, That in General Longstreet the Confederacy had one of her greatest leaders. His ability as such, his bravery, and unwearied zeal won for him a place in our hearts, and we desire as an organization to add our testimony to his worth as a soldier, citizen, and man.

We mingle our tears with those of his family and friends, and place a tribute of glory on his grave.

Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to his bereaved wife and family.

SPENCER EAKIN,
Captain Commanding.

GEO. H. HOWS,
O. S.

(*Camp Hampton.*)

"His name is associated with almost every Confederate victory won on the soil of Virginia."

At a meeting of Camp Hampton, Columbia, South Carolina, Colonel R. W. Shand spoke feelingly of the life and services of General Longstreet, and offered the following resolutions:

The sad intelligence of the death on the 2d of January last of James Longstreet, the senior lieutenant-general of the Confederate States army, has reached us since our last regular meeting. In the language of an impartial historian, his name is "associated with almost every Confederate victory won upon the soil of Virginia," and he "was trusted by his great leader and idolized by his men." His fame is gloriously connected

with the heroic deeds of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, the splendid victory at Chickamauga, and the East Tennessee campaign; and those who fought under this great fighter have always entertained for him feelings of affection and regard; therefore be it

Resolved, That this camp has heard with most profound sorrow of the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, of the Army of Northern Virginia, who bore so large a part in making glorious that immortal band.

Resolved, That we tender to his surviving family our most sincere sympathy, and that a copy of this memorial be sent to his widow.

Resolved, That a blank page on our minute-book be dedicated to his memory.

These resolutions were heartily seconded by Comrades Jennings, Bruns, Brooks, and Mixon, and adopted by a rising unanimous vote.

(*Confederate Veterans' Association.*)

"No wrong to mar his memory."

Whereas, By the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, on the 2d day of January, 1904, in Gainesville, Georgia, there is removed from our midst another of the few remaining of our great captains, over whose parting we sadly lament; and

Whereas, In common with other surviving veterans who served in the Confederate armies where this distinguished dead soldier commanded, believing in the broad principles of truth, and cherishing a feeling of fraternal regard for each other, and being at the same time reminded that by his death we, too, are gradually, but surely, drifting nearer to the brink of eternity; be it therefore

Resolved, That we who espoused the cause of the late Confederacy and followed its destinies to the end, and being endowed with a high sense of right and justice towards a departed brother, feel it a duty that is owing to posterity, as well as to ourselves, to look well to future history that no wrong be done to mar the memory of a comrade, be he ever so high or so humble, who served his chosen cause so devotedly and ably as Longstreet

did during the four eventful and trying years from 1861 to 1865.

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the death of General Longstreet, and do hereby extend to the bereaved family of the deceased the most sincere and heartfelt sympathies of this Association.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased.

Thos. W. Hungerford,
Secretary, C. V. A.

Washington, D. C.

(*Camp Tige Anderson.*)

"His heroic and valiant services will be remembered."

Atlanta, Georgia, January 5, 1904.

The following resolutions were read and adopted at a meeting of Camp Tige Anderson, January 5, 1904.

Whereas, This Camp has heard with sincerest regret of the death of our lamented comrade General James Longstreet; and

Whereas, We recognize and remember General Longstreet's heroic and valiant services to our beloved cause.

Resolved, That we will revere his memory as one of the best of the friends of the South, one of her best warriors bold—one of her truest sons.

Resolved, That we bow with uncovered heads at the Reaper's call.

Resolved, That in the death of our comrade we have lost a true and tried friend, and while the majority of us were of an averse political opinion to that of the General, yet we are generous enough to accord him the right and the fidelity of party affiliation, particularly so when we believe that environments when times tried men's souls were a terrific pressure brought to bear upon him.

As a Camp and as individuals our prayer is that our late commander may "*requiescat in pace.*"

Resolved, That our commander appoint a delegation to attend the funeral of General Longstreet, at Gainesville, Georgia, to-morrow, as an official escort from this Camp.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent by our adjutant to the family of our deceased comrade.

H. P. Foster,
Commander.
Sam'l Fulton,
Adjutant.

(*Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C.*)

"We will teach the children of the South the story of his sublime courage."

Macon, Georgia, January 7, 1904.

Mrs. James Longstreet:

Dear Madam,—The Sidney Lanier Chapter, No. 25, U. D. C., mourn with you and yours over the loss of your illustrious husband. We tender to you and his children our heartfelt sympathy, and promise that we will do all in our power to teach the children of our dear Southland the story of his sublime courage, his devotion to duty, of the willingness of his men to follow wherever he led.

"The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of Life is won."

Faithfully yours,
Anna Holmes Wilcox,
President.

(*Troy Chapter, U. D. C.*)

"Reverence and esteem for the soldier and gentleman."

Troy, Alabama, January 10, 1904.

Mrs. Longstreet,
Gainesville, Georgia:

My dear Madam,—The members of Troy Chapter, Alabama Division, U. D. C., desire that you should learn through us of our deep sympathy in your late bereavement. We feel that we have sustained a personal loss in the death of your noble husband, and would convey to you some sense of our reverence and esteem for the gallant Confederate general and honorable Southern gentleman.

To us the memory of the Confederacy is a sacred trust, and for the men who made its history we entertain an unalterable

veneration. For General Longstreet, one of its distinguished heroes, we feel an abiding affection.

That God will bless and sustain you in this trying ordeal is the prayer of the united Chapter.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. L. H. BOWHS.
MRS. JNO. P. HUBBARD.

(*Williamsburg Chapter, D. of C.*)

"The defender of our homes."

The Williamsburg, Virginia, Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, wishing to do honor to the eminent soldier Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, do unanimously resolve:

1. That we can never forget that on the 5th of May, 1862, General Longstreet held back the advance of the Federal army and protected our homes and firesides from the overwhelming forces of the enemy, as he marched towards the Confederate capital.

2. That at his grave we forget all political differences and remember him as the defender of our homes and as the "Old War-Horse" of the great commander.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the press and another to Mrs. Longstreet.

MRS. MARGARET CUSTIS HAVERFORD,
Chairman,
MRS. I. LESSLIER HALL,
MRS. W. L. JONES,
Committee.

(*Mobile Chapter, U. D. C.*)

"His great name and fame precious to Southern hearts."

MOBILE, January 19, 1904.

MY DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET:

At a recent meeting of the Mobile Chapter, Alabama Division, U. D. C., I was instructed by a rising vote to express to you the affectionate sympathy of the members of the Chapter, in the recent great bereavement which has befallen you in the death of your distinguished husband, General James Longstreet.

In this bereavement you have the sympathy of every Daughter of the Confederacy, who in unison with you weep the great and honored dead.

The conspicuous courage and heroic gallantry of General Longstreet on many a hard-fought battle-field, his never-failing devotion to the Southland, and his eminent services in her cause during the four long years of cruel war will ever render dear and precious to our hearts his great name and fame. Among the many condolences that have come to you from all over the South, none are more loving and heartfelt than those of the Mobile Chapter, whose words of love and sympathy I have been directed to express to you.

In giving expression to their grief and sorrow at the great loss which touches you so vitally, may I venture to add my own personal expression of admiration for your great husband, and of sympathetic love for yourself.

I am, with great respect, yours truly,

Electra Semmes Colston,

President.

(*T. D. Smith Chapter, U. D. C.*)

"Always true to his convictions."

Dublin, Georgia, January 18, 1904.

To Mrs. Longstreet and Family:

The Dublin Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy wish to extend to you and yours their sincerest sympathy, which we, as well as the entire South, feel in the loss of one of her greatest chieftains, General James Longstreet. In his death the South has lost a noble, heroic son, whose deeds will live in the hearts of her people, a soldier, a general whose brave acts have caused every child of the South to honor, love, and revere his memory; a hero in whom the "elements were so mixed that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, this is a man."

True to his convictions, he acted always after careful consideration as his judgment has shown him was best.

Miss Adeline Baum,

For the T. D. Smith Chapter of the Daughters of Confederacy.

(*Cobb County, Georgia, Camp.*)

"His knightly valor won for him a diadem of glory."

The committee appointed to give some appropriate expression of its high appreciation, love, and honor for General James Longstreet, the great leader of Longstreet's corps, C.S.A., and of our deep sorrow at his death, and to report and recommend suitable action by this Camp, respectfully submit the following:

General James Longstreet was a native of South Carolina, born of an illustrious family, distinguished alike for intellectual strength and nobility of character. His love for his native State and the South was inherent and strengthened by associations, early education, and environments. In keeping with his natural tastes and fitness for his chosen profession, his education was completed at the military school of the United States at West Point, where he developed that strong and wonderful intellectual power of perception, combination, and comparison, coupled with cool self-possession, knightly valor, and lofty ambition, which in the field of terrific war and deadly battle won for him, the armies he led, and the Southern Confederacy his diadem of glory, as enduring as the history of the struggles of nations in freedom's cause.

General James Longstreet was the friend, comrade, and companion of the matchless Lee, Generals Joseph E. and Albert Sidney Johnston, of the incomparable Stonewall Jackson, Leonidas Polk, John B. Gordon, and the other great leaders of the Confederate army; and was inspired with the same love of his native State and the South.

His love for his subalterns and privates of his army was as true and sincere as that of father to son. Many of the members of this camp knew him personally in the tent and on the march, on the battle-field, and in the dreadful charge; heard his commands, witnessed his noble deeds, and listened to his kind words of encouragement and sympathy. He was our comrade, our friend, and our great leader, and there is a sting, a sense of bereavement, which finds some solace in the flowing tear and the glorious hope that we shall meet again. He was a Christian soldier.

IN MEMORIAM.

Resolved, That we regard it a duty which we owe to posterity that the State of Georgia, all surviving Confederate veterans, and especially those of Longstreet's corps, should provide an equestrian statue of General Longstreet, to be erected on the Capitol grounds at Atlanta.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the Commander of this camp to inaugurate the movement and take all necessary steps to secure such a statue.

Resolved, That Camp No. 763, U. C. V., tenders to the widow and family of our beloved chieftain our heart-felt sympathy in the hour of their bereavement and sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be forwarded to the family.

Resolved, That the action of the Camp be published in the Cobb County papers.

J. A. L. Born,
W. J. Manning,
B. A. Osborne,
L. S. Cox,
Wm. Phillips,
Committee.

(*Atlanta Camp.*)

"His name and fame are the heritage of the American people."

Atlanta Camp, No. 159, United Confederate Veterans, in the following report pays glowing tribute to the memory of the late General James Longstreet, who died on January 2, at his home in Gainesville, Georgia.

In the death of General James Longstreet, there passed away a notable and commanding figure of the Army of Northern Virginia in the late Civil War.

His history and service are indissolubly connected with all of the great movements of that army.

It would not be within the purview of this memorial to attempt to even epitomize the part he took in the many great battles. Coming into that struggle with a prestige and honor which

shone with brilliant lustre on account of his intrepid bravery and gallantry as an officer of the army of the United States on many fields in Mexico, and being withal an educated and trained soldier, a majestic man, of mild manners and speech and of leonine courage, his very name throughout the army and the whole country was a tower of strength. From first Manassas to Appomattox, his command and leadership held the first place among the great army corps of the greatest army that was ever marshalled in this or in any other country. Made a lieutenant-general in the early part of the war, the conspicuous bravery, skill, and reliability shown by him in the very crisis of the battles of Williamsburg and at Seven Pines, and other great conflicts before Richmond in 1862, won for him from General Lee the sobriquet of the "Old War-Horse."

After General Lee had planned the advance on General Pope, and after Jackson had passed through Thoroughfare Gap to the rear of General Pope, and when he was heavily engaged and sorely pressed, Lee and Longstreet were passing through Thoroughfare Gap. After a spirited contest at that mountain-pass, Longstreet's corps moved like a majestic stream on to the plains of Manassas, where his lines were quickly formed. Striking the enemy with the "hand of Mars," the thunder of his guns greeted the ear of Jackson, giving hope and succor to his forces as the sound of the Scottish bagpipes heralded the approach of the relieving column to the beleaguered garrison at Lucknow. The well-directed assault which he made in General Pope's front crowned the Southern arms with complete victory.

LOYAL TO THE SOUTH.

The Southern cause had no more loyal supporter nor courageous soldier than General Longstreet, as the honorable wounds and scars which he carried to his death abundantly attest. He had the unbounded confidence of his commander-in-chief. The history of that great war gives but one record of Longstreet being absent from his command, and that was on account of serious wounds received on the field of the Wilderness in May, 1864, where, in preparing to lead in person his forces against General Hancock's corps, he momentarily halted to receive a word of congratulation from General Micah Jenkins, of South

Carolina, when Longstreet's own men, mistaking these two generals, with the little group of horsemen composing their staff surrounding them, for the enemy, fired, killing General Jenkins and wounding General Longstreet in the throat and shoulder, from which he was ever afterwards maimed.

We would not omit to mention that in 1863, when several of his divisions were ordered from Virginia to Georgia to reinforce the Army of Tennessee, on his arrival in Atlanta, and when at the old Trout House, at the junction of Decatur and Pryor Streets, where the old Austell building now stands, he was called to the balcony of the hotel to speak to the large and enthusiastic multitude of soldiers and citizens who thronged every inch of the two streets, he said "I came not to speak; I came to meet the enemy." The inspiration of his presence and this short and pithy declaration called forth from the assembled multitude the exclamation, "What a magnificent looking man and soldier." How well he fulfilled his mission in the battle of Chickamauga history makes no mistake in its record. How his forces were hurled against those of General Thomas, and how his army turned the tide of battle into victory, are too well known to need repetition. In this battle, like others where he led, his advance was stubborn and decisive.

He followed with unfaltering bravery and devotion the fortunes of the Confederacy until the last drama was enacted at Appomattox, and was a member of the last council of war held in the woods on the night of April 8, 1865, and was the senior commissioner, on the part of the Confederate forces appointed by the commander-in-chief, to arrange the details and terms of the surrender of that little shattered band which, through fire and smoke, hunger and cold, had stood by the flag of the Confederacy through all the trying ordeals of four years' grim and bloody strife.

IN THE VERY FIRST RANK.

The name and fame of General Longstreet are the common heritage of the South and the whole American people. The names of his immediate ancestors are historic and dear especially to every Georgian. His qualities as a soldier have won for him the highest encomiums not only of the Southern people, but

from the Northern people as well. All true history, including that written from an English stand-point, places Longstreet in the very first rank as to ability and generalship among any of Lee's subordinates.

No time nor mere political differences can affect or dim the lustre of that name. The past is secure, the future is safe. We can say with all the emphasis that the words import that he was one of the bravest, truest, safest, and the most devoted of the Confederate leaders. In the generations to come, when passion and prejudice shall vanish like the mists of the morning at the presence of the clear sunlight of truth, Longstreet's name shall receive at the hands of the entire civilized world the praise and honor to which it is justly entitled.

LONGSTREET AND DAVIS.

We may be permitted to refer briefly to an incident that occurred on the occasion of the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument in Atlanta. Among the many distinguished ex-Confederate chieftains seated on the platform was ex-President Jefferson Davis. General Longstreet came down from his home in Gainesville, clad in the full uniform of a lieutenant-general of the Confederate army, wearing his sword. Providing himself with a superb mount, he rode out Peachtree Street to the site of the monument, and, dismounting, walked unannounced to the platform into the outstretched arms of Jefferson Davis. As they embraced each other, they presented a scene worthy of the brush of a Raphael or a Rubens. Once heroes in common victory, they were now heroes in common defeat. This was a beautiful and shining example for all latter day critics.

This silent episode, as if too impressive to be broken, stilled the vast multitude for a moment, and then spontaneously from forty thousand Confederate veterans and citizens, the ladies joining in the demonstration by waving their handkerchiefs, there went up a loud and continuous shout of applause that rent the air.

Let us never forget the four years of glorious service rendered by General Longstreet to the Lost Cause, and let the South erect a monument to his memory, to tell to future generations that the South is never forgetful or indifferent to that

glorious service rendered in the cause for which it fought and for which many bled and died.

General Longstreet died in Gainesville, Georgia, January 2, 1904, and was buried with military honors on the 6th day of the same month. A detail from this Camp, as well as detachments from various military organizations, joined in paying the last honor to the old soldier.

Touching and beautiful was the kindly sympathy shown his memory by his neighbors in Gainesville who were bound to him by ties that no time can sever. Never was a funeral more largely attended and more universal respect shown to the dead by the entire community in which he lived. All places of business were closed. The Confederate Veterans, the public school children, the college girls, the citizens, all joined in the procession which followed his remains to beautiful Alta Vista, where on the crown of the hill overlooking the far-away Blue Ridge was laid to rest all that is mortal of the old battle-scarred hero.

Benjamin F. Abbott,
George Hillyer,
J. F. Edwards,
Committee.

(*Houston, Georgia, Camp.*)

"His war structure cannot be pulled down."

At a meeting of the old soldiers of Houston County, Georgia, to commemorate the birth of the immortal Lee, and also, by previous arrangement, to take cognizance and condolence of the death of General Longstreet, under whom many of these old soldiers served throughout the war, the following resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of General James Longstreet we sustain the loss of one of the most valiant and capable soldier commanders of the "Lost Cause."

Resolved, That while during the gigantic war and struggle between the States, General Lee regarded him as almost a part of himself, "My old war-horse," in the carrying out and accomplishments of apparently, at times, the impossible against and over the enemy.

We view him as from behind the guns, and under those conflicts whose fierceness and terrible results were sufficient to stagger, and even turn back, the stoutest manhood, yet we never saw him evince the least fear, turn his back in dishonor, nor disobey his noble chieftain.

His war structure shows the hand of no ordinary builder, and cannot be pulled down.

He carved his way through the ranks of the enemy in such a fashion that they themselves, and their descendants, admire the man for his great military ability; nor can they be less thrilled by that chivalry and Americanism he and so many others, equally valorous and capable, displayed and forged for conscience' sake, thus awakening and holding the world as never before in any age.

This was General James Longstreet as we saw him then, and, without superficiality, as we see him to-day, through our vanishing memories and waning manhoods, one of the greatest soldiers who crossed swords with the many gallant spirits of the other side—brother Americans—over a principle which did not, and, thank God, could not die—a gift of God to humanity to stand for the right, fight for the right, and die for the right, even though in failure, that others may profit by it.

Resolved, That we regret to have to antagonize and reprove even one Chapter of that great, good, and soulful organization, known as the Daughters of the Confederacy, but we can neither endorse the spirit and sentiment, nor the statement made by that Savannah Chapter that "General Longstreet disobeyed General Lee's order at the battle of Gettysburg."

Resolved, That we believe, and would advise, that the life and future good of that great organization lies in the thorough education of its Chapters to correct history, and a proper appreciation of the spirit and tenets of the order—a proper observance of its constitution.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Longstreet, carrying with it, as it does, a sympathy, love, and sorrow such as only can be given by old soldiers bronzed by the same smoke, buffeted by the same battles, and scarred by the same fury through which he passed for the love of home and country, for the love of truth, and for the love of a "cause"

then dearer than even life itself, and for which so many gallant spirits went down.

Resolved, That the *Home Journal* be requested to publish these proceedings.

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. Norwood.

C. C. Duncan,
Commander Post 880, presiding.
J. D. Martin,
Adjutant.

(*Survivors of Longstreet's Corps.*)

"History will give him that which is due."

Another set of resolutions, showing the esteem in which Longstreet's men held the dead general, and the love that they bear for him, were drawn up yesterday by Mr. A. K. Wilson, who was a member of Longstreet's corps, and were signed by the veterans in the city, who, like Mr. Wilson, had been followers of the dead leader. The resolutions were as follows:

Comrades,—Our comrade and our leader has left us. He has gone to join the hosts on the other side of the great river, and we that followed him at the Manassases, Thoroughfare Gap, Yorktown, Fairfax, Falls Church, Munson's and Upton's Hills, the Wilderness, where he received that wound said to be from his own men; Williamsburg, Sharpsburg, to Tennessee; Chickamauga, Knoxville, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, back to Virginia, and on all the great fields on her soil, testify to his worth. With his corps back to Virginia, see him as he appeared at Petersburg, and countless other places of trust. Lastly, with his ragged, half-starved, barefooted remnant, bearing scars as he bore them, see him as he approaches Appomattox, his men drawing but one ear of corn for a day's rations.

My comrades, he needs no emblems. History in time will give to him that which is due, and those that were with him, his survivors, will ever hold his memory green. Like ourselves, his services at Appomattox show to the world that he was ever faithful to his enlistment and true to the cause that he espoused, and his parting with Lee establishes that fact. Now, be it

Resolved, That we, the survivors of Longstreet's corps, tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, showing the love and esteem that we had for our dear old leader.

Survivors of Longstreet's Corps.

Savannah, Georgia.

(*Camp Hardee.*)

"Longstreet more often than any other subordinate was trusted with independent commands."

To Camp Hardee, Confederate Veterans, Birmingham, Alabama:

Your committee, appointed to report resolutions commemorative of the life and service of the late Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, recommends the following:

Resolved, That in the testimony of the estimate of old soldiers of his life and services to the South in the great war between the States Camp Hardee adopt the following statement:

General Longstreet, a South Carolinian by birth, a graduate of the West Point Military Academy as a cadet from Alabama, while assured of position in the Federal army, resigned the commission he held in an established service to enter the unorganized, poorly equipped army of the Confederacy, and undertook all the arduous duties and dangers of that war, and fought it out to the disastrous end.

From the time of his appointment as brigadier-general under Beauregard along the line of Bull Run Creek, in July, 1861, to the surrender at Appomattox in April, 1865, he was distinguished as a stalwart, skilful commander and a gallant soldier. He was remarkable for staying qualities rather than for dash.

In all that brave service there was nothing spectacular, but he was always steadfast, true, and reliable.

Whatever may have been said of General Longstreet, it is remarkable that at no time for inefficiency or the absence of results or disobedience of order was he relieved of his command. No other subordinate was so often intrusted with independent and difficult enterprises. Now that death has silenced all complaints and the great commander has gone to his reward, we

who survive him desire to crown his memory with the degree of praise which his great deeds wrought in behalf of his people so richly deserve. As a soldier he was wholly faithful to the South, and for that fidelity merits the grateful appreciation of our people. Such a great soul needs no defence. Time will cover with its mantle whatever has been charged as his faults. It may be that in the great conservatism of his nature he saw more clearly what was best for his country. In this hour of bereavement let us only remember that a great and gallant spirit has gone to his reward; and therefore,

Resolved, That this memorial be spread on the minutes of the camp, and a copy be sent to the widow of the dead general with the assurance, in this hour of her great bereavement, she has the sympathy of Camp W. J. Hardee.

J. W. Bush.
W. C. Ward.
W. H. Denson.

(*Camp No. 135.*)

"Hardest fighter in the army."

Comrades, we assemble to pay tribute to the memory of Lieutenant-General Longstreet, one of our great chieftains. For him "taps have sounded," "lights are out," and "all is still." This fearless leader is gone. He was the "hard fighter" of Northern Virginia, and his opponents always knew when he was in their front or directing the assault. He had the confidence of his men, and they loved him. He led them but to victory. The South admired and trusted him. His name is enshrined with that of the Army of Northern Virginia, and when her history shall be gathered and cast into final form, honorable will be the place assigned to our great general.

We would therefore recommend the adoption of the following tribute of esteem and respect:

Whereas, Lieutenant-General Longstreet recently passed away at his home in Gainesville, Georgia, and was buried amid the regrets and tears of many who had gathered from different parts of our Southland to pay the respect due his illustrious name; therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow our heads unto Him who is the author and finisher of our career, and acknowledge that, while we can not always understand, yet we know that He doeth all things well.

Resolved, That the comrades of Camp No. 135, Confederate Veterans, have heard with sorrow and regret of the death of this brave general and fearless commander.

Resolved, Educated in the profession of arms, he gave the best years of his life to the service of his country. For twenty-five years prior to the action which necessitated his State severing her connection with the Union, he most valiantly drew his sword in her defence. Through the Mexican War and during the continuous troubles with the Indians on our Western plains his services were so conspicuous for gallantry that he attained the rank of major.

Resolved, When his State could no longer remain in the Union, but withdrew, he resigned his commission, and cast his lot with that of his State. As he had been gallant and successful in the army of the Union, he now became more so in the army of the Confederacy. The enlarged opportunities furnished what his great ability needed. From the rank of major he rose rapidly to that of lieutenant-general and second in command to our peerless Lee. As brigadier-general at Manassas he engaged the left wing of the enemy with the result that is familiar to all of us. As major-general he was selected to cover Johnston's retreat in the Peninsula. He won Williamsburg and was at Seven Pines. For his service in the Seven Days' fight around Richmond Congress rewarded him with the rank of senior lieutenant-general and second in command of all the Confederate forces. He was at the second Manassas with Jackson, and at South Mountain. At Sharpsburg he was knighted "War-Horse" by his chieftain. Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and the Wilderness felt his presence; while Petersburg, Five Forks, and Appomattox beheld his gallantry. Comrades, we knew him, we loved him, we trusted him. To-day we would pay him his tribute; believing him to be worthy to be placed beside Lee, Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston, and Jackson.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes

of our Camp, copies be furnished each of our county papers for publication, and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Longstreet, together with expressions of our sympathy by the adjutant.

J. W. Sherrill.
W. H. Morgan.
R. L. Suggs.

(*John B. Hood Camp.*)

"Oblivion will shut out those who assail his great name."

To the Officers and Members of John B. Hood Camp, No. 103, U. C. V.:

Comrades,—We, your committee, appointed at a meeting held this day to draft resolutions upon the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, late commander of the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, beg leave to submit the following:

Whereas, It having pleased the Deity to call our great commander to cross over the river and take permanent position with the majority of his old comrades who have preceded him; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of General Longstreet we realize the loss of the senior and last surviving lieutenant-general of the Army of Northern Virginia, and while freighted with the events of eighty-three years, and suffering from the effects of many wounds received in battle, still he bore up with a fortitude becoming his great spirit.

Resolved, That in his character we recognize the true patriot and soldier, devotion to duty, and a genius which added glory to our arms and inspired faith in our cause.

Resolved, That in the remotest history his achievements will be appreciated with all the glory that came to us during that bloody drama, while oblivion will shut out those who would assail his fair name.

Resolved, That to his family we tender sincere condolence, with the assurance that his kind consideration for his men, courtly bearing, and bravery will ever have a place in the memory of the survivors of his command, who followed him from the first Manassas to Appomattox.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this camp; the adjutant to forward a copy to the family, and that the State press be requested to publish same.

J. D. Roberdeau.
Val C. Giles.
W. R. Hamby.
C. F. Dohine.

(*John B. Gordon Chapter, U. D. C.*)

"As gallant a soldier as wore the gray."

Wetumpka, Alabama, January 12, 1904.

Whereas, The Ruler of the Universe has seen fit to call from his earthly home the spirit of General Longstreet, and take him to his home on high, as a bright reward for his faithfulness and fidelity here in life. General Longstreet was as brave and gallant a soldier as wore the gray during the fierce struggle of the South. He was known and loved throughout this fair sunny Southland, not only as a soldier and general who so gallantly and fearlessly led his men in the Southern cause, but as a true and noble man, and when his final summons came and he laid down his earthly armor for a heavenly crown, it cast a shadow over all the South, that another of her brave generals who had so nobly defended her cause was no more.

But since he has left us and is no more among his family, comrades, and friends, be it

Resolved, That this Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy regrets with deepest sorrow the death of General Longstreet, and through this little tribute to his memory expresses its deepest and sincerest sympathy.

Resolved, That his State and nation has lost a grand and noble man, the Southern cause a gallant and fearless soldier.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minute-book of the Chapter and a copy be sent to General Longstreet's family.

Mrs. S. J. McMorris.
Mrs. W. H. Gregory.
Miss Fanny Gokon.

Resolutions by Camps and Chapters

(*George W. Johnson Camp.*)

"True and faithful to every duty."

At a meeting of the George W. Johnson Camp, Confederate Veterans' Association of Kentucky, to take in consideration the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, the following resolutions were reported and adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of General Longstreet has passed from the stage of action one of the central and most prominent figures of our late war.

Resolved, In him we recognized one of the ablest and most gallant soldiers of the lost cause.

Resolved, As commander of one of the corps of the Army of Northern Virginia his name is inseparably connected with the glory that rightly gathers about the achievements of that immortal organization.

Resolved, True and faithful to his every conviction of duty, and unswerving in his devotion to his country and people in the hour of their supremest trial and need, his name deserves to be enrolled among the immortals of our Southland.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and to the *Confederate Veteran.*

A. H. Sinclair,
Commander.
Elley Blackburn,
Adjutant.

(*Tennessee Division, Daughters of the Confederacy.*)

"Mankind will find no brighter page of history than that written by Longstreet's corps."

Resolutions of the Tennessee Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy:

Entered into rest January 2, 1904, at his home in Gainesville, Georgia, surrounded by his family, consisting of his wife and five children, at the ripe old age of eighty-three years, Lieutenant-General James Longstreet.

A graduate of West Point, one of the heroes of the Mexican War, where he was desperately wounded, in storming Cheru-

busco, and where he was twice brevetted for gallantry on the field of battle,—once as captain, for Churubusco, and again as major, for Molino del Rey,—a professional soldier in the army of the United States, the highest in rank from the State of Alabama at the time of the secession of that State, he resigned from the United States army, tendered his sword to Alabama, and from thenceforward was identified with the South in her immortal struggle for the right of local self-government, guaranteed to her in the Constitution of the United States, and as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, from Bull Run to Appomattox, and, at its close, was recognized as "the left arm of Lee."

Since his death, his record as a soldier has been criticised, at a time when he cannot defend himself, but we congratulate the people of the South and the future historian that the Congress of the Confederate States, February 17, 1864, passed unanimously resolutions thanking Lieutenant-General Longstreet and his command for their patriotic services and brilliant achievements in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Tennessee, and participating in nearly every great battle fought in those States, the commanding general ever displaying great ability, skill, and prudence in command, and the officers and men the most heroic bravery, fortitude, and energy in every duty that they have been called upon to perform.

This resolution was approved by Jefferson Davis, and was adopted on the recommendation of the commanding general of the army of the Confederate States of America, the immortal Robert E. Lee. After the adoption of these resolutions, nothing which we can say could add to his soldier's record. He needs no defence. We consign his name to history; so long as mankind reads it, they will find no brighter page than that written by Longstreet's corps.

He illustrated the South in a long life, the best years of it devoted to her and her cause, he sacrificed to serve her as much as any other one man, he fought a score of battles for her, and never one against her, and this State, over his grave, mingle their tears with those of the people whom he served and the devoted family who survive him; therefore

Resolved, That the Army of the Confederate States of

America is rapidly passing to the Great Beyond, leaving a record, a part of the history of the American people, to which we point with pride, and to which in a few generations civilized man will look, and admit that it illustrated the highest type of American citizenship.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathies to the surviving family of General Longstreet and to the South, at his death, and that a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be furnished to his family and to the press.

Miss Kate Fort, *Chairman.*
Mrs. James P. Smartt.
Mrs. M. H. Clift.
Mrs. Wm. G. Oehmig, *President.*

"Longstreet's magnificent service at Gettysburg gives that field the great place it holds in history to-day."

As one of his defenders, in the interest of truth, justice, and fairness, having participated in the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in Pegram's battery, A. P. Hill's corps, and knowing, from frequent visits to that sanguinary field since the engagement, something about what occurred on that eventful occasion, I can confidently say that General Longstreet and those under him performed such grand and magnificent service on that battle-field as to give it the great and important place it holds in history to-day. We never knew that it was otherwise questioned until after the war. Future history will vindicate his character in his course on that field and everywhere else where duty called him during the eventful period from '61 to '65.—John T. Callaghan, *Vice-President Confederate Association.*
Washington, D. C.

(*Encampment No. 9, Union Veteran Legion, New Castle, Pennsylvania.*)

"A brave, generous, and great man."

Resolved, That the death of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet has caused the loss to the nation of a brave, generous, and great man. None knew his bravery or his greatness as a commander better than we of the Union Veteran Legion who often

met him on fields that tested to the limit the fighting qualities of the American.

We extend to his wife and family our sympathy in their bereavement, and the assurance of our great respect for their lost one.

Samuel F. Ellison,
Colonel Commanding.
George W. Gageby,
Adjutant.

(*George E. Pickett Camp.*)

"In nearly all the leading battles of the South there was Longstreet to lead his men to fame and glory."

January 25, 1904.

To the Officers and Members of George E. Pickett Camp, C. V.:

Your committee appointed on resolutions relative to the death of Lieutenant-General Longstreet desire to have it placed on record, that we, the survivors of Confederate Veterans, lost in the recent death of General Longstreet one of our best and bravest officers, under whose command the Army of Northern Virginia gained its reputation as the grandest fighting army the world ever produced. At Bull Run, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Second Manassas, Boonboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and in nearly all of the principal battles and victories of the South, there was Longstreet to lead his men to fame and glory.

We therefore express our sentiment that in the death of General Longstreet we have lost a true and good Confederate, loyal to the cause for which he bled and fought.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his widow and family, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes.

Chas. T. Loehr,
Wm. E. Talley,
W. U. Bass,
Committee.

Adopted by vote of camp and copy ordered sent to Mrs. General James Longstreet.

R. N. Northen,
Adjutant No. 204, N. C. V. S.

(*John Bowie Strange Camp.*)

"Those who followed Longstreet in the fitful fever of war ever had confidence in his ability, courage, and fidelity."

The John Bowie Strange Camp of Confederate Veterans of Charlottesville, Virginia, assembled in special meeting for the purpose, desire to spread on their record a tribute to the memory of James Longstreet, lieutenant-general in the armies of the Confederate States, whose death has been recently announced. The Virginians who served under him in the great Civil War recognize his splendid ability as a corps commander, his dauntless courage, and the absolute confidence reposed in him by that immortal band of Southerners who will go down in history wreathed in immortal fame as Longstreet's corps in the Army of Northern Virginia. This camp, a large proportion of whose members belonged to regiments and organizations led by him in the Virginia campaigns, wish to record the fact that whatever criticisms may have been passed upon his conduct on crucial occasions, yet those who followed him in the fitful fever of war ever had confidence in his fidelity, his loyalty, and his devotion to the Southern cause; and along with other comrades from the South who followed him on the line of danger, they had absolute faith in his splendid courage and ability as their commander. It is an historical fact that he so possessed the confidence of our immortal leader, R. E. Lee, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, that he continued him in command as lieutenant-general until the fateful day of Appomattox, when in the expiring crisis of the Confederacy Longstreet and his corps of Southerners were in line of battle, ready and willing to risk and lay down their lives in defence of the South, until ordered by their great chieftain to sheath their swords, stack their guns, and furl their flags.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the local papers and also be sent to the bereaved widow of this distinguished Southerner.

Micajah Woods,
George L. Petrie,
J. M. Murphy,
Committee.

The foregoing resolutions, presented by the committee appointed for the purpose, were unanimously passed by the John Bowie Strange Camp of Confederate Veterans at Charlottesville, Virginia. Witness the signature of H. Clay Michie, commander of said Camp, and attested by W. N. Wood, Adjutant and Secretary of said Camp.

H. Clay Michie,
Commander.

This 12th day of January, 1904.

W. N. Wood,
Adjutant and Secretary.

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON.

June 7, 1904.

My dear Mrs. Longstreet:

Permit me to subscribe for the book you have just written, on the work of your gallant husband. General Sickles has just called my attention to the fact that the book is to be published. Not only must all Americans hold high the memory of your husband as one of the illustrious captains of the Civil War, but they must hold it high particularly because of the fine and high-souled patriotism which made him, when the war was ended, as staunchly loyal to the Union as he had been loyal to the cause for which he fought during the war itself. In his letter to General Sickles, in speaking of the part the General played in winning the victory of Gettysburg for the Union cause, General Longstreet wrote:

"It was the sorest and saddest reflection of my life for many years; but, to-day, I can say, with sincerest emotion, that it was and is the best that could have come to us

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

all, North and South; and I hope that the nation, re-united, may always enjoy the honor and glory brought to it by that grand work."

This is the spirit that gives us all, North and South, East and West, the right to face the future with the confident hope that never again will we be disunited, and that while united no force of evil can ever prevail against us.

With great regard,

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mrs. James Longstreet,
Gainesville, Georgia.

PERSONAL LETTERS

"Every inch a man."

New York, January 12, 1904.

Mrs. James Longstreet,

Gainesville, Georgia:

My dear Mrs. Longstreet,—Permit me to offer my sympathies in your great bereavement, and to add my tears to yours. I have always loved and admired General Longstreet, and considered him one of the greatest general officers in the Confederacy. He was indeed every inch a man.

With kindest regards I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Edward Owen.

"His great heart had nothing but kindness for all that was American."

Nicholasville, Kentucky, January 22, 1904.

Mrs. James Longstreet,

Washington, D. C.:

Dear Madam,—Personally, I am an entire stranger to you, but I have long been interested in the story of your brave husband, and especially in that part bearing on the battle of Gettysburg. I am a Canadian by birth, though a naturalized American citizen, and pastor of the Christian Church in this place. I had no interest in the matter at issue save to know the truth and give honor where honor is justly due. I had read General Gordon's strictures, and was anxious to see what could be said in reply. After reading your article in the *Courier Journal* with great care, I want to say that General Gordon is completely and fully answered and his statements of fact absolutely refuted.

The man who would find the Rev. Mr. Pendleton after the facts you have covered him with, would need a divining rod or a diving-bell. *He is disposed of forever.*

Your illustrious husband belonged to the class of Southern men which I have always honored and venerated. With him the

war was over and the great heart which never knew fear had in it nothing but kindness for all that was American. I feel that I have suffered a great loss in not knowing him personally. I drop a tear of sympathy with you in his memory. I think the following lines on "Gettysburg" most fitting now:

"The brave went down without disgrace,
They leaped to ruin's red embrace;
They never heard Fame's thunders wake
Nor saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face."

"Fold up the banners, melt the guns,
Love rules, a gentler purpose runs;
A grateful mother turns in tears,
The pages of the battle years;
Lamenting all her fallen sons."

Please accept my thanks for the white light which your splendid, your unanswerable, letter casts on the whole question, and try to realize that I am only one of thousands who are equally indebted and correspondingly grateful.

With greatest respect,

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES VERNON.

"Has taken his place with the great soldiers of all times."

RALEIGH, N. C., January 17, 1904.

MY DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—I send you a copy of the *Post* by this mail, containing article on your late husband and great soldier.

The conduct of some of our people is a brutality. But I beg to assure you that it is the result of ignorance. General Longstreet has taken his place beside the great soldiers of all times, and malice cannot reach him. I hope some soldier of his old corps will take up the question of these attacks. They can be answered and reputed. You will pardon this intrusion upon you, a sense of duty to the truth of history and love for the memory of your great husband is my excuse.

Truly,

W. H. DAY.

St Paul. Jan 8. 1903

My Dear Mrs. Longstreet

Permit me to
offer you the tribute of my deep
and sincere sympathy in the great
sorrow which has come to you -
in the death of your beloved
husband Gen. Longstreet.
To none is the
sad occurrence the bereavement

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

pain & grief, as it is to you.
I pray God to console you,
& to lead you more & more to see
in the departure of your husband
from earth to the rest of Heaven, &
the passage of a christian soul
from the land of trials to the final
home of rest & peace.

Truly a great man
has passed away. The whole
Country mourns. He was a
noble American. In war he
obeyed what he believed to be

his duty in peace & followed
loyally & courageously what
he again thought his duty
dictated. The South found
in him a defender on the
fields of battle, & its truest
friend & Counsellor when the
fate of battle had spoken it
verdict The North forced
at one time to admire his
skill & bravery, willingly at
later date, admired his
magnanimity & his high
minded patriotism

It has been a great
privilege of mine to have met
Gen. Longstreet, & to have been
able to know more intimately
than otherwise would have been
possible to me

And. Gen. L was
a faithful servant of the Lord —
always ready to hearken to the
voice of Conscience, always
prompt to obey it

I am, my dear Mrs.
Longstreet with sentiments of
highest esteem, Very Sincerely,
Mrs. E D. Longstreet John Leland

"General Lee's bull-dog fighter."

COMANCHE, TEXAS, February 1, 1904.

MRS. GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET,

Gainesville, Georgia:

DEAR MADAM,—Enclosed please find resolutions of respect passed by John Pelham Camp, U. C. V., No. 565, Comanche, Texas, to your husband.

As a Confederate soldier who followed the banner of the lost cause for four years I desire to extend to you personally my heartfelt sympathy in this great loss to you. I was in the Army of Tennessee, but a great admirer of General Longstreet. I had a brother in his command under General Hood. The Southern people never treated General Longstreet with that respect that was due him. He was General Lee's bull-dog fighter during the war, and remained true to the cause until all was lost. I read with great interest your defence of your husband in the Gettysburg affair, and you show to any fair-minded people that he was not in any way responsible for the loss of the battle. I greatly admire your courage and fidelity in this matter. General Longstreet has many strong friends in Texas. Please pardon me for the liberty I have taken in writing you. I have two letters from General Longstreet which I value highly.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am truly your friend,

T. O. MOORE,

Late Company F, Seventh Texas Volunteer Infantry Regiment, 1861 to 1865; Colonel First Regiment, Third Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V.

"When war compelled surrender, I accepted the situation in good faith."

SAN FRANCISCO LAW LIBRARY,
SAN FRANCISCO, January 6, 1904.

DEAR MADAM,—Learning of the recent death of General Longstreet, I felt compelled to address to you an expression of sympathy.

It so happened that soon after the close of the Civil War, he and I were for a time guests at the same hotel in Washington.

I then formed his acquaintance and had a series of conversations with him, which constitute pleasing recollections to me.

Although of Northern lineage and sentiment, I learned to admire a personality that seemed so charming in civil life, and which I had learned to dread in war.

I am aware that later he fell under the severe displeasure of many Southern people.

I know nothing of that for which he was blamed, but it would make too heavy draft on my credulity to believe that he ever departed from what he believed to be just and honorable.

I well remember an expression he made to me. He said, "I conscientiously did what I deemed my duty while the controversy lasted, and when the fate of war compelled surrender, I accepted the situation in good faith."

His widow must greatly feel the loss of one who was great as a soldier and so lovable as a man.

Allow me, a Northern man and a stranger, to condole with you, and again express the high appreciation I entertained for your illustrious husband.

Very respectfully,

GEO. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

MRS. JAMES LONGSTREET,
Gainesville, Georgia.

"He taught peace and conservatism."

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS,
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, January 5, 1904.

MRS. JAMES LONGSTREET,
Gainesville, Georgia:

MY DEAR MADAM,—I beg to offer you my sincere sympathy. I greatly honored General Longstreet for his distinguished career as a soldier, and for his wise and patriotic course, teaching peace and conservatism, when war was ended. When history is written after time has modified all passions and prejudices, his career will stand in honorable and distinguished contrast with those of his critics who were "invisible in war and invincible in peace."

I shall always honor his memory as soldier and citizen.

Yours sincerely and respectfully,

DAVID D. SHELBY.

HEADQUARTERS
DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS
SAN ANTONIO.

January 7th 1903

My Dear Mrs Longstreet.

I was greatly shocked to see the enclosed article in this morning's paper. Tho' I had learned something of, through friends, that General Longstreet was not in good health, I had no idea that the end was so near. The dear old General was one of the earliest and most cherished friends of my father and mother, and has always held a warm place in the hearts of the children

of Julia Dent and Lieutenant
(later, General & President of the United
States) U. S. Grant Be assured,
my dear Madam, that I join
with you in mourning the passing of the
good friend, the brilliant
soldier and the noble man,
General James Longstreet

Sincerely & faithfully yours

Frederick D Grant

Tecumseh, Michigan, January 16, 1904.

Mrs. James Longstreet:

Gainesville, Georgia:

Dear Madam,—Trusting you will pardon the intrusion, I desire to thank you kindly for the pleasure derived from your article so conclusively refuting the charges against General James Longstreet, unhappily revived in General Gordon's book. Although a Federal soldier during the last two years of the Civil War, its ending, with me, was the close of the unhappy strife.

The admiration I held for James Longstreet was sincere and well founded, and one of the mementoes I much treasure is an autograph letter from him, generously written to me December 18, 1893.

The news of your husband's death was to me a personal grief. He was the one remaining conspicuous figure in the great conflict which those who participated in will remember while life remains.

Very respectfully,

John D. Shull.

"He performed every duty faithfully and conscientiously."

Ivanhoe, Virginia, January 23, 1904.

My dear Mrs. Longstreet,—As commander of the Ivanhoe Camp, United Confederate Veterans, and as perhaps the youngest Confederate veteran, "who enlisted as a private," I desire to express to you the sympathy of myself and of the Camp which I have the honor to command. While we mourn with you in this your sad hour of bereavement, it is gratifying to know that General Longstreet performed his every duty faithfully and conscientiously, and that his many virtues will entitle him to a high seat in that better world above, where we hope, when our mission on earth is finished, we shall be permitted to meet him in all the glory which his many virtues here below so justly entitles him. Hoping that the Good Lord, the Grand Commander and Ruler of the Universe, will comfort you in your sad trials, and with best wishes, I am most sincerely yours,

M. W. Jewett,

Commander Ivanhoe Camp, U. C. V.

"Lamented by the nation."

MINNEAPOLIS, January 3, 1904.

DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—With thousands of my countrymen I sincerely lament the death of your illustrious husband, the great soldier and citizen, and extend to you, most bereaved of all, my sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Torrance shares these sentiments with me, and wishes to be remembered to you in love and sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

ELL TORRANCE.

TO MRS. JAMES LONGSTREET,
Washington, D. C.

"His name and fame among the priceless treasures of all Americans."

MONROE, GEORGIA, January 4, 1904.

MRS. JAMES LONGSTREET,
Gainesville, Georgia:

MY DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—I have noticed with great regret and with great sympathy for you, the news of the death of General Longstreet.

All who are familiar with his great career will be sorrowed at his passing. His place in history is secure. And his name and fame are among the priceless treasures of all Americans.

I understand the depth of the sorrow in which you stand now, and sorrow with you.

In deepest sympathy, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
GEO. M. NAPIER.

"His greatness of character won the respect of his own and other lands."

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 3, 1903.

DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—The morning paper brings the sad announcement of the passing away of the last survivor of the brave sons of the South who made her name glorious in the annals of the world. The nation mourns the loss of a noble man whose greatness of character won the respect not only of his own country but of other lands. The South weeps for a son who has conferred distinction upon her by a life of stainless integrity.

Still greater is the sorrow of a host of personal friends whose love he won by the most lofty characteristics and a friendship which failed not through the years.

Greatest of all is the grief of his family in the loss of his loving companionship and tender care. Especially heavy is that loss to you, the companion of his later years whose devotion has smoothed the road for his weary feet to the end of life's way. I send you my heartfelt sympathy in your sorrow.

My love and sympathy go out to the dear children whose mother was my beloved friend, whom I have held in my arms in childhood, and whose little brothers and sisters faded away before my loving eyes when their flower of life had not yet unfolded from the bud of their sweet infancy and the mortal casket was intrusted to General Pickett and myself to be laid away among the church-yard lilies when the jewel of the pure soul had been taken beyond.

To the many to whom the new year brings mourning for the great one gone I would send sincere sympathy, trusting that the Father of all will comfort them in their deep sorrow.

Sincerely yours

Mrs. Geo. E. Pickett.

"His great fame is fixed."

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 9, 1904.

Mrs. James Longstreet,

Gainesville, Georgia:

Dear Madam,—You need fear no slurs on the reputation of General Longstreet. His great fame is fixed.

All over this country wherever you find the old boys who wore the blue in the sixties, and who had to fight Longstreet's corps, you will get the same opinion.

He was a hard fighter, a tireless general who was always ready for a battle, and who believed that hitting hard, never giving up, and following up every advantage was the right way to obey orders.

Our regiment, the Sixth Ohio, met General Longstreet many times. And whenever he was reported as coming we got ready for hard, stubborn fighting, and we were never disappointed in that direction.

He was a brave enemy, and we respected his great qualities.

We are going to have a "Longstreet night" at our G. A. R. Post here this month (open meeting), and have invited all the Confederates near here to meet with us and talk over old days and hard fights.

Sympathizing with you in your loss, I remain,

Yours obediently,

GEO. C. JAMES.

"If Longstreet was disobedient, Lee was a traitor."

WACO, TEXAS, January 12, 1904.

MRS. LONGSTREET,

Gainesville, Georgia:

DEAR MADAM,—Enclosed I send you a brief tribute that I paid to General Longstreet.

General Longstreet's fame is safe with all fair-minded men, but it is the duty of us, who knew him and served under him, to raise our voices in his defence, now that he cannot do so, as he formerly so ably and conclusively did, and I here make my defence of the charge that he failed to do his duty at Gettysburg.

If it is true that General Longstreet betrayed General Lee at Gettysburg, and that General Lee knew it, the legitimate and logical conclusions are that General Lee was a traitor, not only to the Confederacy, but to every man who served under him. All know that at Gettysburg Lee staked an empire on Longstreet's corps, and all know that when it rolled back from those bloody heights, leaving its bravest and its best cold in death upon its grassy slopes, that the sun of the Confederacy, with battle target red, slowly sank into the bosom of eternal night. And to say that General Lee knew that General Longstreet was responsible for the loss of the battle, responsible for the death of so many brave men who had there died in vain, responsible for the ruin of a cause dear to so many hearts, and then permit the man who had brought all this about, to remain as the commander of the First Corps of his army, to lovingly speak of him as he did as his right arm, to send him in two months after the battle of Gettysburg in command of his corps to save the Army of Tennessee from the ruin brought upon it by the inefficiency

of Bragg, to permit him to remain throughout that long and dreary winter that he spent in East Tennessee, to bring him back to Virginia and be his chosen lieutenant from the Wilderness to the banks of the James, and from the James to Appomattox, is to convict General Lee of a treason to both himself and his country, more damnable than that which so-called admirers of General Lee charge upon Longstreet.

I remain, very truy yours,

G. B. Gerald.

"Denounced with bitterness the statement of Pendleton."

Corsicana, Texas, January 8, 1904.

Mrs. James Longstreet,

Gainesville, Georgia:

Madam,—Your noble defence of your great husband places beyond cavil or controversy the fame of an illustrious career.

Yesterday, as I finished reading it, the bent form of one who had followed him everywhere, "amid the fiery pang of shells," passed, and I called him and read him the charge. "Liars! Liars!" and the light of battle passed once more into his eyes as he defended General Longstreet. Then I read him your letter, and then he cried.

You will pardon me for this intrusion on your sorrow. My father was a cavalry officer in the volunteers in Scott's campaign in Mexico. He there formed the acquaintance of General Longstreet, and none denounced with more bitterness the statement of Pendleton.

With a sincere wish for your future happiness,

I am most respectfully,

J. C. Gaither.

"He was too big a man for his day."

New Orleans, Louisiana, January 4, 1904.

Mrs. General James Longstreet,

Gainesville, Georgia:

Dear Madam,—Enclosed I send you the *Picayune* comment on the death of your distinguished husband and my honored commander.

General Longstreet is blamed for the mistake of General Lee

in charging the heights of Gettysburg. The same mistake was made by General Burnside at Fredericksburg; which clearly proves that American soldiers can not successfully charge heights guarded by Americans. That is settled.

Why should General Lee send General Longstreet to Chickamauga immediately after Gettysburg, if Longstreet had been guilty of anything that his enemies so persistently accuse.

The only thing that General Longstreet was guilty of was the acceptance of office under the United States government after the war. Now suppose all the Confederate generals had accepted office as he did, would it not have effectively kept the office-holders placed here by the carpet-bag government out of power? And also, how many ex-Confederates refuse office under the United States government to-day, is a question I would like to have answered. Longstreet was too big a man for his day, that was all.

The scribbling of unscrupulous parties can not dim his fame. He was the hardest fighter of the Civil War, participant in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and victor on the only great field won by the Confederates in the West, Chickamauga.

I deeply sympathize with you, as I know all of Longstreet's corps do.

Yours truly,

Geo. W. Weir,

Company A, Hampton Legion, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

"He stood the brunt of the battle at Gettysburg."

Krumdale, Texas, January 3, 1904.

Mrs. General James Longstreet,

Gainesville, Georgia:

My dear Madam,—As an old Confederate soldier of the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment, Pickett's division, General James Longstreet's corps, I wish to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy and condolence in your sad affliction in the death of your gallant and illustrious husband. His old comrades will never for a moment believe the calumny that has been thrust against him. A pure, true soldier, a good, noble, and loyal citizen. He

rests now over the river under the shades of the beautiful heavenly trees, the peer of Hon. Jeff. Davis, General R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and others. May his ashes rest in peace. When I read the announcement of his death in the papers and your letter it made my heart bleed, and the only comfort I could find was to weep like a child. I congratulate you on your well-written defence and complete vindication of my old comrade and general. I loved him so much, and so long as life shall last I will cherish a lively recollection of his many noble and gallant deeds. I was with him on that memorable day, and can testify that he stood the brunt of the battle on the 3d of July at Gettysburg. I cannot understand how any pure or noble or brave man could circulate such false statements against one of the best and bravest men in our army. But envy is a malicious foe, always ready to destroy that which it cannot imitate or surpass. May God comfort and his blessings abide with you and yours is the prayer of one that entertains the highest respect for you and the memory of your husband.

R. P. Goodman.

"One of the greatest military men of the age."

Mrs. Longstreet:

Dear Madam,—I had not the honor of a personal acquaintance with your illustrious husband, nor was I with him in the war on his side of the question, in any sense. But I believe him to have been one of the greatest military men of the age, and with no superior on the Southern side. His course since the war has inspired the highest respect and esteem of every patriotic and intelligent lover of the Union.

At Gettysburg, in my opinion, he was the one sure-footed counsellor of Lee's many advisers.

One of our papers, recently commenting on his life, took occasion to refer to the old charges of delay at Gettysburg. I expect to answer these charges in a lengthy article.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. Harmon.

Effingham, N. H.

"Always present at the critical and dangerous point."

ATHENS, January 4, 1904.

MY DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—I write to assure you of my heartfelt sympathy with you in your great bereavement.

I mourn with deep sorrow the death of General Longstreet. I have witnessed many times his valor and devotion. He seemed to me to be absolutely ubiquitous on the battle-field—always present at the critical and dangerous point.

The proudest recollections of my life are associated with the glorious First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia and its heroic commander.

With renewed assurance of my sympathy, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ALEX. T. ERWIN.

"He died as he had lived, a model to mankind."

METROPOLITAN CLUB,
NEW YORK CITY, January 3, 1904.

DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—I can not express to you the regret I felt when I read to-day of the death of my noble chief, your dear husband. A flood of vivid recollections overwhelmed me. It was no surprise to me, as I knew the nature of the ill he suffered under; still he was dead, and a blank left in my life which no time can heal. He was so much to me. For four years I had ridden at his side, and shared his confidence, and had learned to love him well. No unkind word or look stands between us, and my sorrow is that of one of his sons.

To you he has owed many happy years, and his old comrades will always bear you in tender thought.

In your last letter to me you wrote that the doctors had said he had "a fighting chance." But alas! his time had come, and it found him ready I am sure. His life was blameless as it was brave, and he died as he had lived, a model to mankind.

To you and his children I offer my heartfelt sympathy. I can say no more, as my heart is very full. As I see that he is to be buried to-morrow I can not be present, but my heart will be with you at his grave.

Always most warmly yours,

OSMAN LATROBE.

"The country had no more devoted patriot."

My dear Mrs. Longstreet,—Please accept my profound sympathy in your great bereavement.

While as a member of his corps from the time of its organization to the end, I knew General Longstreet only as a subordinate knows his superior officer, after the struggle was over I met him frequently and conversed with him on many subjects, and to my admiration and devotion to the soldier and general was superadded esteem for him as a citizen and a high regard and fondness for him as a friend.

If some critics had known his methods as a commander, and witnessed his powers in battle, as we of his corps did on many hard-fought fields, and understood his course and motives as a civilian as his friends did, they would bestow upon him nothing but words of praise and gratitude. The ranking lieutenant-general of Lee's great army, he always had the confidence of the commander-in-chief and the respect and admiration of all, and the "lost cause" had no braver or truer defender and the country no more devoted patriot.

But I only intended to write a line of sympathy, hoping to meet you again some time when we can talk of him and his career.

With kind regards, I am,

Very sincerely,

N. L. Hutchins.

Lawrenceville, Georgia.

"The brilliant leader of gallant armies, but greater in peace as the patriotic citizen."

Washington, D. C., January 5, 1904.

My dear Mrs. Longstreet,—My heart was very deeply touched by the news of General Longstreet's death, and I write to assure you of my profound sorrow over the event and of my warm sympathy for you in the unspeakable loss which you sustain.

General Longstreet will always live in the great and ennobling example which he set before his fellow-men. He was truly great in war as the brilliant leader of gallant armies, but he was greater in peace as the patriotic citizen loyally dedicating his

splendid fame to the cause of his country's restoration to an harmonious brotherhood.

His conduct since the termination of the mighty struggle in which he bore a distinguished part was prompted by the highest wisdom and by the purest love of country. And his fame can never be dimned by the failure of the narrow-minded few to appreciate his great qualities of heart and of brain. I rejoice in the fact that he lived to a ripe old age, and was thereby blessed with the privilege of witnessing the good fruits of his noble career.

With profound respect,

I am truly yours,

GEORGE BABER.

"His surpassing ability won him admiration as an American soldier."

PHILADELPHIA, January 3, 1904.

DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—Permit me to express my heartfelt sympathy in your sad loss and unexpected bereavement.

It had never been my good fortune to meet the general, but his surpassing ability and great and earnest devotion to the South won him, as an American soldier, *our* admiration, and entitled him to the love and thanks of those whose cause was, for so long, the object of his sacrifices.

We in the North, or many of us, rate General Longstreet as among the ablest of those who fought against us, and it was fortunate for us that he did not have command at some critical moments, when his superior judgment would have directed other movements than those which were made.

I am, madam,

Very respectfully yours,

H. S. HUIDEKOPER.

"Soldiers who served on the firing line knew the leaders."

MY DEAR MRS. LONGSTREET,—We soldiers who served four years on the firing line know who were the leaders; and Longstreet is held in high esteem as a broad-guage man in the North.

Yours truly,

J. L. SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, January 5, 1904.

TRIBUTE FROM THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

That splendid soldier and generous gentleman, Major-General Oliver Otis Howard, sent the following letter to the Grand Army Encampment, assembled in thirty-eighth annual session at Boston, Massachusetts, August 15 to 20, 1904:

"Burlington, Vermont, August 10, 1904.

"*To the G. A. R. assembled at Boston:*

"Comrades,—Our Commander-in-Chief having already sent his subscription to the Memorial Volume to General Longstreet, written by his widow, I wish to join a list of subscribers to be forwarded from this encampment to Mrs. Longstreet, which we will request General Black to transmit with assurances of our regard and admiration for her great husband, whom we learned to fear on so many brilliant fields, and in a later day to admire for his noble qualities as citizen of the reunited nation."

This tribute came to me accompanied by a delightfully long list of subscribers to this little volume. I would be pleased to print the list, but want of space forbids.

THE SONS FOLLOW THE FATHERS

The twenty-third Annual Encampment of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., was in session at Boston, August 17 to 19, 1904.

At their closing session, E. R. Campbell, of Washington, D. C., Past Commander-in-Chief, acting under unanimous consent, brought the above tribute from the Veterans to the attention of the Sons of Veterans.

In a graceful speech he referred to this beautiful testimonial from the Grand Army of the Republic to the memory of a gallant opponent; asserted that the sons should follow in the footsteps of the fathers in all things attesting the spirit of a reunited nation; that it was the pleasure of the sons on their own account and in the light of history to testify to their enthusiastic appreciation of the valorous deeds of General Longstreet on the battle-field, and his equally commendable

services to his country when the war was over; and asked that the matter be referred for further official action and endorsement to the incoming commander-in-chief, General William G. Dustin, of Dwight, Illinois.

The sentiment was applauded, the action asked was granted, and the tokens of individual approval and appreciation are continuing to gladden my heart as I write these closing words of grateful thanks to the fathers, the sons, and all who have so generously united in appreciation of the name and fame of General Longstreet.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

JAN'64

REC'D LD
JAN 3 '64 - 11 AM

LD 21A–40m-4,'63
(D6471s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YD 12460

LIBRARY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

THIS BOOK IS DUE BEFORE CLOSING TIME
ON LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

LIBRARY USE
FEB 20 1965

FEB 28 '65 -4 PM

LD 62A–50*m*-2,'64
(E3494s10)9412A

General Library
University of California
Berkeley